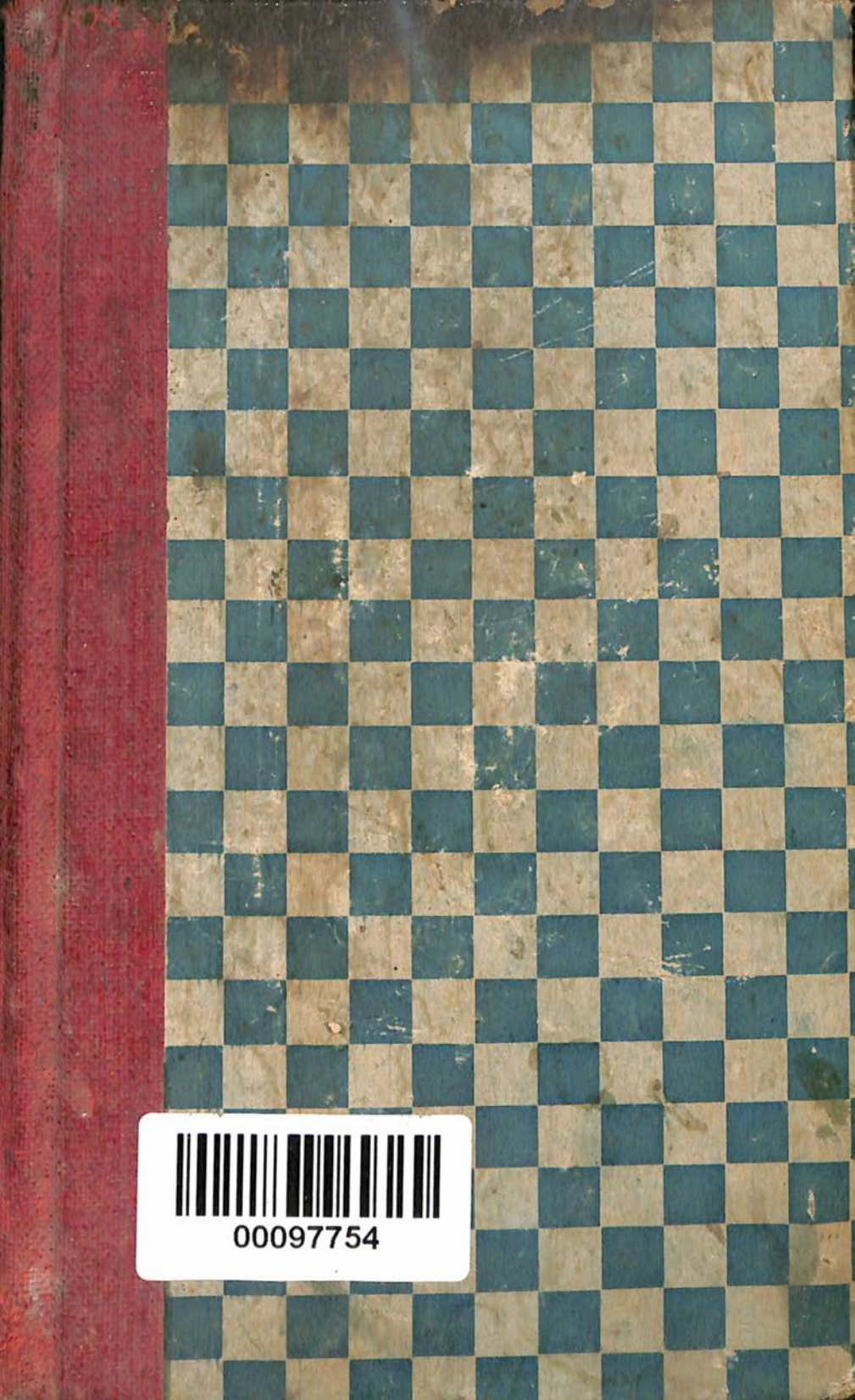
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W Warburton

Bishop of Gloucester. Born 1698; died 1779.

W Stukeley

M.D. FRS. FSA. Born 1687; died 1765.

ILLUSTRATIONS

OF THE

LITERARY HISTORY

OF THE

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

CONSISTING OF

Authentic Memoirs and Original Letters

OF

EMINENT PERSONS;

97754

AND INTENDED AS A SEQUEL TO

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By JOHN NICHOLS, F. S. A.

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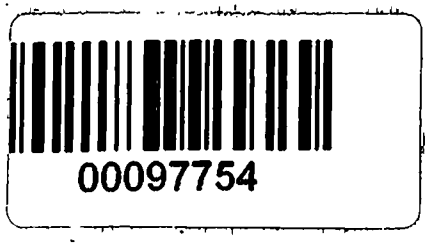
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ILLUSTRATIONS

OF THE

LITERATURE

OF THE

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

ORIGINAL LETTERS OF MR. (AFTERWARDS BP.) WARBURTON TO DR. STUKELEY.

LETTER I.

For Dr. STUKELEY, next door to the Duke Powis's house, in Ormond-street, London *.

SIR, *Newarke, Augv t* 4, 1722.

MY neighbour Mr. Twells † telling me he had promised you some account of the Roman Sepulchral Urns lately dug up here, and my ambition to oblige a gentleman for whose character I have the utmost esteem seconding my friend's entreaties; I had but one objection to deter me from sending you what I know, or conjecture, of this discovery; and that was, my slender acquaintance with this kind of learning: but, knowing how well able you are to improve upon the most imperfect hints, that remained no longer such. What then I could collect from a transitory view, and very uninforming relation, take as follows. The gentleman, in whose ground they were, discovered them in planting trees next the Foss-road side. There were four in number, lying in a straight line, and at equal distances;

* This and all the subsequent Letters to Dr. Stukeley are carefully printed from the Originals, communicated by the Rev. J. Fleming St. John, M. A. Prebendary of Worcester.

† Who afterwards married Mr. Warburton's sister Elizabeth.

but, through the knavery of the workmen, who imagined they had found a treasure, and so carelessly and clandestinely dug them up, they were broke into a thousand pieces. I shall only take notice of what was contained in the most remarkable of them. Amidst the burnt bones and ashes, was found a rude mis-shapen lump of brass, about the bigness of a small walnut, half melted down, with a bit of bone, and some of the ashes sticking in the surface of it. At first view I conjectured it to be the Roman Fibula, as presuming the dead were generally burned in their ordinary habit, and am yet of that opinion. The other remarkable was a small brass figure, about an inch and half long, very much the shape of a Legionary Ensign, on which I presume were the Emperor's head, and other usual decorations, but quite defaced by the injury of time. I leave you to make your inferences from this, of the degree or profession of the owner*.

This adventure may not be inconsiderable, as it tends to a more perfect recovery of that part of the Foss-road that adjoins to us. You know, Sir, the Bishop of Lincoln †, by Mr. Foxcroft's information, has fixed two stations in Brideford and Collingham fields, on each side us, grounded on the discovery of some coins in those places. But we, methinks, seem to have more than an equal claim to that honour with them, as it is less probable that Urns should be found in any other place, than that Coins should. Besides, the argument will receive no small force from this consideration, that the place where they were dug up is not above half a dozen yards from what we call the Foss, and on a very superior eminence on the South-west part of this place. If I can be further serviceable to you in any thing, I shall enjoy your commands, who am, Sir,

Your very humble servant, W. WARBURTON.

* See Stukeley's "Itinerarium Curiosum," vol. I. p. 104.

† Dr. Edmund Gibson, afterwards Bp. of London.

LETTER

LETTER II.

For WILLIAM STUKELEY, Esq.

VIR SPECTABILIS, 28 *Jan.* 1728-9.

SALVUS sis cum tuâ Podagrâ bene dotatâ, nobis Fortunæ nothis vix concessâ. In *Diversorio Camberiano* jam dego*. Si malum tuum superbum ferias agat, unum et alterum amicorum tuorum hic invenias. Officium epistolæ et tabularii nostri præstarem, sed nunc Acheronta non fert animus movere. Intelligis. Verbum sat est. Uxorem tuam optimam saluto. Tibi strictè devinctus, GUL. WARBURTON.

LETTER III.

For WILLIAM STUKELEY, Esq. at Grantham.

DEAR SIR, *B. Broughton, Mar.* 1728-9.

I received the favour of yours of the 21st of the last month some few days ago; and am glad to find, by the agreeable society you invite me to on Friday se'nnight, that your gout has left you free to enjoy that philosophic gaiety and serenity of mind that makes you happier than Eastern Monarchs; or (who I believe you think had a greater share of it) than the wisest Sages of Antiquity; for we can scarce meet with one of them, whose natural temper an attentive view of the follies of the greater world had not strained and violated: one lamented mankind, another laughed at them, a third railed against them, which was an evident proof that their study of human nature, how refined and delicate soever they had brought it to, had been too dearly purchased, even at the expence of their own quiet, and integrity of temper. Alas! all their boasted study of humanity could never teach them to conquer their passions or disguise their superstition. One of them, you know,

* He had been recently presented, by Sir Robert Sutton, to the Rectory of Brand (or Brent) Broughton.

was so high-mettled, that he was for *planting men* even on forbidden ground; and the other so mealy-mouthed, that he would not allow the planting even of *beans;* which, in contempt of this latter, I am this moment a-doing in the farther end of my garden —as you, in defiance of the former, have undertaken the other part of cultivation in a sweet sequestered spot, which none but gods, or a man like them, is worthy to approach; where I desire my humble respects may be tendered, along with those I offer to yourself, when I profess how much I am, dear Sir, your most humble servant, and affectionate friend,

W. WARBURTON.

P. S. I understand that "the Friday of the Assize week" means Lincoln Assizes. I purpose to attend you there; if any thing prevents your coming, or if I mistake the time, be so good to let me have a line. I return you Pemberton * with this, and with more thanks than he got guineas.

LETTER IV.

For WILLIAM STUKELEY, Esq. M. D. at Grantham.

DEAR SIR, *Newarke, March* 12, 1728-9.

I hope you received one of mine last week with my intentions of waiting on you at Ancaster at the day. Since that, I have been pressed by a solicitation I could no-ways withstand, to attend a trial between Sir Robert Sutton and Mr. Plumptre about the boundaries of their estates: this will necessarily draw me to Nottingham on the very day I had proposed to myself the pleasure of attending you. My best respects and esteem to the gentlemen you

* Probably Dr. Henry Pemberton, M. D. F. R. S. and Professor of Physick at Gresham College, who published, by a large Subscription, "A View of Sir Isaac Newton's Philosophy" in a magnificent quarto, but which greatly disappointed the expectations of his Patrons.

meet

meet there, whom I live in expectation of meeting there in Summer. In the mean time I am daily in expectation of your kind visit to Broughton, and that you will contrive to stay a night or two with me, where we may converse together *de quolibet ente*, and laugh at the follies and impertinence that surround us.

Dear Sir, your most affectionate friend, and humble servant, W. WARBURTON.

LETTER V.

For WILLIAM STUKELEY, Esq. at Grantham.

DEAR SIR, *Newarke, June* 9, 1729.

I had a great temptation to have gone over to Hough last Thursday, where I expected you was, and was heartily vexed that a pack of blockheads should have stopped my way. About two hours ago poor Doctor Hunter took a leap into the dark. I should heartily wish that this, or any other occasion, could bring you amongst us here *, where every one has so just an esteem for my dear Friend.

Just this moment I was lamenting to my uncle Rastall of the small hopes I had of so much happiness; and he went so seriously into it, as to mention the service he thought himself capable of doing you in such a case, which he thought not small.

Dear Sir, you will be so good to pardon the freedom of this officious Letter, and believe me to be, with much gratitude,

Your most obliged humble servant, W. WARBURTON.

* Dr. Stukeley was a native of Holbech in Lincolnshire; and, having taken the degree of M. B. at Cambridge 1709, commenced practice as a Physician at Boston in his native county; but, in 1717, removed to London, where he was in that year elected F. R. S.; became one of the Re-founders of the Society of Antiquaries 1718; and in 1719 took the degree of M. D. at Cambridge, and became a Fellow of the College of Physicians. In 1726 he removed to Grantham, where he continued to reside till 1729; when he entered into holy orders. See p. 6.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

For WILLIAM STUKELEY, Esq. at Grantham.

DEAR SIR, *B. Broughton, June* 13, 1729.

I was perfectly charmed with the secret your obliging Letter of the 11th instant communicated to me. I have great satisfaction in the prospect of the services you will do the *Church* *; and of the honours you, I make no doubt, will in return receive from it: but, above all, you will allow me to indulge myself in the pleasing prospect I *now* have of a Friend of the *Order*. I shall now begin to entertain more ambitious thoughts, when I can have such an assistant of my schemes; and I can readily forgive all the strange malice I have hitherto met with, to be at length rewarded with a friendship, whose last great bond is, as our friend Tully expresses it, *ab eorundem studiorum usu*. As to the alteration this will make in yourself, I do not think you could more consult your happiness, or advance your interests of every kind, than by this resolution. You have a fine fortune, that of itself can provide you with the ornaments, as well as conveniences of life; which, put to the addition you may reasonably expect in the Order, will furnish you with all the variety of satisfactions that a mind like yours can digest. Above all, I am pleased with your thinking of London not above a month in a year. And for those serene pleasures of contemplation which so much delight you, you will find them much heightened in the freedom and disengagement of our profession. I long to see you; so that, if you do not let me see you, or know next week of some short day in which I may expect you; on Sunday se'nnight, in the afternoon, I will make you a visit. To fill up the paper, I send you the following criti-

* Dr. Stukeley was ordained by Abp. Wake, July 20, 1729; and, in the October following, was presented by Lord Chancellor King to the Rectory of All Saints, Stamford; a preferment for which he was in some degree indebted to the friendship of Sir Hans Sloane, as will appear hereafter.

cism

cism on a passage of Paterculus *, lib. I. cap. 4; which I must desire your judgment of. You are to know that there is only a single MS. of this Author preserved, and infinitely faulty; so that the book is but a heap of errors, notwithstanding the attempts of many upon it. This Author, speaking of the original of Cuma and Naples, says, "*Cumas in Italiâ condiderunt.*" (sc. Hippocles & Megasthenes.) "*Pars horum cīvium magno post intervallo Neapolim condidit. Utriusque urbis eximia semper in Romanos fides. Sed* ALIIS *diligentior ritus patrii mansit custodia: Cumanos Osca mutavit vicinia. Vires autem veteres earum urbium hodieque magnitudo ostentat Mœnium.*" Now, I dare say, the word *aliis* sticks at first sight pretty much with you, for you observe this is all the way a conjoint account of the two cities, but in this part of the sentence it is dropt, and very impertinently said *others* preserved their Country rites more diligently; which, certainly, so fine a Writer could not be guilty of. I read, therefore, *Sed* NEAPOLIS *diligentior ritus patrii mansit;* which makes it a pertinent observation, and worthy the notice of an exact Historian. And it is not difficult to conceive *Neapolis* being corrupted to *aliis* by a stupid copyer. I would only know whether you can give me any light from some other Writer about this piece of Antiquity, that Naples continued the Grecian manners longer than Cuma.—I will offer another to your consideration: Our Author, cap. 10, speaking of the severity of a Censor upon his Brother, expresses himself thus: *Aspera circa hæc tempora censura Fulvii Flacci et P. Albini fuit, quippe Fulvii censoris frater, et quidem* CONSORS, *Cnæus Fulvius, senatu motus est ab iis censoribus.*" Now where is the wonder that a man's brother should be called his *Consors* too. It is true sometimes they are not so: but here Paterculus lays an emphasis on it as increasing the relation, *et* QUIDEM *Consors.*

* Of whose "History" he was then meditating an edition.

I read

I read therefore as the true, *et quidem* CONSOCER. And this indeed might raise the wonder; for there was not only the nearness of Brotherhood, but the bond was tied more close by marrying their children together; for *Consoceri*, you know, are they whose son and daughter are married together.

I am, dear Sir, your most obliged and most affectionate humble servant, W. WARBURTON.

*** On this Letter Dr STUKELEY has written:

"I can think of no other meaning in it, than that, although these two places, Cuma and Neapolis, had the same founders, and sat quietly under the Roman government, yet Naples did not so readily change its Greek customs, language, and manners, as Cuma did. This seems intimated by what immediately follows, *Cumanos Osca mutavit vicinia: id est*, the neighbourhood of the Oscan, or old Latin language, helped to alter that of Cuma; and perhaps the Oscans subdued before the Romans; whence the Author adds that observation of their former strength, and the circuit of their old Walls. Naples was ever famous, not only for its sweet situation and air, but for its gaiety; for the frequency of men of learning, whence the Romans went thither as to a Grecian Academy, for that freedom from noise, trade, and business, which Rome was full of. The very Country of Campania, where it stands, broke the force of Hannibal's army by its softnesses and delights. In this, I suppose, it differed considerably from the rough parsimonious way of the other parts of Italy the Romans were masters of. There are endless quotations out of the old Authors, touching the charms of the place and the politeness of the people; which being much earlier than that of Rome, might, perhaps, give occasion to that reflection of the Author, that the Neapolitans retained their Country fashions longest. So that I hold your correction for good. — I know of nothing better than what you offer about *Consors*; unless you suppose they were colleagues in some other office, and many were the *Collegia*, or companies at Rome.

LETTER VII.

For the Rev. Dr. STUKELEY, Rector of
All Saints, Stamford.

DEAR SIR, *September* 5, 1730.

I WAS much disappointed in not seeing you at Grantham, according to expectation. My brother Twells shewed me a Letter, wherein you charged the blame of it on me. But I must appeal to your own ingenuity, whether it be rightly placed, after I have told you that, when I came into Grantham, I inquired of every one that I thought could give me intelligence concerning you, but could hear no news. At length Mr. Smith told me he *thought* he saw you ride by, and believed you was gone to the Bishop. From that intelligence, if it was right, I concluded that (as you had not called at Grantham, nor left any word by any one for me, as you went through,) you would not return to Grantham that night. Nor did Mr. Smith give me the least encouragement to think you would be back that night; but, on the contrary, when I asked him of his own coming back, who was then himself going to the Bishop, he returned me such a doubtful answer as could give me no encouragement to stay, though I told him my chief occasion of coming was to meet you. After this, you may easily imagine I had little encouragement to pass the night alone at Grantham.

This is a fair state of the case; and I hope you will consider over again before you confirm your condemnation of me. It was 6 o'clock before I left Grantham.—This matter has been a real concern to me; but would be much greater, did I not think you was well assured how much I am, dear Sir,

Your sincere friend and obedient humble servant,

W. WARBURTON.

My humble service to good Mrs. Stukeley.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

To the very Rev. Dr. STUKELEY, at Stamford.

DEAR SIR, *August* 18, 1731.

I am first to thank you for my kind entertainment the last time I was with you; and to hope that this will find you in that serenity of mind, which, to the pleasure of your Friends, so amiably lightens in your countenance, and which it should not be in the power of fools and scoundrels to ruffle. I think it is great pity that your region will not afford friends and acquaintance, not so much for your sake, as for theirs who might have the benefit of such a converse. But you have one peculiar happiness that makes amends for greater inconveniencies; and that is, the agreeable companion you have at home, capable of enhancing all the pleasures, and soothing all the cares, of human life. And from the accomplishments of such a companion the man receives peculiar honour, as the younger Pliny says of his Friend, "magnâ gloriâ dignus est qui uxorem, quam virginem accepit, tam peritam politamque reddiderit." For you must know, my good Doctor, that I regard Woman in her natural state as one of those odd pictures that I have formerly seen at Oxford, which they use for a very pretty experiment in Optics. They produce you a board, on the plane of which is thrown together a great number of colours, *as it appears*, with the utmost confusion and disorder, the most *visible* work of chance. But, by applying to it a cylindrical steel mirror, there immediately rises on its bosom a beautiful reflected form in all the justness and artifice of design. A woman is this coloured table; in whose capricious and variable fancy discordant and monstrous ideas are, by the force of the passions, whimsically daubed on at random, which present no mark of the workmanship

ship of the great plastic Nature. But, if happily a prudent husband be applied, he does the business of the cylinder. The scattered lines are now reduced in order, an elegance of design arises, and the reflected union of colours, and harmony of light and shadow, speak the workmanship divine.

If, as you expect, Mr. Gale and you go to Lincoln, on your giving me notice I will endeavour to meet you there. My humble service to Mrs. Stukeley, concludes me, dear Sir, your most humble servant, and affectionate friend, W. WARBURTON.

LETTER IX.

To the very Rev. Dr. STUKELEY, at Stamford.

DEAR SIR, *Newarke, August* 30, 1731.

I received the favour of yours from London, and accounted very much, as you may see by a letter left at your house at Stamford by Robert Taylor *, of meeting you at Lincoln, which design I was confirmed in by the receipt of this; but some little business has happened, that unavoidably calls me another way at that time. But this loss to me will, I hope, be soon repaired; for the Visitation is drawing on, where we shall, I suppose, have the pleasure of meeting, according to custom, at our old Friend's the Lecturer's. I was surprized to see your last dated from London. I hope some good occasion drew you thither, the journey appearing to be unpremeditated; for I do not remember I heard you mention any thing of it when I was so lately with you at Stamford.

I am, dear Sir, your very affectionate friend and humble servant, W. WARBURTON.

My most humble service to Mrs. Stukeley.

* Dr. Robert Taylor, of whom hereafter.

LETTER

LETTER X.

For the Rev. Dr. STUKELEY, at Stamford.

DEAR SIR, *From my Study, Oct. 30,* 1731.

I have told you enough of my waking thoughts to make you think them little better than dreams. I will now tell you my dreams, that perhaps you may think more like waking thoughts. Last night I dreamt you and I, assisted by that Dedalian Artist the Fancy, were mounted up into the middle regions, and, with expanded wings, taking the tour of the Universe, and surveying in our course all that was great or curious in Art or Nature. In the midst of these ravishing contemplations, soaring with too negligent a flight, methought we blundered through the top windows into an old building, hight *Cathedral*, that unluckily met us in our progress. I dreamt we were no sooner in, but we lost all our etherial temper; and, like the Devil, in Milton, travelling through the antient realms of Night and Chaos, who

——————————————— meets
A vast vacuity: all unawares
Fluttering his pennons vain plumb down he drops;

so, methought, fell we; and, when we got to the bottom, found ourselves ensconsed in two Prebendal Stalls; when immediately the gout seized you, and I fell into an old fit of the spleen, which I yet feel hanging on me.

As my best remedy, your company, is not at hand, I am forced to seek amusement amongst those who most resemble you, amongst the learned dead. But, since my late travels, my head running much upon Voyages, I should be obliged to you to lend me Le Brun's Travels, if you can contrive any way of sending it to me. It shall be taken great care of.

My

My humble service to Mrs. Stukeley concludes me, dear Sir, your inseparable friend and servant (as you see, both sleeping and waking),

W. WARBURTON.

LETTER XI.

For the Rev. Dr. STUKELEY, at Stamford.

DEAR SIR, *November* 10, 1731.

I received your agreeable letter, and should be glad we could have any opportunity of seeing one another oftener. If you do not go to London, I do not know but that towards Christmas I may have an opportunity of coming to Stamford, in case you be in the country; but I was told by a gentleman who lately came from thence, that they talked there, as if you would spend a great part of the winter in town. The same person told me further, that he they call the *Dean of Stamford* shews to every body a letter wrote to him from you in the most malicious and aggravating way in the world, wherein you earnestly desire him to concur with you in choosing Mr. Peck, who, you assured him, would do whatever you would have him. He represents this, which appears to me to have nothing unfair in it, as strangely to your discredit. I thought it proper to acquaint you with this Devil of a Dean, and how much he wants exorcising; the Court holy water, which, it seems, in that letter you gave him, makes him but the more impudent.

Mr. *Theobald* has entered into articles for publishing Shakespeare with Tonson. It is to appear by next March; and he is to have for it *eleven hundred guineas* *, and your humble servant for his pains one copy of the royal paper books. But, *as he has given me full satisfaction for his late conduct*, and appears to be willing to perform the part of a

* Of this, more hereafter.

man

man of honour, I absolve him from all hard thoughts, and am disposed to serve him all I can. This I thought proper, for good reasons, to let you know, whom I had acquainted with my (groundless as I am glad to find it) suspicions and complaints.

Le Brun did not come last week by the waggon.

I am, dear Sir, your most affectionate and most obedient humble servant, W. WARBURTON.

LETTER XII.

For the Rev. Dr. STUKELEY, at Stamford.

DEAREST SIR, *B. B. May* 9, 1732.

YOUR very agreeable letter came very opportunely; for it found me overwhelmed with grief for the variety of ill usage my most excellent Patron * has lately met with. And, I will assure you, it is no small aggravation of it, that I have no opportunity of testifying my gratitude to him by serving him, though by the sacrifice of my fortune. I envy the felicity of antient times, when it was so frequently in the power of the meanest faithful dependant, by one brave stroke, to render good service to his Patron, when bore hard upon by faction and injustice.

I wish, as you say, I had known that circumstance of ———'s good-nature and manners, and I should have treated him as he deserved; but there is not, even in human nature, ill-nature enough to treat so rascally a scoundrel with sufficient contempt; for this wretched Attorney has received many and great obligations from that family. But I will withdraw myself for a moment from these uneasy reflections.

I like your project much, which invites me to take Thompson's † shop; and, could I get Tyndal and Henley, Jackson and Waterland, Peckius and Wormius, for my garreteers, I should not fear to make

* Sir Robert Sutton; see p. 3. † A Provincial Bookseller.

my

my fame, that is, my profit, more extensive than my renowned Predecessor's; who once told me, with the *proud Parnassian sneer*, that his *Mercuries* were read and admired in Ireland, Barbadoes, and Newfoundland. As for Peck's "Desiderata," I cannot but think young Roger Gale punished in the Dedication for the sins of his Grandfather, who generally prefixed to his fine editions of the ancient Greek Authors some stupid Man of Quality, that could hardly read English; so that, as he was always complimenting stupid Patrons, it is but according to the reason of things, that his Grandson should be complimented by as stupid a Client, whose invention, as Shakespeare says, "comes from his pate like birdlime from frize, it plucks out brains and all."

Your reasons for your determination of always writing in Latin are good, and wise, and solid. I perceive you had entertained a strange notion of the difficulty of a thing, which, in effect, with practice, to one who knows the tongue, is easy enough.

My humble service to good Mrs. Stukeley. I wish you both an agreeable journey to Buckden; and that, if she likes the old furbelloed mansion, she may one day become mistress of it, where she and I, in quality of your Lordship's Chaplain, will agree, according to the good old laudable custom, to rule and govern you, and dispose of all your Stalls and Standings; and while you, whom we shall confine within four walls, are adjusting the difficulties of ancient æras, we will make the most of the time present; and while you are consulting for the credit of the *Fathers*, we shall be scheming for a provision for the Sons and Daughters. And the wisdom between a petticoat government, and government by a long gown, is but a trifling difference: a woman that knows how to manage a hatch of goslings may be capable of administering a Diocese.

I am, dear Sir, your ever affectionate and faithful friend, W. WARBURTON.

P. S.

P. S. Miss, I suppose, keeps close to Montfaucon yet. In another year she will make a better Antiquary than Peck; for, I observe, she already knows the difference between Pan's Pipe and Apollo's Harp: which is more, apparently, than he does; or his ass's ears would not be so perpetually starting out, to testify the ill judgment he gives, and the ill choice he makes; but, if his hand has but the same attractive quality with his Predecessor Midas's, of drawing gold to him, he cares not what resemblance there is between their heads.—I feel my uneasy reflections returning upon me; and am forced to leave our Antiquary as he leaves old Cecil, half uncelebrated.—*Vale, amice dulcissime.* W. W.

LETTER XIII.

GUL. WARBURTON, amplissimo doctissimoque viro, GULIELMO STUKELEIO suo, S.

Aug. 8, 1732.

LITERAS tuas, ô Bone! facetas et perelegantes jamjam accepi. Carmen amabile, quod, ex morbo evadens, tam lucidè pangis, statim atque legi, subiit mentem docti divinus Lucretî furor, qui, cum periodicæ febres inducias haberent, solitus est carmina, pharmaci loco, adhibere; dum defæcata vis animi,

——————————— extra
Processit longè flammantia mœnia mundi.

Fuit reverà mihi, et laudis nostræ gratulatio tua jucundissima, et doloris consolatio pergrata; nam, secundùm vetus dictum, laudes à laudato viro accipio. Hæ sunt solatia, hæ fomenta summorum dolorum. Firmissimâ tuâ benevolentiâ stipatus, vel durissimas molestias, vel fastum turgidum et superbum Asini Ecclesiastici dignitatibus onusti, æquo animo ferre possum. Quod tu dicis de itinere hûc faciendo, mirificè me lætificat. Sine ullâ morâ, precor, consilio

silio factum adjunge. Velim quoque scire quo die venias, ut de obviàm itione tibi faciam, sicut vicissim solemus.

Paulò ante illustrissimus Peckius, Sidus μύωπων ἀρχαιογράφων, inter itinera sua in domum nostram divertebat, coenabat, discubuit. Vidula ejus de more conferta erant et cruditatibus distenta; similia bulgæ isti infernali de quâ Poeta lepidus Swiftius suavissimè canit:

His budget with corruption cramm'd,
The contributions of the damn'd.

id est, Poetarum, Oratorum, Historicorum, virgâ Criticorum censoriâ, in ærumnis atque miseriis cloacarum degere ævum damnatorum; usquedum, revolventibus fatis, hic Eques erraticus incantamentum rumpat, et illos innocentes, fœdè laceratos et spoliatos jacentes, defendat, protegat, ac in lucem revocet. Si fides sit isti primæ philosophiæ, quâ à Nutrice in gynæcio nos omnes imbuti sumus, quæ docet homunciones ex Apiato oriri; jurarem per omnes Deos Deasque clarissimum hunc Antiquarium, qui à Stanfordiâ petit originem, vice Apiati, singulari fortunâ, sepulchretum istud monasticum, herbis soporificis et lethalibus obsitum, pro portis oppidi situm, natalitium locum habuisse: hinc amor cuculli, hinc protervitas ingenii, hinc odium in bonas literas.

Vale, vir optime, quo mihi nemo est amicior, nec jucundior, nec charior. Ornatissimam uxorem tuam, et tenellulam Antiquariam meam, plurimùm saluto. Domus te tota nostra salutat. GUL. W.

LETTER XIV.

To the Rev. Dr. STUKELEY, at Stamford.

MOST DEAR SIR, *November* 13, 1732.

I heard by accident you was at Grantham Visitation; and, as I have reason to suspect, in pur-

suance of my mentioning that place of meeting in my last. But it gave me a most sensible concern, that you was not so kind as to come forward to Broughton; more especially when I reflect, that it seems to be owing to the appearance of neglect on my side: which suspicion I could have removed, had I thought you would have been there, by a letter. But indeed, imagining, from my not having an answer to my last, that you was scarce got from Mr. Gale's, I did not provide against the mischance.

The truth of the case is this: I have been very ill for three weeks; at that time I was under a course of physic, attended with an indisposition that hindered me from getting upon horseback, which requires to you no explanation; nor was I able to ride with safety till just now. This, I say, makes me sorry you would not come on, if it was only to find whether I was in fault; and, if so, to reprove me as I ought. I think our friendship required thus much. I am sure your coming would, for more reasons than one, have been very useful to me. I gave you too an example the last time I did myself the pleasure of waiting on you; when, though I found you not at the New Inn, though I then knew no more the reason of your absence than you now did of mine, yet I pushed forward without hesitation. And indeed if, in an intimate friendship like ours, we must be subject to the plague of punctilios and suspicions, I shall be the most unhappy man breathing: for, to me, such an alliance is not like a vulgar acquaintance; and, while I labour under the thought of any thing being taken amiss of me by a friend, I am capable of no ease. Therefore, though I have given you the sincerest state of the case, and the true reason why I could not come, yet, if you think it not sufficient, I will make what acknowledgment and submission you will please to enjoin me.

On Thursday I set forwards to the other side of Lincolnshire, and shall return on the Tuesday following.

lowing. If you will be so good to appoint any place where I shall meet you, to drag you to Broughton, I will attend you at the day and hour. If you refuse me this favour, I shall suspect you do not forgive me.

My most humble service to your good spouse and pretty Miss, concludes me, dear Sir, your most affectionate and most faithful servant and friend,

W. WARBURTON.

LETTER XV.

For the Rev. Dr. STUKELEY, at Mr. Sisson's, Strand.

DEAR SIR, *February* 4, 1732-3.

I was glad to hear of your health, and where you was, from the Letter you wrote to my Brother*. I want much to see you, and shall be glad when you get down. I am now very throng about my *Moses Vindicatus*, and want to talk to you *de quolibet ente*. I think I can prove my point in such a manner, that Moses' Divine Legation shall never be called in question again by impartial men. But, you know, the subject is to be a secret, that it may have when it appears, at least the grace of novelty.

Middleton's and Pearce's† dispute, that makes so much noise, I have seen: Middleton writes very agreeably, but, in his vindication of his Letter, has run into a great absurdity. Pearce is a heavy writer.

My dear Sir, I hope you meet with every thing at London to your mind, and that you will soon meet the fruits of this voyage. If you have an opportunity, pray ask Watts, by-the-by, when *Theobald's Shakespeare* is like to come out.

* Mr. Twells; see p. 1.

† Dr. Zachary Pearce (afterwards Bp. of Rochester) took up the defence of Dr. Waterland; whom Dr. Middleton, in the dispute concerning Tindal's "Christianity as old as the Creation," had ventured to treat with the utmost contempt and severity.

Pray, what says the world of Bentley's Milton? I am, dearest Sir, your most affectionate friend, and sincere servant, W. W.

LETTER XVI.

For the Rev. Dr. STUKELEY, at Mr. Sisson's.

DEAREST SIR, *February* 10, 1732-3.

The receipt of your kind Letter of the 8th instant was an inexpressible pleasure to me on many accounts. I am charmed with the account you give me concerning your intentions of printing your fine work of *Stonehenge** in good earnest. If you print it by subscription, I desire the honour to be in your List, and that you would send me a receipt, and I will send you the money. I have at present a full intention of taking a journey with you to Salisbury Plain in May: the project is perfectly right in several views, which have made me so oft repeat my instances to you to print. It is with the utmost concern I see you write that you gave ——— a title; purely on your own account, because I am afraid it should raise a terrible clamour against you. The news of his going into orders creates a furious scandal here; and I believed it false till the receipt of your Letter. I ask your pardon for being thus free; but my concern for your glory and interest in life is so cordial, that it would be infinite concern, that all those amiable excellent qualities that fit you for the first stations in it, should ever receive any accidental clog from only the too precipitated effects of your good-nature and humanity. But, perhaps, it would go too hard with the scoundrels of the world, and they could not support through life an uneasy conscious worthlessness, if the great and good characters did not now and then give them a little relief

* This elaborate Work was not published till 1740.

in

in exercising their malice, by too generous and unguarded an action. I mean, such an one as has not what the world calls its full seasoning of prudence. Nobody has experienced this more home than I have done, by a thousand imprudences in my course of life; and what makes the reflection of it more mortifying to me is, that I have no other claim to likeness of the good characters I mentioned above, than partaking with them in their foibles.—But to return. I am persuaded that, when you see me, you will convince me of the rash judgment I have passed of this act of your good-nature; and that indeed there were proper reasons, such as I must approve of, for your giving him a title; though, perhaps, there could be none for the acceptance of that title at the place where it was offered: for I have no notion of a man's running to the tremendous Altars of Jesus, reeking from the hot pollutions of a brothel, and covered over with all the stains of lewdness and impiety. We may write, and preach, and idly waste a midnight lamp, in defence of our sacred dispensation; but, while such become our coadjutors, and sit with us as watchmen on the rampart of Faith, we shall be an eternal derision to our adversaries, and the torrent of Infidelity will still roll on.

As to what you say of Sir Isaac Newton's "Scripture Prophecy," I am inclined to think your judgment of it perfectly right. Though he was a prodigy in his way, yet I never expected great things in this kind (which requires a perfect knowledge of antient Literature, History, and Mankind) from a man who spent all his days in looking through a telescope. I am glad, dear Sir, that you wasted a little money with honest Gyles*; and that you got so soon shut of this epidemic disorder. My turn is to come yet. If my hoarseness should happen at the Visita-

* Fletcher Gyles, the well-known Bookseller in Holborn.

tion,

tion, where I am ordered to preach, I must get you to mount the Rostrum in my favour. You did perfectly right in reading a discourse to the Royal Society, and on a very capable subject*, for I remember the great Montaigne will not allow any Physician to be thoroughly skilled in any distemper but what he himself has laboured under. I suppose I shall see it in the next Transactions.

I lament with you heartily for the death of the excellent Earl†. I knew it would be a great grief to you.

Sir Gilbert‡ is indeed gone,

From dreams of millions and three groats to pay,

with the merit of *three groats*, and a debt of *millions*. I think with the Poet, Providence enough shewed how contemptibly it esteems riches when it so burthened an overlaboured individual.

Your mention of the First-fruits-office put me in mind to desire a favour of you, which is, to pay my tenths for Brand Broughton, Loveden hundred; they are *3l.* 11*s.* *4d.* I have got a good bill drawn for you for *4l.* *3s.* 10*d.*; the remaining 12*s.* *6d.* I must desire the further favour of you to pay as the first subscription for the second part of Burnet's History; receipts are delivered, I suppose, by Tom Burnet§ in the Temple. I was a subscriber to the first volume.

I am in sad pain for your health amidst all the terrible infection of the City, and wish I had you safe at Broughton. I thank you for your advice concerning application and health; it is perfectly right, and I will follow it. There is, as you truly observe, no encouragement for our ware, or a learned

* On the Gout; see p. 25.

† Thomas Herbert, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, died Jan. 22, 1732-3.

‡ Sir Gilbert Heathcote, who died Jan. 25, 1732-3, was reputed to be worth 700,000*l.* very honourably acquired.

§ The Bishop's third and youngest son, afterwards one of the Justices of the Common Pleas.

industry,

industry, but the *divinæ particula auræ*, which blows in so sharp a climate, that many, in all ages, have been starved by it. I believe one may take a voyage with a Dutch skipper a whale-fishing into Greenland with less danger and more profit, and yet come back improved enough for the conversation of a *Chaplain in Ordinary*.

Adieu, best of Friends! and confidently believe me to be your most affectionate and most devoted brother and servant, W. WARBURTON.

LETTER XVII.

For the Rev. Dr. STUKELEY, at Mr. Sisson's.

DEAREST SIR, *February* 19, 1732-3.

Your kind letter of the 13th gave me extreme great pleasure, to find that you had proceeded so extremely right in —— ——'s affair. I knew you would get *great credit* by refusing him a testimonial; and the fear of your having given him one made me in pain for the consequences. You rightly observe, the giving him a title was nothing: for that is a matter that relates only to his support, not at all to his morals. I might, indeed, easily have imagined you would have set me right when I saw you, and so might have well spared my reflections on it; but you will be so good as to pardon my wrong apprehensions. But I will tell you another thing: this testimonial, which, had it been of your signing, would have made much clamour, you will find the world will entirely overlook in the inconsiderableness of the three subscribers to it. And this is the way of the world. You say, poor —— has almost lost an eye: one would imagine the Bishop was in that condition when he laid his hand on him, and so (like the fellow's wife who had but one eye) saw but half his faults. But Providence will turn every thing

thing to the best; and, if the Gentleman reforms, I shall be exceeding glad.

I am impatient to see Sir Isaac's book *. If you have it of your own in town, and have read it, I should be obliged to you if you would take this way of conveying into the country where it must come; namely, by sending it by Newbal's waggon, directed for me at Newark; and, when I have read it over, I will take care to send it safe to Stamford.

To be sure, it will not be news to you, to tell you that your Cousin Munn is dead; perhaps you may not know the particulars of his will—to this effect: He bequeaths to his wife (in case she be molested in her jointure) 1000*l.*; otherwise 200*l.* to be paid at his mother's decease; and 200*l.* to be paid Mr. How at the same time.—I see honest Edmund Weaver † now and then; he has not done our Dials yet, for he exhausts all the science of old Ptolemy and Albumazar upon them. Providence protect you, and send you well down from a sickly, wicked town to the healthful and virtuous embraces of your excellent spouse; and believe me ever to be, dearest Sir,

Your most faithful and most affectionate Friend,

W. Warburton.

LETTER XVII.

For the Rev. Dr. Stukeley, at Stamford.

Dearest Sir, *March* 4, 1732-3.

I hope this will find you safe at home from your last London journey, and free from the gout; though, if that be a vindictive enemy, you can expect no quarter of it for the future, who have so unsparingly discovered all its secrets, its fort, and its foibles; and given such exact directions for the safe attacking, and the entire mastering of its virulence, for I have seen your fine Discourse on the

* Sir Isaac Newton's "Observation on the Prophecies of Daniel, and the Apocalypse of St. John. 1732."

† At that time a well-known Almanack-maker.

use

use of Oils, &c.* Dr. Taylor and I read it together with infinite pleasure. He is full of its praises, and swears you write as good a style as Dr. Freind. It afforded him the greater pleasure, I believe, on his just before having been reading a ridiculous pamphlet of Hartley's †, which he sent from Bury, addressed to the old women in that place, in favour of *inoculation* ‡. There was no part pleased us more than that beautiful and ingenious conjecture, towards the conclusion of it, about the benefit the old Romans received by anointing themselves with oil. It is certainly very ingenious. I am only in some doubt about the fact; namely, that the old Romans, after the overflow of intemperance, were but little subject to the Gout. This you will clear up to me when I see you; for it seems to appear, from the Epistles of the younger Pliny, that the distemper was at least as common, and as violent, as with us. He speaks of it as an hereditary distemper, as caused by intemperance, as being so violent as to seize all the limbs at once with the most exquisite torments; speaks of men who killed themselves, when no longer able to endure the frequent returns of it. These are all marks of a very prevailing distemper; and his Uncle, in his Natural History, book xxvi. c. 10. hints at as much; though what he says in his first book has a different cast, when examined, it will appear to confirm his Nephew's account. These, you know, are his words: "Podagra morbus rarior solebat esse, non modò *patrum avorumque memoriâ, verùm etiam nostrâ.*"

* Dr. Stukeley, soon after his settling at Stamford, found considerable relief from the Gout by the *Oleum Arthriticum*, invented by Dr. Rogers, a Physician in that town; and in 1733 published an account of the success of the application of these Oils in innumerable instances, in a Letter to Sir Hans Sloane. He published also "A Treatise on the Cause and Cure of the Gout, from a new Rationale;" which, with an abstract thereof, has passed through several editions.

† Dr. David Hartley practised physic, first at Newark, afterwards at Bury, and finally at Bath, where he died Aug. 5, 1757.

‡ Against the objections of Dr. Warren, of Bury.

In

In the first place, unless the distemper was very common at the time of writing, the term *rarior*, when applied to the preceding times, is very improper. But the most remarkable part is, his extending the word *rarior* to the times so low as within the memory of the oldest man then living; for that is the true sense of *nostrâ memoriâ*. Now, to account for this, it is to be observed, that though an age or two backwards they had introduced the Grecian luxury; yet by that was only understood the extravagance of building, furniture, equipage, and rarities: not of intemperance, that is, excess in eating and drinking. This is plainly seen by the times of the first Cæsar: the Grecian luxury was then at its height; and though all rarities for the room, the bed, and the table, were sought for all the world over, they were abstemious enough in the quantity, as appears from the Letters of Tully; and they were only the very abandoned profligates that transgressed in this particular. Under Augustus, we may perceive by Horace, intemperance and excess were coming in: but his manner of satirising the vice shews that but few were infected with it. But in the times of Juvenal and the Plinys it poured in like a torrent; and then it was, I presume, the disease spread proportionably: so that, if this be true, Pliny might well say it was *rarior nostrâ memoriâ*; and yet might it be very prevailing at the time he wrote; and the turn of the period, as I said before, seems to imply so much.—But you will clear up this matter to me.

Dear Sir, I am in hopes to see you at the Visitation, to have your company home. I intend to be at Grantham on Sunday night, because I know you come over-night, that I may have as much of your company as I can.

My most humble service to good Mrs. Stukeley and Miss, concludes me, most dear Sir,

Your most affectionate, W. WARBURTON.

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

For the Rev. Dr. STUKELEY, Rector of All Saints, in Stamford.

DEAR SIR, *July* 29, 1734.

I intended long before now to have waited on you, had not the account you gave me, when I last saw you, of the manner you intended to dispose of yourself for six or eight weeks from that time, made me (by agreement with you) alter my design, till I heard from you, or saw you at Broughton; one or both of which you promised I might expect from you. From that day to this, you have persevered in a long and obstinate silence; so long, that perhaps by this time you may have forgot you promised either to write or come. I do not know how to reconcile this to the state of our friendship; which on the one hand, as it is past all forms, punctilios, and ceremonies, so on the other will not dispense with any thing that looks like forgetfulness. I had once resolved to see how long you would persevere in it; but my fondness for you made me impatient till I had expostulated with you. From a man I love, I can bear any thing; and therefore think I may be allowed to say any thing my friendship dictates; and I hope this will be the last time I shall have occasion to write on this subject.—About five weeks ago Mr. Smith came to pay me a visit on Sunday evening; by whom I learned that good Mrs. Stukeley was then at Newark. I did not press him to stay Monday night, because I had a mind to go thither to pay my respects to her. Accordingly, the moment he left me, I went to Newark that evening, and found she had left the town in the morning. And this accident was the only intelligence I had of your family till last week, that I went to pay a visit I had long owed to Mr. Richard Welby; when, being so near

Mr.

Mr. Peck, I could not miss seeing him; and from him I learned of your health, who was with you, it seems, at the horse-race.

He was brisk and alert as usual, and fruitful in new projects; and ready and willing to pour out his blessings upon a necessitous world. He pants after immortality; and, was there in the humane fabric neither head nor tail, he perhaps would bid fair for it; but, while a man has any brains to think, or any **** ** ****, his labours will, I am afraid, have much ado to escape the fire and the jakes. His genius seems to have been some time on the decline; his "Miscellanea Curiosa" being evidently but the last droppings of his "Annals," where he was drained so low as to record Roger Cecil's will, by which he gives *to his loving wife 20 kye and a bull, and to his daughter Mary two compleat feather-beds.* But it is now manifestly on the droop, and yet will fall harmoniously, like the swan; for he is at present busy upon a Collection of all our Antient English Ballads; which, I understand, he intends to give with notes and emendations. With all this he thinks he is serving the world. May it always thus be served! its neglect of merit, its ingratitude, and universal corruption, deserving no other devotees.

I am, dear Sir, with my humble service to Mrs. Stukeley, your most sincere friend and humble servant, W. WARBURTON.

LETTER XIX.

For the Rev. Dr. STUKELEY, at Newark.

DEAR SIR, *Broughton, Wednesday evening, Oct.* 1, 1734.

Business unfortunately has happened, which will hinder me from enjoying the pleasure I promised myself this evening in your company. Mr. Warburton

burton is as unfortunate in this particular as myself; for he has a relation from Oakham with him, which will not admit of his coming over to Newark this evening. He desires his best respects to you; and, if he must not see you at Broughton this journey, he promises himself that pleasure when you come to the Visitation. I beg you will be pleased to make my excuses to Dr. Rogers *: and believe me, Sir, your obliged friend and servant, R. TAYLOR.

LETTER XX.

For the Rev. Dr. STUKELEY, at Mr. Sisson's.

MY DEAR FRIEND, *B. Broughton, March* 31, 1735.

I want words to express to you the pleasure your kind Letter, which I received this afternoon, gave me, after a long impatience to hear of your health and content. You divert me much with your account of Miller's Farces. Your reflection on that matter is admirably just; and I cannot but compare myself to a starving chemist, who despises wealth got the ordinary way, so intent is he on his imaginary elixir; while he sees under his nose an honest retailer of muddy porter, who, with only the art of making the tap run plentifully, grows sleek and wealthy, and vies with his barrels in froth and turbulence. But we have all our weaknesses.

I own, I would do something that may remain a proof of studies not misapplied—

> " Nec me animi fallit, quàm sint obscura, sed acri
> Percussit thyrso laudis spes magna meum cor,
> Et simul incussit suavem mî in pectus amorem
> *Divorum* †; quo nunc instinctus, mente vigenti
> Avia Pieridum peragro loca, nullius ante
> Trita solo. Juvat integros accèdere fontes,
> Atque haurire ‡."

* Then a Physician of eminence at Stamford; see p. 25.
† Musarum in the Roman Poet.
‡ Lucret. i. 921. iv. 3.

But

But of all the dabblers in the blind creeks of the Ocean of Immortality, commend me to *Clarissimus* [Peck], who launches out Folio after Folio, and makes every year a good trading voyage, though he takes in nothing but ballast; yet this, as if it was the gravel of Pactolus, is poured out upon the necessitous world under the name of riches. These he calls his *pops*; which a spring warmth so periodically ferments, that I can scarce forbear comparing our illustrious friend to bouncing huffey small-beer, that will not be persuaded to stay in the bottle, and yet has not one dram of force or spirit when it is out.

You must not expect much news from Newarke. I know nothing out of the way of nature, but a child that was born there without a head. And yet my good townfolks have so generally, for this last age, come into the world without brains, that this happened, and nobody was surprised at the matter.

Mat Bradford has at length followed my Lord Howe* into the New World. Indeed, last summer he sang most musically, like the departing swan, on the banks of the Trent, in a dismal Elegy on the Duchess of Rutland's death: but I find his fate is to die in *Barbadoes-waters*. This Poem was addressed to his Grace: where, by an extraordinary flight of fancy, he compares him to Alexander, crying for new worlds. I did not take the conceit. So I asked a friend, whom I imagined might be in the secret, what relation there was between the Duke's loss and Alexander's tears! He told me, he was equally at a stand, unless the Poet had a mind to insinuate that, as Alexander cried because he had no more worlds to conquer, so the Duke cried because he had no more wives to bury. So profound are our Provincial Poets!

But, if you will allow me, after all this trash, to enquire after affairs of Learning, I would ask what

* Emanuel Scrope, the second Lord Viscount Howe, and M. P. for the county of Nottingham, was appointed Governor of Barbadoes in May 1732; and died there March 29, 1735.

new

new work of importance is come out, or on the anvil? What are the Bishops and Court Chaplains doing, in their profession? Sure, in this age of reason, we may expect some master-pieces against Popery from them. What are you upon? and are we to have the pleasure of seeing any thing of yours from the press this spring? Mr. Whiston has sent me his Proposals for his Josephus; and I shall make it my business to promote his subscription all I can. Pray give my humble service to him, when you see him; and my duty to my good Lord Tyrconnel, if you see him again before you leave town.

Dr. Taylor is your very humble servant; but, since his late shipwreck near the Gulph of Matrimony, he has no great curiosity to explore "the secrets of the hoary deep," as Milton calls them. But we have an adventurer amongst us who fears no colours, as they say, your friend Jack Herring; who, from an advantageous station, a butt of right Port, is a-going to souse, over head and ears, in wedlock. Grævius is already gone back to the Bookseller, to buy a green bed; on the sage conclusion, that it was better to sleep *in him*, than *over him*. What force and vigour Grævius, under this new form, may give our Hero, I do not know. But, if the Dutchman inspires but at his past rate, his young wife will have no more cause to dread his violence, than the good old Dame Antiquity had, who has passed through his hands untouched, though he charged at her with seventeen Folios in front. The truth is, he has found himself of late more disposed to fabricate new, than to *revive old decayed intelligence*. His old cares too begin to share the general fate of the new; only, with a due regard to precedency, they go first: for I am told that a new triumvirate, of Cæsar, Adrian, and Constantine the Great, have clubbed to buy his mistress a diamond-ring; and that Julia and Faustina have presented her with a laced smock. How true this is, I will not

not pretend to say. But this is certain: his family grew very uneasy lest this hopeful youth should prove to have too much brains for the Saracen's head; but are now quite at rest on his undertaking a business that will probably serve him his life, and may be done without book.

I long to see you; and should have been glad, had my convenience suffered me, to enjoy that pleasure in London. I hope you will be down by the Visitation. I heartily wish you all success in your affair. I see, by the Stamford Mercury, our good friend Mr. Denshire has made the sorry rascals who abused him and his son give him full reparation, which it was a pleasure to me to see. I desire my humble service, and hearty respects to him; and am, dearest Sir, your most affectionate, and most faithful friend,

W. WARBURTON.

LETTER XXI.

To the Rev. Dr. STUKELEY, at Stamford.

DEAR SIR, [So dated] 1735.

I received the favour of yours, in which you acquainted me you could not meet me at Peck's, as you had thoughts to do. The reason was a very good one; and, as I had no other intention in that journey than the meeting you, I went not. You had been too civil, and had too long courted one you should have despised. Mrs. Stukeley found him out to be what he is, long before you did; but enough of one whom I desire you and I may never have occasion to mention again but to laugh at. I have received the Richardsons *, father and son, whom you was so kind as to send me, and shall take care of them, and return them safe to you. Such a heap of wretched senseless impertinence, and more senseless

* The two Painters, Jonathan Richardson, father and son.

vanity,

vanity, I never before saw together, to be matched by nothing but "*Tom Coryat's Crudities.*"

I have long had a quarrel with you, for being so niggardly of your Letters. You will just pay your debts to your friends; but you will give them no credit, and balance your correspondence as exactly as if you was writing from a counting-house. Be assured, I have never a greater pleasure, than in a good long Letter from you. But for one who writes with so much ease as you do, you have no excuse for being so thrifty.

I want to know whether your Work be gone to the press. The Pamphlet I told you of, in defence of the Established Church against the abolishing of a Test, is almost printed off. So I fancy I have got the start of you; and so I had need; for the slowest runners ought to have some advantage. It is a ticklish subject; and,

"—— res antiquæ laudis et artis
Ingredior; sanctos *ausus* recludere fontes."

The title is, "The Alliance between the Church and State; or, the Equity and Necessity of an Established Religion and a Test Law demonstrated, from the Essence and End of Civil Society, upon the Fundamental Principles of the Law of Nature and Nations. In three Parts. The First, treating of a Civil and Religious Society. The Second, of an Established Church. And the Third, of a Test-Law."

Pray do you go on with the Dialogue, "The Hexameron?" I wish we could see one another soon. Our friend Edmund Weaver has been with me with an Almanack. The poor man a few weeks ago ran quite distracted, and was forced to be held or chained in bed. It was generally attributed to the ill-humours of his wife; for not one friendly star twinkled on this last disastrous marriage. However, it is with much pleasure I tell you, he seems to be got quite well, considering the premises, and his

great want of what is so much below his noble contemplations, a little yellow dirt. I gave him half a crown for his Almanack, and a crown as a subscription for his intended project of a Map for your County*; and so sent him home a happy man. I cannot reflect on such matters without the truest sorrow. This is one of the disorders of Civil Society, and even of Humanity, — that it sees a man of true merit starve, while Pimps, Pathics, Gamesters, ignorant Priests, profligate Courtiers, and beastly Country Squires, wallow in luxury and abundance.

O impudence of Wealth, amidst thy store,
How dar'st thou let an honest man be poor?
" O tempora, O mores !"

Vale, Vir jucundissime. Valedicit amantissimus amicorum tuorum.

My humble service to Mrs. Stukeley.

W. WARBURTON.

LETTER XXII.

For my worthy Friend the Rev. Dr. STUKELEY.

MY DEAR FRIEND, *Jan.* 11, 1735-6.

I received the favour of yours of the 1st instant; and am glad that poor Edmund is got into so good hands, that will solace his poverty. The Ancients believed that those temerarious persons who pried into the secrets of the Gods were punished for it by a stroke from Heaven. For aught I know, the stars may bear him the same ill-will, and some malignant constellations, as Shakespear says, have

Steep'd him in poverty up to the chin.

I hope Noel's † persecution will make those for whose cause you are made uneasy think upon their obligations to serve you. I am glad to find the " Hexameron" is so forward, and so well approved, and

* This project, I believe, was never perfected.

† William Noel, esq. then Recorder of Stamford; in 1741 M. P. for that Borough; Chief Justice of Chester 1750; a Judge of the Common Pleas 1757. He died Dec. 8, 1762.

that

that the "Comment on Horace's Ode" is printing. I suppose by your words concerning Innys *, that he prints it.

I presume you are now for London shortly. I shall give orders for three of my Pamphlets (when they are published) to be left at Sisson's; one for yourself, the other for my worthy friend Mr. Denshire, and the third I desire you to give, with my compliments, to Mr. Blackwell, the Author of the *Enquiry concerning the Life and Writings of Homer*, if he be in London. I have mentioned him in the book; and I pay this tribute to real merit in Literature. I am, dear Sir, your most affectionate friend and servant, W. WARBURTON.

*** In the above-mentioned copy of "The Alliance of Church and State," were the following additions, which, probably, were interwoven by the Author in some subsequent Edition:

P. v. *read* "universally prevails against the Clergy;" *and at the end add,* "As for what he says, that there are few Histories which exactly agree upon matters of fact; this indeed has been observed to me by some others. And as this always seemed to be made by way of objection, and as I apprehend it indeed to be none at all, it set me upon considering what it was that should give it the appearance of an objection. I am apt to fancy it was this. The term of *Theory* has, as it were, been appropriated to the explanation of the System of Nature. Now as such Theories are good only in proportion to their agreement with fact, and as Nature so much withdraws from humane search, it is no wonder that it should grow into an observation, that *few Theories exactly agree with matter of fact*, and that that observation should be esteemed, as it really is, an objection to all such Theories or Systems of Nature. But,

* Mr. William Innys, Bookseller in London.

when one comes to give a Theory, not of a System of Nature, but a factitious System of humane contrivance, as the method we pursue is different, so ought the judgment that is passed upon it. In these Theories, it is not a particular System, or an explanation of fact, that is the subject; and this with good reason: for, as Truth is the end of all things, in a System of Nature it can only be acquired by pursuing fact; for God is the Author of this System: but in a System of humane policie, the pursuing fact is no safe way to Truth, because Man is the Author of that System. Abstract ideas then are here to be consulted in order to come at Truth, and fact is forsaken. The consequence is, that the goodness of such a Theory is not in its proportion to its agreement with fact, but with right reason. In the former case, the Theory must be regulated by matter of fact; in the latter, matter of fact by the Theory. Not that fact is of no use in these latter Theories. It certainly is of great use: for, as the Political System explained must be founded on right reason, and the Laws of Nature and Nations, to render it just; so to render it real, and no visionary delusion, it must be shewn that such institutions have been practised, and have proved beneficial. This I take to be the use, and the only use, of consulting fact in these kind of Theories. Besides this, a man may have it in his view (as indeed I had) to recommend some particular System, or matter of fact, in the presentation of the abstract Theory; and then, he will say, no occasion of shewing the agreement between his Theory and fact; but still the Theory depends not at all on this matter of fact."

On a separate paper:

"Thus have we proved the usefulness of Religion in general to Society; and, shewing by what influence it is, &c. we are now enabled to proceed to the particular proof of the proposition in question: for,

by

by what hath been said, it appears, that the service done by Religion to the State is by inculcating the Doctrine of Providence, the Rewarder of good men, and Punisher of ill: so that, though it were possible for any sort of Religion to subsist, not founded on this Doctrine, which I think it is not, yet it is most evident that such a Religion would be of no manner of service to Society. Whatsoever, therefore, is necessary for the support of this Doctrine, is necessary for the well-being of Society. That the Doctrine of a future state is necessary for the support of the general Doctrine of Providence, we shall now see. Religion teaching, &c.—The Apostle Paul supposes that there can no more be a Religion without a Providence, than one without a God. Whosoever comes to God, must believe that he is, and that he is a Rewarder of those that seek him."

LETTER XXIII.

To the Rev. Dr. STUKELEY, at Stamford.

DEAREST DOCTOR, *Newarke, Jan.* 19, 1736-7. I received the pleasure of yours of the 12th instant, with the entertaining Poem on that encourager of the Orthodox Muse, *Tobacco*; to whose smoke neither the fire nor the water of Parnassus can stand in competition. There is a strength of reasoning, and flight of fancy, in your verses, that are not often to be met in Poets by profession. The first manifests itself in the Poem to Dr. Taylor, and the latter in this to me.

That which you tell me was Mr. Gale's advice to Professor Blackwell, was extremely prudent and friendly. But, I protest that, neither in his Life of Homer, nor in the fine Letter he did me the honour to write to me, can I find any thing that looks at all like a disbelief of our Holy Religion. On the contrary, I am well persuaded, he is much a friend to it. He will shortly publish a Life of Horace.

Dr.

Dr. Taylor is as much yours as a man not his own can be. He is desperately in love with Miss S—— *; and though I do not find the old folks on either side approve his passion, yet he seems to have at all, and marry her. He was talking in this heroic strain to me the other day; when I told him all the encouragement he was to expect from his hardy atchievement was the applause of an Opera Hero; that I would say, *Bravo! bravo!* and I was sure his wife would call out, *Encore!* In a word, that edifice of Moral Stoicism, which I have been long labouring to erect on his treacherous bottom, is, like a beautiful kind of frost-work, melted down at once before the *ignis fatuus* of a pair of black eyes; and nothing, even, of the foundation left, but that very natural principle, held in common by the antient and modern masters of Wisdom, *that all the virtues lie in the middle.* In vain I tell him of his doom; appetite is too warm for *the icy precepts of respect,* as Shakespear calls them. I have found what our friend Horace says to be true, *Naturam expellas FURCA, tamen usque recurret.* In English, "You may strive what you will, to keep down Nature *with the fears of Conjugal Infidelity,* she will at length be uppermost."

You are never to expect a reasonable conduct in the Stamford Antiquary [Peck]. The stale dregs of Literature have long intoxicated our Reverend Brother, and given his Microcosm a wrong ply. Nature, all-wise in her operations, formed him with the guts and brains of an Alderman; and, by the richness of the low lands, and the poverty of that sterile promontory his front, pointed out which was fit for culture. But, perverse letters misled him, and gave him the wretched ambition of furnishing the garret of his skull, which Nature, according to all the good rules of housekeeping, had designed for a lumber-room, and which yet, with all the aid of proud

* See p. 46.

Science,

Science, will be *but* a lumber-room, while the capacious saloon below was not furnished as the principal apartment deserved.

But he struggles to no purpose; Nature is not to be overcome. He will still have this in common with that great type of Nature's unsophisticated offspring, *the woodcock*, to have his guts better than his brains. Nor need this ungracious bird be ashamed of giving the pre-eminence where it is due: for it is according to the pure simple workings of Nature, whose excellencies all of themselves tend downwards, to seek, as it were, a foundation and root of stability and duration; and it is only an artificial ferment that makes things fly off from their centre of gravity, and, unnaturally, aspire upwards. The truth of this we see in garden plants. It is the preposterous heat of hot-beds that forces the mushroom and the melon upwards; while the fragrant turnip, the mild potatoe, and the brisk-tasted radish, left to themselves to follow Nature, like the beau, the dunce, and the coxcomb, her loco-motive vegetables, all take a downward course. I never could enough admire the sagacity and good sense of our ancestors in the appellation they gave a fool, which was that of *a Natural*; intimating thereby that he was the genuine unsophisticated product of Nature, whose essence, or rather quintessence of humanity, lay in his guts. Of such a one they used to say, *he has no guts in his brains*: not by way of opprobrium, but commendation; only intimating, that his bodily taste was better than his mental; or, that his brains had not the high Attic relish of his guts. On this account they would call an *unnatural* fellow *a man of no bowels*. This was their sense of a *Natural*; while in the *unnatural* man, or one sophisticated by false science, they thought, *wit*, like a forced plant, was, with great pains and labour, raised up into the airy unsubstantial region of the brain; which, not above once in an age, makes a Philosopher;

Philosopher; while it is the daily destruction of Aldermen and Justices; who, to make up this *pitiful extract of Reason*, are worse used than the Duke of Newcastle's * Cook used his Westphalia hams and gammons.

Well was it observed, by an antient Sage, that it is to education men owe all the happiness and misery of life. And our Philosophy, as it is explained above, shews how this was brought about. My Lady's eldest hope is educated, or transplanted, in the nursery; where *Nature*, according to the true course of things, is drawn gently downwards, by buttered crusts and caudles: while younger Master Jack is kept, or rather chained to the oar, in a class at Westminster; where an unmeaning blockhead, with a *fasces* of birch, strains all his nerves to force unwilling *wit* preposterously *upwards*, at the other end. But see the difference! — I was going on, but, happy for you, my paper forbids me. — Thus stands the case with these two rebels of Nature, the Doctor and the Antiquary. The one neglects the Muses after he has possessed and enjoyed them; the other pursues them with frigid impotency. Good mother Nature then should use them like two *prodigal* sons, as they are, and turn them out of doors, the one to his *husks*, and the other to his *harlots*.

I am, dear Sir, with my very humble service to good Mrs. Stukeley, your most affectionate friend, and humble servant, W. WARBURTON.

LETTER XXIV.

To the Rev. Dr. STUKELEY, at Stamford.

DEAREST SIR, *B. Broughton, Mar.* 29, 1737.

I received the favour of yours of the 24th from London; and hope this will find you well got home.

* Thomas Holles, Duke of Newcastle, Prime Minister to King George the Second.

I am

I am glad Dr. Taylor was so lucky to meet you in town; I know it would be very agreeable to him. I received a letter the other day from him, in which is the following pleasant account of old Will Whiston:

"Last night I called at Jack Whiston's, where I found old Will talking very warmly to another wrong-headed fellow about the Comet, which, he says, has left the horizon, but without leaving him entirely in the dark about it. Though he owns he could not see it, yet he is determined the world shall see what he has to say about it; and his son John shall be the better for it:" but in this last particular he may be deceived.

He tells me too, Alderman Jack has got married.

I think it was not worth your while to trouble yourself so much about a scoundrel, as to ask his uncle about that matter. I have quite done with him; and, if ever you begin again with him, you will deserve then such usage as you have already undeservedly received from him. Not but I will hold you a wager you will have the poor scoundrel come crouching at your feet in a little time, when he finds himself neglected by you. The puppy only held stiff because I pressed him to be friends with you. I pressed him much; and, not prevailing, the moment I left him, I determined not to have any more to say to him; because it appeared to me an indication of such vileness as made him unfit for any man of honour's acquaintance. But enough of this fellow. And to come to another of the same stamp.

I think I told you my Brother Twells had got Bishop Stiff-rump into Chancery, for refusing to pay Mrs. Sharpe what he bargained to give her husband for his right in the Living he now holds. My Brother has made him at length cry *peccavi;* but not till it came to a hearing before the Master of the Rolls; who said, he perceived there was a fine scene of simoniacal villainy to open; and he had a mind

to

to get to the bottom of it." On this, *Tibby* submitted, without more words. I never knew any thing so impudent. Such bold strokes are not to be learned any where out of Newgate, where it has been known that a hardened villain, indeed, has bought an Irish evidence, and, after using him to save his neck, has refused to pay him his wages; and yet this by the inferior rogues has been esteemed want of honour.

What you are so kind to advise me against, injuring my health for a world like this, is perfectly right, and I shall follow it. As a proof that I do, I shall tell you my intention, which I want your advice in. I am pressed for my Work; and I have almost promised the Bookseller part of it, at least, this next winter. Now I think (as the going through with the whole so soon would manifestly prejudice my health) to publish the Three First Books by themselves: they will make a moderate-sized octavo. You may see the subject, if you will give yourself the trouble to read the Contents in my "Appendix to the Alliance."

The subject is an entire one; "The Usefulness of Religion in general, and of the Doctrine of a future State in particular, proved from the reason of the thing, and the consent of all Mankind."—It is entire, I say, with respect to itself; but to the whole it has the same relation to the defence of Moses, as the major and the minor of a syllogism has to the conclusion. Upon this I want your advice; and beg you to tell me frankly what you think.

If I remember right, you have an Eusebius "De Præparatione Evangelicâ." If you have, I beg the favour of you to lend it me, and send it by Newbal. I was a-reading the *Bacchantes* of Euripides, whose subject is the acts of Bacchus and his followers in the Court of Pentheus King of Thebes, who is an unbeliever, opposes the rites of Bacchus, and imprisons his followers, who, after they were shut up closely,

closely, had the prison doors miraculously set open, their chains knocked off, and they conducted to the rest of the Bacchantes in safety. You will say this is an odd circumstance, and quadrates exactly with your scheme.

In my opinion you are horribly used, if Cust had interest enough to get this Prebend.

I hope I shall see you at Grantham at the Visitation. My humble service to good Mrs. Stukeley concludes me, my dear friend, yours most affectionately and sincerely, W. WARBURTON.

LETTER XXV.

To the Rev. Dr. STUKELEY, at Grantham.

DEAREST SIR, *May* 3, 1737.

I had long fully intended to wait on you to-day; but, my horse being lame, and this being Newarke fair, I could not borrow one. Besides, I hear Mrs. Williamson is ill, so that I could have but little of your company. Add to this, that I hope to see you at Stamford on Monday next, in my way to Cambridge, and spend that night with you. My journey is sooner by a month than I expected. Dr. Taylor does not go with me.

If the Archdeacon be there, pray give my very humble service to him.

I am, my dear friend, yours most affectionately,

W. WARBURTON *.

* On the above Letter Dr. Stukeley has written:

"Dr. Oliver, at Bath, pretends to answer Mr. Warburton."—"The Platonic Theology is but a late improvement mixed with Christianity, a philosophic refinement upon old Heathenism.—Domitian instituted Priests to Minerva in Albano.—Some of the very feminine heads in Cecrops may mean Miriam; the other, Moses.

"I was three or four years drawing off from strong liquors gradually. Now I have quite dropped them; only now and then, when I find it useful, I drink a glass or two of genuine wine, or brisk ale, which operates only on the *primæ viæ*, proves a cordial, in the proper sense, to raise one's spirits occasionally, without inflaming the blood, or giving an ill tincture to it. W. S.

LETTER

LETTER XXVI.

To the Rev. Dr. STUKELEY, at Stamford.

DEAR SIR, *Cambridge, May* 28, 1737.

I am returned from Mildenhall*, and am in hopes of being with you on Monday from Huntingdon. Yesterday Dr. Knight shot through the town on the spur, and just called at Dr. Middleton's when I was there. He seems to think there is no way of overtaking Fame, that is oft shy, and flies the pursuer, but on horseback. He is to-day searching her in the fogs of Ely, and to-morrow in the smoke of London. He now hopes to win her in the character of Gentleman-Usher to Erasmus; and now again as Patron to *Alderman* Peck.

In the Palace of Fame there is an house-of-office as well as a saloon; and it seems indifferent to him at which he enters, so he gets but in. In this house-of-office Peck is the greatest Sir-Reverence, and no one is his match but the Scavenger. You guessed right when you saw him ride through Stamford; he was then indeed going to Cambridge. When I got there, he was gone, but had left his savour behind him; for he is like a Welsh race-horse — the more he stretches, the more he stinks.

I do not doubt but you expect Literary news from hence; but I know of none. The most material, from Trinity College, is this: A young wench, a bed-maker there, yesterday went off the stage, and made her exit with *eclat*, after having communicated her affliction to eighteen young *Philosophers of the Porch*. The same night the Vice-chancellor committed ten *Ladies of the Lake* to the House of Correction.

I am, dearest Sir, yours most affectionately,

W. WARBURTON.

* The seat of Sir Thomas Hanmer.

LETTER

LETTER XXVII.

To the Rev. Dr. STUKELEY, at Stamford.

MY DEAR DOCTOR, *Newarke, July* 27, 1737.

You put me out of all patience in expecting you. There is no getting you from your elegant abode, where you spend your time in the agreeable amusement of contemplating what Greece and Rome have produced of most excellent dies in Coins and Medals; and in making curious Drawings, that will be the instruction and delight of future virtuosos. But, if these things have such charms, come to Newarke to us, where you may pick up numberless curiosities, both in lead and brass, all originals, and some uniques; some with their legends stamped, as was the custom of old, by the public Magistrate, on solemn occasions, about this season of the year, and exceeding the Romans themselves in beauty, presenting only in the right hand an enigmatical R. or F. which would puzzle Father Harduin; but most, indeed, *without letters.*

Here is at present Jack Stow amongst us, whom I call my *brazen Otho,* because I think the Ruffian's head is an unique.

Here too is Jack Twentyman, my leaden *Terminus, nulli secundus,* who presides over the London Waggon.

And, to fill up my list of Jacks, here is Jack Herring likewise, whose ample volume is in large brass. I have held him till of late in the suspicious class of the *nummi contorniati,* and indeed had doomed him for a counterfeit; but his genuineness, and his wife's prominencie, both now stand confessed.

I pass over our Consular Coins in silver, I mean our Court of Aldermen, because of the odious uniformity

formity in their reverses: there being nothing to be seen, from one end of the series to the other, but the Attic Owl, or the Roman Goose.

You shall have a sight of our friend Dr. Taylor's * young *Faustina* in gold, that is, in red hair, which he is now cheapening for his Cabinet. She is at present a Goddess, and *Diva Faustina*, as usual, wrote round her margin: but, by a kind of anti-apotheosis, she is going to be made a mortal of; and you know she is not the first of her name that has proved inconstant to a Philosopher.

My best respects to good Mrs. Stukeley concludes me, dear Sir, your most affectionate friend,

W. WARBURTON.

* Dr. Robert Taylor was a native of Newark; where his father, John Taylor, esq. was many years an Alderman, twice Mayor, and died in 1739 at an advanced age, just as he was elected to serve that office for the third time.—The son was of Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took the degree of M. B. 1732; and M. D. 1737. Soon after the death of Dr. Mordecai Hunton (not Hunter, as misprinted in p. 5.) Dr. Taylor succeeded to his practice at Newark. He was a member of the Brazen Noze Society, founded in 1745 by Dr. Stukeley at Stamford; and was afterwards Physician Extraordinary to King George II. The engagement on which his friend Warburton is so jocular appears to have been broken off; but the Doctor afterwards married Anne, youngest daughter of John Heron, esq. This lady died in 1757, in her 68th year; and her merits are recorded on a tomb in Newark church, near the handsome monument of her father, who died in 1727, aged 63.—Dr. Taylor was a second time married.—Dr. Warburton, in a Letter to Mr. Hurd, Nov. 2, 1759, says, "I could not but smile, when Taylor read me your Letter, to see how little he understood the *First Dialogue*. He set out yesterday for Lincoln, to marry a young lady of that place, between 30 and 40, a Miss Mainwairing, of a reasonable fortune."—"Nov. 9, 1759, Dr. Taylor, Physician to the King, was married to Miss Mainwaring, of Lincolnshire, with 10,000*l*. Gent. Mag. vol. XXIX. p. 550.

LETTER XXVIII.

To the Rev. Dr. STUKELEY, at Stamford.

MY DEAREST FRIEND, *Sept.* 7, 1737.

I never thought a Letter from you could have given me the concern I feel at the melancholy contents of yours*. This loss has revived in me all that tenderness I so lately felt for a very deserving Sister — and the tears I am now shedding, which have a little interrupted me, is an equal tribute to the memory of two good women.

You know I have not the best opinion of the sex, which always made my esteem for a woman of worth, where she was found, proportionably greater than that the generality of men have. And it is now with the greatest concern I say it, as I have frequently before done it with the greatest pleasure, that Mrs. Stukeley, for all those good qualities that make a woman of sense admired, was the first in my esteem. In a word, I am wrung with the sincerest grief you can imagine; and if I thought, as is but reasonable, that your Friends sharing your grief with you would alleviate yours, I could indulge it to the full. You have more than a right to such a poor assistance, to whose art I owe the life of her for whom only I desire to live†. For her sake,

* This admirable Letter was written on the death of Dr. Stukeley's first wife, Frances, daughter of Robert Wilkinson, of Allington, near Grantham, gent. a lady of good family and fortune; by whom the Doctor had three daughters. One died young; the other two were married; one, to Richard Fleming, esq. an eminent Solicitor; the other to the Rev. Thomas Fairchild, Rector of Pitsey, Essex.—Dr. Stukeley married, secondly, Elizabeth Gale, sister to the celebrated Antiquaries Roger and Samuel Gale; but by her had no issue.

† This relates to his excellent mother; of whom he thus speaks in a Letter to Mr. Hurd, March 13, 1773, on the death of that

and it is my greatest pleasure that I do so, I continue here in this blind corner, when otherwise I should have been long ago making my fortune in the great world. But, as Tully says of Ulysses,

"I prefer my old woman to immortality."

Judge then of the obligations I have to you for preserving to me the only happiness of my life. But, alas! Fate urges on, and the time will come, when her natal Heaven will claim her, and then, if I live to see it, I foresee all the misery that will attend it.—But I am plunging myself insensibly into dismal reflections, when I should be giving you consolation. But you know your duty so well, and have a fortitude of mind so great, that I know I have nothing to do but to applaud your generous purpose, of holding the memory of so good a woman sacred, and manifesting your affection by the care of those pretty little ones she has left behind.

When I came to that part of your Letter, where you talk of taking a journey somewhere for a week, I was in good hopes you would have turned your eyes Northward. You would certainly have found at Broughton all the consolation that a faithful friend could have given you. And though I take the liberty of friendship sometimes to make *real business* an excuse for denying myself the happiness of a party of pleasure with you, yet I would have you do me the justice to think that I should esteem the attending you on such an occasion my most indispensable

that gentleman's mother at the age of 88: "I do not know whether I ought to condole with you, or congratulate you upon the release of that excellent woman, full of years and virtues. I rejoice when I find a similarity of our fortunes, in the gentler parts of humanity. — My mother, somewhat less indebted to years, though not to the infirmities of them, at length fell asleep and departed, in all the tranquillity and ease your mother did. The last leave she took of all human concerns, as she winged her way into the bosom of our common God and Father, was an anxious enquiry concerning my welfare; which being assured of, she immediately closed her eyes for ever."

business

business. But I find, by what follows, of our meeting at the Visitation, that you have chosen another route. I shall certainly meet you, if God give me health; and should be glad if you would let me shew you the way to Broughton from thence; being, dearest Sir,

Your most affectionate friend, W. WARBURTON.

LETTER XXVIII.

To the Rev. Dr. STUKELEY, at Stamford.

MY DEAR FRIEND, *June* 19, 1738.

I beg your acceptance of the inclosed. Our friend the Doctor * told me he had the pleasure of seeing you. He told me, you rejected the lines he shewed you as impostures. I do not wonder at it. You know best whether the thing be possible. But the family is so far above all suspicion of fraud, or having any ends to serve by it, that nothing but an absolute impossibility could make me disbelieve it.

I hope you are easier in your domestics than you was; that you have got servants that are honest, careful, and with a few brains. I very much wish to see you, and hope you will do me that pleasure at Broughton some time next month. However, do me the favour to let me know, that I may be at home; for this summer time I have some short excursion or other that I am every post making, but none half so interesting to me as the seeing you. I hope the young ones are all well, and that Miss Fanny is grown woman enough now to make your coffee; a happiness, some years ago, you used to flatter yourself with the hopes of living to see.

You see the burthen of my song is hope, hope, hope; and how much I am obliged to live upon it. But, that this may never fool you or me too long, I

* Dr. Robert Taylor.

will tell you a story. Sir Francis Bacon was walking out one evening near the Thames, where he saw some fishermen ready to cast in their nets: he asked them what they would have for their draught; they said, ten shillings; he bade them five; so, not agreeing, the fishermen threw in upon their own fortune, and took nothing. On this, Bacon seeing them look very blank, asked them why they were such blockheads as not to take his money? They answered, they had been toiling all day, and had taken nothing, and they were in *hopes* that their last cast would have made amends for all: on which he told them, they were unlucky dogs; but that he would give them something to carry home with them; and it was this maxim, which they should be sure never to forget, *That hope is a good breakfast, but a very bad supper.* So far my story. But I do not know how it is; but I should make but a bad meal of it, either at breakfast or supper. I should like it well enough for a kind of second course, as cheese to digest a good substantial dinner. And so the happy use it; while the unhappy, like the poor, are forced to make an eternal meal upon it.

I am, dear friend, yours most affectionately,

W. WARBURTON.

LETTER XXIX.

To the Rev. Dr. STUKELEY, at Stamford.

DEAR DOCTOR, *October* 6, 1738.

I hope you received my last. This is to desire the following favour of you. I was lately with Sir Robert Sutton, who is much excruciated with the gout. I advised him to Dr. Rogers's oils, which he had always an inclination for; but, having like to have been killed by some that Garnier the apothecary applied to him two or three years ago, he has abstained from them.

them. I told him, I believed those had not the best repelling quality, and acquainted him fairly with their effects, as you have described them to me. On this he is greatly disposed to use them; but he wants to know whether it would not be proper first to use them in the intervals of a fit, or after a fit, to strengthen the joint; whether any gentle aperient is to be taken at the time of the application; but, above all, your real opinion and direction on the whole. As he knows of our intimacy, he desired I would inform myself of you, as from myself, and let him know. I should be much obliged to you, therefore, for a letter concerning the particulars, wrote in such a manner as I may send it to him. You need not decline taking notice that I tell you who the advice is for, for he did not desire that should be a secret.

Shaw advised him against the oils, and pretended they had had ill or fatal effects. But he grounds more on your opinion.

I am, dearest Sir, yours most affectionately,

W. WARBURTON.

LETTER XXX.

To the Rev. Dr. STUKELEY, at Samuel Gale's, Esq. Bedford-row, Holborn.

DEAR DOCTOR, *26 June*, 1739.

I was extremely glad to hear from you, but am sorry the noisy Bar should call you from your Hermitage. As unfit as I am for Heaven, I had rather hear the last trumpet than a citation from the Court of Chancery. If ever you have seen Michael Angelo's Last Judgment, you have these in the figure of the Devil, who is pulling and lugging at a poor sinner, the true representation of a Chancery Lawyer who has catched hold of your purse.

When

When I got home from you in my return from my Cambridge journey, I found my affairs in strange disorder; my single favourite cow, which you used to reverence under the name of *Iris*, was desperately ill in the hands of a doctor. A robbery was sworn to be committed in this Hundred, and I am to bear my share of the loss; and letters from Oxford acquainted me that Mr. William Romaine, of Christ Church, had called out aloud upon the secular arm to make an example of me*. Thus trebly distressed, I found my only cow in the hands of a quack, my money at the mercy of an attorney, and my reputation worried by the vilest of all Theologasters.

You are in the right: this is the scoundrel I wrote to from your house. But the poor Devil has done his own business. His talents shew him by nature designed for a blunderbuss in Church Controversy; but his attack upon me being a proof-charge, and heavy loaded, he burst in the going off; and what will become of him let those who made use of him consider.

I beg you would be so kind to buy me one ticket in the Bridge Lottery. I suppose the blanks will sell as usual; and when you send me word of it, I shall send the money by Newbal's waggon to you to Stamford.

I am, my dear friend, yours most affectionately,

W. WARBURTON.

LETTER XXXI.

To the Rev. Dr. STUKELEY, at Stamford.

MOST DEAR SIR, *January* 1, 1739-40.

I received the favour of yours with a great deal of pleasure; and, as deeply as I am immerged in Moses, your company would be a very agreeable interruption. But what you tell of Mr. Allen frights me in good

* Of this circumstance see more hereafter.

earnest;

earnest; and next to the pleasure of seeing you, the greatest pleasure you can do me is keeping that gentleman from me. I must therefore beg of you to let him know, that I am so taken up with my own studies, that I have not an hour to spare to look upon any other man's; and that besides, his work, according to all the accounts I have heard of it, is quite out of my way, who am a declared enemy to all systems and hypotheses in Divinity but what arise immediately from the word of God.

In short, between you and me, I have heard so much of this gentleman's turn, and from the best hands too, that to him we may say, *Danda est hellebori multo pars maxima.* It is only you then that can serve him; and you, but in your physical capacity.

But I come to a more agreeable subject. I am greatly pleased you will let us have *Stonehenge* at last*. I think you need not doubt the success of it, if you confine yourself closely to the subject. But you know how dangerous new roads in Theology are, by the clamour of the bigots against me. I take it for granted (by the weather I view from my study window) you have laid aside the thoughts of your Grantham journey. Otherwise, had the weather permitted, I should have gone near to have met you. However, I hope you will be so kind, when you next go to your Living in that quarter, you will remember there is such a place as Broughton.

Some time ago I sent Weaver (who told me he was to come and see you this Christmas) *my Vindication of Mr. Pope* for you; but do not find by your letter you have received it. The Infidels and Libertines prided themselves in thinking Mr. Pope of their party. I thought it of use to Religion to shew so noble a Genius was not; and I can have the plea-

* Dr. Stukeley soon after published "Stonehenge, a Temple restored to the British Druids;" of which a copious Abstract was given in "The History of the Works of the Learned" for May 1740.

sure

sure of telling you (and have Mr. Pope's own authority for it) that he is not.

The compliments of the season in my heartiest wishes attend you and your family.

Dear Sir, your most affectionate friend and humble servant, W. WARBURTON.

LETTER XXXII.

To the Rev. Dr. STUKELEY.

DEAR SIR, *Dec.* 20, 1744.

I had the pleasure of yours of the 10th instant, the night I got to Broughton after a long absence from home. I take your complaint as a compliment, where you tell me your friendships were always made on good foundations; for I will not do myself so much injury as not to claim the right of being one of those good foundations on which you erected your friendship with me. I was never forgetful, nor shall be, of the regard you shew me: and if I have not been so happy to see you so often of late as I could have wished, I hope you will be so candid to impute it to the true cause, a great variety of very troublesome and ungrateful business, *et aliena negotia centum.*

I have taken the liberty (the very first opportunity that offered) of sending you my last pamphlet. I desire my best respects to Mrs. Stukeley and the young ladies; and am, dear Sir, your very affectionate humble servant, W. WARBURTON.

LETTER XXXIII.

Saturday morning, 10 *March*, 1759.

Dr. Warburton's compliments to Dr. Stukeley. He will wait on him to-morrow morning, at the time appointed; but some business has happened, that

that I must needs be at home by two o'clock, so cannot have the pleasure of dining with him.

*** "1760. When my Friend Warburton was made a Bishop, there were two Expectants of his Deanery of Bristol: Mr. Tucker *, of Bristol, had done many things in regard to Trade, for which he was caressed by the people of Bristol. Dr. Squire was the other, who got the Deanery.—Warburton said, "One of them made Trade his Religion; the other, Religion his Trade." W. STUKELEY."

LETTER XXXIV.

For the Rev. Dr. STUKELEY.

MY DEAR FRIEND, *Prior Park*, 10 *Oct.* 1762.

I have your favour of the 8th instant. With regard to the young gentleman you mention, I shall always honour your recommendation with my best attention. But, you know, before I can have any pretence to lay hands upon him, he must have a title to a cure in my diocese: and this must be given and accepted *bonâ fide*; and the time between his being ordained Deacon and Priest (before which last ordination, you know, he can receive no benefice) will be sufficient to discharge this engagement: so that, if he can procure a title in my diocese between this and the next public ordination, when I come to town, and, on examination, he will justify my acceptance of him, I will give him Letters Dimissory to some friend who ordains at that season.

I thank you for the curiosity you was so kind to inclose to me; and am, dear Sir, your very affectionate and faithful humble servant, W. GLOUCESTER.

P. S. Lord Chancellor †, who has been on a visit with us for a fortnight or three weeks, has just left us. He spoke of you with great kindness, and be-

* Dr. Josiah Tucker, afterwards Dean of Gloucester.

† Sir Robert Henley, Lord Keeper in 1757, was created Lord Henley in 1760. He was appointed Lord Chancellor in 1761; and created Earl of Northington in 1764.

lieves

lieves that the regimen you prescribed to him for his gout would have very good effects, would the business of his station afford him time to pursue it.

LETTER XXXV.

For the Rev. Dr. Stukeley.

My dear Friend, *Prior Park, 6 Aug.* 1763.

I have the pleasure of your very obliging letter of the third.

As you are so good to give me your opinion concerning my hand, I will take the liberty to mention the case to you. After I had recovered of my broken arm, I found my hand in the condition of their's who have had the West Indian colic, or have been concerned in white-lead works; fallen downwards, without any strength in the wrist, or use in the fingers. Whether it was occasioned by disuse, by the straitness of the bandage, or any injury to the nerve, I do not know. The usual method of fomentations were applied to, with little or no effect. At length I had recourse to the pump. I have used it daily for three months, and have this very day left it off. The present condition of my hand is this: I have recovered the use of my wrist, though it be still weak: I have a stiffness in the joints of my fingers, and the tone of the joints of the knuckles is not yet restored, and I have a numbness in my thumb and fore-finger. I have for some time, after pumping, had my hand rubbed with an oil extracted, by boiling, out of sheep's bones. This is the condition in which things stand at present; and if, on this representation, you shall judge the oils you speak of may be of service to me, I must beg the favour of you to order a bottle to be sent to Mr. Andrew Millar, bookseller in the Strand, who has orders to pay the bringer for it.

I am glad you are again obliging the publick. Your account of the subjects promises me much pleasure and instruction.

The

The *Wood* you speak of has been dead, I think, about ten years. He was a great fool, and not less a knave, to my knowledge. He wrote a most ridiculous book of Architecture. But this book on *Stonehenge**, which you mention, I never saw, nor heard of; indeed, I had little curiosity to enquire after any thing on that subject since I was in possession of yours, whose discovery of the original and use of that famous remain of early *Antiquity*, will, I predict, be esteemed by posterity as certain, and continue as uncontroverted, as Harvey's *Discovery* of the *Circulation*.

You see by this long letter the reason I have to be thankful that I, whose life is one warfare upon earth (I mean against Infidelity and Fanaticism), have escaped with my *Sword Arm;* which, however, is not less devoted to the service of my Friends than of my Religion. I am, dear Sir, with the warmest affection, your most faithful brother, and obedient servant, W. GLOUCESTER.

LETTER XXXVI.

To the Rev. Dr. STUKELEY.

MY DEAR SIR, *Prior Park*, 13 *Aug.* 1763.

I have your obliging letter of the 11th, and have many thanks to return for your obliging present of the oils, and more obliging prescription, both of which I shall use as soon as I return from Weymouth, whither I am going for a few days.

* The work intituled "*Choir gaure*, vulgarly called *Stonehenge*, on Salisbury Plain, described, restored, and explained; in a Letter to the Right Hon. Edward Earl of Oxford, and Earl Mortimer. Oxford, 1747," 8vo. — Wood was of opinion that it was a temple of the Moon, erected by the Druids about 100 years before Christ, and similar to that at Stanton Dru in Somersetshire. When Lord Oxford was at Bath, 1740, Wood having hinted to him his opinion of this last pile of stones, was ordered to take a correct plan of it, for his Book of Drawings of the like British Antiquities. His Dissertations on the British works at Bath and Stanton Dru were incorporated into his description of Bath.

I be-

I believe the superstition of our Bishops (if they have any) is more towards *New Moons* than *Sabbaths*. By new moons, I mean new Ministers of State, who, like those, receive their borrowed lustre, from our *civil suns;* and, *like* those, have of late been as changeable. I think they deserve a stroke of your animadversion.—A Presbyterian is only the *caput mortuum* of an old Puritan Methodist, which is not less rancorous for being less fiery.

As to the *Alliance* you speak of between the Cloak and the Rochet, it is not like mine, *between Church and State*, which is an alliance of *Truth* and Utility: this is of *utility* alone; and which is likely to outwit the other, I cannot tell.

What you say is certainly true, that we, both of us, endeavour to serve Religion with equal sincerity and zeal, and shall be remembered when whole tribes of Politicians are forgotten.

My dear friend, your most affectionate brother, and obliged humble servant, W. GLOUCESTER.

LETTER XXXVII.

For the Rev. Dr. STUKELEY.

MY DEAR SIR, *Prior Park*, 31 *Aug.* 1763.

On my return from Weymouth last night, I found your very kind and friendly letter of the 26th. The state of my hand is this: The remaining indisposition now, is only a stiffness in my fingers, and want of the usual free use, but yet in such a state, that they perform almost all their functions to which one usually applies them. I shall now try your oils, which I hope will perfect the cure; if they do not, as I propose to come to town in October, I shall then follow your advice, and electrify it.

I am, with a very grateful sense of your solicitude for me, dear Sir, your most affectionate and faithful humble servant, W. GLOUCESTER.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVIII.

For the Rev. Dr. STUKELEY.

DEAR SIR, *Gloucester, 9 June,* 1764.

I received a plain and modest letter from the son of your old acquaintance, Mr. John Warburton, the Somerset-Herald. You well know the character of the father, whom I never saw but once, 40 years ago, and had never any transactions with him further than my once demanding of him, by my agent, some rent due to me, as Rector of Frisby *, from the Berry estate; which he declined to pay, unless I would see him in person. I refused this condition; and so never got my rent. Your encouraging the son to write to me makes me conclude that he is one of a fair character; and if so, what I saw in the news this morning, that the place of Richmond-Herald is disposed of to another, will give me concern; not that it was at all in my power to have served him in his pretensions, but because I interest myself in the success of every honest man.

I am, dear Sir, your most affectionate friend and faithful servant, W. GLOUCESTER.

*** In a Letter to his friend Hurd, March 4, 1765, Bp. Warburton says: "Poor Dr. Stukeley, in the midst of a florid age of 84, was last Saturday struck with an apoplectic fit, which deprived him of his senses. I suppose he is dead by this time."—Again,

* This Letter is the only notice I have yet seen of Bp. Warburton's having had the Rectory of Frisby (or Firsby) in Lincolnshire; though, by the *forty years*, it was his first preferment. He probably held it in trust; as the Duke of Newcastle presented another Rector to it in 1730, and again in 1756. — Warburton had the Vicarage of Griesley in 1726 from the Bp. of Lincoln; and Brent Broughton in 1728 from Sir Robert Sutton, who in that year presented another Vicar to Grieseley.

"You

"You say true, I have a tenderness in my temper which will make me miss poor Stukeley; for, not to say that he was one of my oldest acquaintance, there was in him such a mixture of simplicity, drollery, absurdity, ingenuity, superstition, and antiquarianism, that he often afforded me that kind of well-seasoned repast, which the French call an *Ambigu*, I suppose from a compound of things never meant to meet together. I have often heard him laughed at by fools, who had neither his sense, his knowledge, nor his honesty; though it must be confessed, that in him they were all strangely travestied. Not a week before his death he walked from Bloomsbury to Grosvenor-square, to pay me a visit; was cheerful as usual, and as full of literary projects. But his business was (as he heard Geckie * was not likely to continue long) to desire I would give him the earliest notice of his death—for that he intended to solicit for his Prebend of Canterbury by Lord Chancellor † and Lord Cardigan; "for," added he ‡, "one never dies the sooner, you know, for seeking preferment."

* Dr. William Geckie outlived Dr. Stukeley more than two years. Besides the Prebend of Canterbury, he was Archdeacon of Gloucester, and Rector of Southfleet, Kent. The Archdeaconry Bp. Warburton had the pleasure of giving to Dr. Hurd.

† The Earl of Northington; see p. 55.

‡ Dr. Stukeley died March 3, 1765, in his 78th year; and, by his own particular direction, was buried in the church-yard of East Ham, Essex, without any monument; but in the Register of that parish he is thus recorded: "The Rev. Dr. Stukeley, late Rector of St. George, Queen-square, buried March 9, 1765." —On a neat etching of that Church (a private plate by Mr. Tyson) is inscribed, "Ecclesiæ cujus in cœmiterio tumul. jacet corpus Gul. Stukeley hunc typum M. T. d. d. delineator."—An inscription, *intended* for a cenotaph, either in the Church of St. George the Martyr Queen-square, or in that of All Saints, at Stamford, where his first wife was buried, may be seen in the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. V. p. 705.—Some Original Letters of Dr. Stukeley will be given in a subsequent part of this volume.

ORIGINAL

ORIGINAL LETTERS * FROM WARBURTON TO PETER DES MAIZEAUX †.

LETTER I.

For Mr. P. Des Maizeaux, at Mr. Woodward's, Bookseller, at the Half-moon, over against St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street, London.

Good Sir, *Newarke-upon-Trent, September* 9, 1732.

I remember with a very particular pleasure those two or three agreeable hours which I had the happiness of passing in your conversation. It was a satisfaction like that the curious feel in viewing the

* From Birch MSS. in the British Museum, 4288.

† This learned Writer, the son of a Protestant Clergyman, was born at Auvergne, in France, in 1666. He came over in his youth to England, and appears to have led the life of a man of letters, continually employed in composing or editing literary works. In 1720 he was elected F. R. S. and from his numerous letters in the British Museum, appears to have carried on a very extensive Correspondence with the learned men of his time, especially St. Evremont and Bayle. He died at London in June 1745. Bayle he assisted with many articles and remarks for his Dictionary, and published his "Letters" at Amsterdam, 1729, 3 vols. 12mo, with a variety of observations, which shew an extensive knowledge of modern Literature. He also wrote the Life of Bayle, which was prefixed to the edition of his Dictionary published in 1730, and was reprinted at the Hague in 2 vols. 1732, 12mo. By a letter in the beginning from Des Maizeaux to M. la Motte, it appears that the latter had induced him to undertake this life of his Friend. In 1732 he edited Bayle's Miscellaneous Works in 4 vols. folio, and probably was likewise the Author of the "Nouvelles Lettres de Pierre Bayle," Hague, 1739,

scene of any past action; for all the occurrences in the literary world did then immediately present themselves to me, in which I knew you had borne so long and so glorious a share. But the relations of Foreign Journals could but faintly represent to me, though they all concurred in doing it, that abounding candour and humanity that so much captivated my esteem and veneration. But was it only to tell you this (though I have been ambitious that you should know it) that I give you this trouble, I should be very much without excuse. What occasions it is, my chancing upon a little kind of curiosity, which, if it proves so, may not be unacceptable to you. It is a gold coin, which the Parisians of the League, when they held out against Henry IV. in 1592, struck to the old Cardinal of Bourbon, under the title of Charles X. The device is, the Arms of France, and the legend, CAROLUS X. D. G. FRANCOR. REX, 1592. The reverse, the fleur de lis, *en croix*, with this inscription, CHRISTUS REGNAT, VINCIT, ET IMPERAT. If this be any curiosity, I desire your acceptance of it, and will take care to

1739, 2 vols. 12mo. His intimacy and friendship for St. Evremond led him to publish the life and works of that writer, in 1709, 3 vols. 4to and 8vo, often reprinted and translated into English. He also published the lives of Boileau in French, and of Chillingworth and Hales of Eton in English, which he wrote fluently. For some time it is said he was engaged in an English Dictionary, historical and critical, in the manner of Bayle, but no part of it appears to have been published, except the above-mentioned Life of Hales, in 1719, which was professedly a specimen of the intended Dictionary. In 1720 he published some pieces of Locke's which had not been inserted in his works; and the same year "Recueil de diverses pieces sur la philosophie, la religion naturelle, l'histoire, les mathematiques, &c. by Leibnitz, Clarke, Newton, and others; Amst. 2 vols. 12mo. He appears likewise to have been the Editor of the "Scaligerana, Thuana, Perroniana, Pithoeana, et Colomesiana," Amst. 1711, 2 vols. Besides these, and his translation of Bayle's Dictionary, he was a frequent contributor to the literary Journals of his time, particularly the "Bibliotheque Raisonné, and "The Republic of Letters." Chalmers's Biog. Dict. vol. XI. p. 514.

There

transmit it to you; being, Sir, your most obedient humble servant, W. WARBURTON.

There is a small hole in it, as if it had hung about the neck in a ribbon; and I imagine it was so employed by these poor wretches, drunk with superstition, rage and enthusiasm.

LETTER II.

For Mr. PETER DES MAIZEAUX.

DEAR SIR, *Newarke, May* 15, 1736.

I deferred paying my acknowledgments for the obliging civilities I received from you when I had the pleasure of your company in London, till I could tell you that you might expect to receive the papers you was so good as to promise me you would insert in the *Bibliotheque Angloise* *. I have directed them for you at Mr. Woodward's. They come up in the Newarke waggon, carriage paid; and I hope will be in town this day fortnight. I have inclosed the small piece of French gold, which I request your acceptance of, as a trifling mark of my sincere esteem and friendship. I have likewise inclosed 15*s.* with which I beg you will buy me the 6 volumes of *Bibliotheque* that are already come out; and to send them me down by the Newarke waggon. As nothing does me a greater honour than your friendship, so nothing will be a greater pleasure than your correspondence. Your universal knowledge in Literature makes you need no assistance in any of your learned undertakings; so that I have no other way of shewing my friendship, but where at the same time I shew my sense, and my justice—I mean in your commendation. This is my usual subject to my friends here, to whom I boast how much I am, dear Sir, your most affectionate friend, and humble servant,

W. WARBURTON.

* Or, rather *Britannique*; see p. 64.

LETTER

LETTER III.

For Mr. Peter Des Maizeaux.

Dear Sir, *Newarke, May* 22, 1736.

Along with this you receive the Emendations on Paterculus, which I beg the favour of you to get inserted in the *Bibliotheque Britannique*. I hope they may be inserted all together in one part, for I think they will not make above 40 pages. I have inscribed them to the Bishop of Chichester*, to whom I have great obligations.

Inclosed you will find the bit of French gold, which I beg you will be so good as to accept as a small mark of my esteem and friendship for you.

Dear Sir, if you will do me the favour to let me hear from you now and then, at your leisure, the state of your health, and what news is stirring in the literary world, believe me no greater pleasure or honour can be done to, dear Sir, your most affectionate and most obliged humble servant,

W. Warburton.

LETTER IV.

For Mr. Peter Des Maizeaux.

Dear Sir, *Newarke-upon-Trent, August* 16, 1736.

I received the *Bibliotheques Britanniques* by Mr. Giles, which you was so good as to procure for me. It is but an ill way, I confess, of making my apology for the trouble I gave you, by putting you to more; but I should be much obliged to you, for letting me know the price of Montfaucon's Cata-

* Dr. Francis Hare, under the abbreviation of F. E. C. by whom he had been recommended to Queen Caroline. They were inserted accordingly, in the seventh volume of that work, for July, August, and September, 1736, and occupy the pages from No. 256 to 294.

logue

logue of MSS. if it be yet published, because I would buy it.

Not having had the honour of hearing from you otherwise than by Mr. Gyles, and knowing how much you are afflicted with the rheumatism, I was much apprehensive for your health: there being no one who more truly esteems and honours you, than,

Dear Sir, your most obedient and most obliged humble servant, W. WARBURTON.

LETTER V.

For Mr. PETER DES MAIZEAUX.

DEAR SIR, *Newarke, Sept.* 16, 1738.

I had the pleasure of hearing of your health by Mr. Gyles, in a letter I lately received from him. I find I am indebted to you for the favour of the last *Bibliotheque Britannique*, which he tells me you was so good as to leave at his shop for me. I hope he sent you one of my Sermons which I published this summer, and that it met with your approbation.

Pray what news is there in the learned world? Will you favour us with a Supplement to Bayle, of the English Learned? That news would be a great pleasure to me. What think you of our new set of Fanatics, called the *Methodists?* I have seen Whitefield's Journal; and he appears to me to be as mad as ever George Fox the Quaker was. These are very fit Missionaries, you will say, to propagate the Christian faith among Infidels. There is another of them, one Wesley, who came over from the same mission. He told a friend of mine, that he had lived most deliciously the last summer in Georgia, sleeping under trees, and feeding on boiled maize, sauced with the ashes of oak leaves; that he will return thither, and then will cast off his English dress, and wear a dried skin, like the savages, the better to

ingratiate himself with them. It would be well for Virtue and Religion, if this humour would lay hold generally of our overheated bigots, and send them to cool themselves in the Indian Marshes.' I fancy that Venn and Webster would make a very entertaining as well as proper figure in a couple of bear-skins, and marching in this terror of equipage like the Pagan priests of Hercules of old:

Jamque Sacerdotes primusque Politius ibant,
Pellibus *in morem cincti,* flammasque *ferebant.*

Dear Sir, do me the favour to believe that nothing can be more agreeable than the hearing of you, but the hearing from you; and that I am your very affectionate and obliged humble servant,

W. WARBURTON.

*** The Collection of Letters to Mr. Des Maizeaux, from which those of Mr. Warburton are extracted, principally written by persons of considerable literary eminence, fills nine large volumes; (see Ayscough's Catalogue, 4281—4289).—A Letter or two from Mr. Des Maizeaux to Mr. Birch will be found in a future page of this volume.

ORIGINAL LETTERS FROM WARBURTON TO THE REV. THOMAS BIRCH *.

LETTER I.

To the Rev. Mr. THOMAS BIRCH, in St. John's Lane, Clerkenwell, London.

DEAR SIR, *Newarke, Aug.* 4, 1736.

I RECEIVED the very agreeable favour of yours of the 15th past, which I should have acknowledged much sooner, had not a journey of ten days, from which I am just now returned, prevented me.

You may freely command me in any thing you may imagine me capable of serving you, towards the perfecting the very useful work you are engaged in †. What I could supply you with in any

* Of these Letters (the Originals of which are preserved in the British Museum, Birch MSS. 4320.) several Extracts were given by the late Rev. H. P. Maty in his "New Review," and thence transplanted into various parts of the "Literary Anecdotes." But the entire Letters of Bp. Warburton, whose habit it was to speak boldly of men and things, and not to spare even his most intimate friends, should not be withheld from the world. They disclose many particulars in the Literary History of the Eighteenth Century at present unknown; and the persons to whom he alludes are too far removed from the present scene of action to be affected either by his censure or applause.

† This "useful work," the first of any consequence in which Mr. Birch engaged, was, "The General Dictionary, Historical and Critical;" wherein a new translation of that of the celebrated Mr. Bayle was included; and which was interspersed with several thousand lives never before published. It was on the 29th of April, 1734, that Mr. Birch, in conjunction with the Rev. Mr. John Peter Bernard, and Mr. John Lockman, agreed with the Booksellers to carry on this important undertaking; and Mr. George Sale was employed to draw up the articles relating

article would rather relate to the character of the man as a Writer, and of his Writings, than to any particulars of his Life.

As to Ben Jonson, I take it to be as you say, that his Life is very defectively and inconsistently told; but, not having any of his Historians by me, it is impossible for me to say any thing on that head much to your purpose. And I conceive that neither in that article, nor any other, could I be of use to you, unless I had the article as you have drawn it up to peruse, or your particular queries on what sticks with you, to answer. And this the rather, because not having had an opportunity to see the numbers of your Work as they came out, I can but imperfectly judge, from the extreme few articles I can see, and which I highly approve, of the taste in which you carry them on; whether you confine yourself in an Historical manner to the text after the way of Mr. Des Maizeaux in his Lives of Chillingworth and Hobbes: or whether, in the cast of Bayle, you give a loose to any moral, philosophic, or philologic reflection, that can be started out of the circumstances of the text.

I beg you, dear Sir, to believe that I esteem your correspondence as a great honour; and shall be always proud of your commands, and of using every opportunity of shewing how much I am, dear Sir,

Your very affectionate and most obedient
humble servant, W. WARBURTON.

to Oriental History. The whole design was completed in ten volumes, folio; the first of which appeared in 1734, and the last in 1741. It is universally allowed, that this work contains a very extensive and useful body of biographical knowledge. We are not told what were the particular articles written by Mr. Birch; but there is no doubt of his having executed a great part of the Dictionary: neither is it any disparagement to his co-adjutors, to say, that he was superior to them in abilities and reputation, with the exception of Mr. Sale, who was, without controversy, peculiarly qualified for the department he had undertaken. See p. 19.

LETTER II.

To the Rev. Mr. Birch.

Dear Sir, *Newarke-upon-Trent, Aug.* 17, 1737.

Mr. Gyles informs me that you left with him for me the fine edition of Greaves's Works *: for which favour I esteem myself highly obliged to you. But he told me at the same time that you had not received a letter which I did myself the honour to write to you immediately on the receipt of yours. He has given me your address; but whether it be the same I had before, I have forgot.

I had the pleasure of hearing of your health when I was last at Cambridge from one whom I dare say we have an equal esteem for. I mean, my excellent friend Dr. Middleton, whom, on my return out of Suffolk from Sir Thomas Hanmer, I found just come home from London.

Pray how goes on your Literary Society †? What books are you printing? and are any of poor Sale's‡ or Professor Blackwell's in the number? I was sincerely grieved at the death of the former gentleman, both for the sake of his family, and of learning. He would have proved the English Herbelot.

I have expected some time to hear of Professor Blackwell. I think he is in Scotland; but, if he be in London, I should be obliged to you to let me know it.

There is a book called "The Moral Philosopher," lately published. Is it looked into? I should hope not, merely for the sake of the taste, the sense, and

* See p. 71.

† Of the institution and progress of this Society, see the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. II. p. 90.

‡ "Mr. George Sale translated the Koran of Mahomet; was one of the Authors of the Universal History, also of the General Dictionary, which includes Bayle, in translating of whom he exerted himself, as being a Work agreeable to his own genius. He was reckoned to understand the Oriental Languages better than any man in England. He died, in Surrey-street in the Strand, Nov. 15, 1736." Gent. Mag. vol. VI. p. 684.

learning

learning of the present age; for nothing could give me a worse idea of them than that book's being in any degree of esteem as a composition of a man of Letters. I have some knowledge of the Author *. An afternoon's conversation, when I was last in town, gave me the top and bottom of him; and though I parted from him with the most contemptible opinion both of his candour and his sense, he has had the art, in this book, of writing even below himself. It is composed principally of scraps ill put together from "Christianity as old as the Creation," larded with some of the most stupid fancies of his own that ever entered into the head of man. Such as Moses's scheme for an *universal Monarchy*. This, I take it, was a simple genuine blunder from Toland, who had said, with something more pretence, that Moses aimed at a *perpetual Monarchy;* and, by a true Irish blunder, this blockhead took *perpetual* to signify *universal.*

I hope nobody will be so indiscreet as to take notice publicly of his book, though it be only in the fag end of an objection. It is that indiscreet conduct in our Defenders of Religion, that conveys so many worthless books from hand to hand.

I beg, Sir, you will be assured that I shall have no greater pleasure than hearing of you from time to time at your leisure. It will be but charity to let me, who live out of the world, know now and then the literary state of it; and it will be a double satisfaction to hear of it from one so excellently qualified to report it. I hope to give one Volume of my *Defence of Moses* this winter, but this between you and me. I have sent both to French and English booksellers for Melchior Zeidler's "Tractatus de

* Thomas Morgan, M. D. Author of "The Moral Philosopher; in a Dialogue between Philalethes a Christian Deist, and Theophanes a Christian Jew," and several other Tracts, died at his house in Broad-street, Jan. 14, 1742-3, "with a true Christian resignation." Gent. Mag. vol. XIII. p. 51.

gemino

gemino veterum docendi modo exoterico et acroamatico. Regiom. 1685," 4to; and cannot get it. As it is a book I much want, if you could lend it me, or buy it for me, it would be a great obligation.

I beg my humble service to your friend, that very worthy gentleman you did me the favour to bring me to the knowledge of, and who was so good last year to enquire of me by a friend, as he passed through Newarke. I desire too you would assure Mr. Dickson of my best respects. I oft wish myself with you at the Coffee-house in the Temple on a Thursday night; but, whether there or here, I desire you to believe that I am, with great truth, dear Sir, your very faithful and affectionate humble servant, W. WARBURTON.

LETTER III.

For the Rev. THOMAS BIRCH.

DEAR SIR, [Received Oct. 24, 1737.]

I have your favour of the 23d of August to acknowledge. Since my last, I have read over Greaves's Tracts *. He is a very learned and very judicious

* Mr. Birch was the Editor of "Greaves's Miscellaneous Works, 1737," 2 vols. 8vo; and was also the Author of the Life of that learned Professor in the "General Dictionary;" in which, after noticing Greaves's quitting England for Leghorn in 1637, with the intent of proceeding thence "to explore the venerable remains of Antiquity in the Eastern Countries," Birch observes, "Mr. Wood, who is grossly mistaken in placing our Author's voyage to the East in 1633, informs us, that the Archbishop 'sent him to travel into the Eastern parts of the world to obtain Books of the Languages for him;' and Dr. Smith observes, that Mr. Greaves furnished himself with quadrants and other instruments necessary for taking the altitudes and distances of the Stars and the latitudes of Cities, for measuring the Pyramids, and making observations of the Eclipses, at his own expence, having in vain applied himself for the patronage and assistance of the Magistrates of the City of London, whose honour and advantage he designed to consult in this voyage; but that he was very probably assisted by the Archbishop of

Writer; and I think the world much indebted to you for this edition of them. But as I am above measure fond of all that relates to the Literary History of such men, your excellent Life of him could not but afford me a great deal of entertainment. There are two circumstances in it that give me a worse opinion of the City of London, and a better of Archbishop Laud, than I was wont to entertain.

I am glad that the Society for the Encouragement of Learning is in so hopeful a condition; though methinks it is a little ominous to set their press a going with the errantest Sophist that ever wrote, prepared by as arrant a Critic *.

You are pleased to enquire about Shakespeare. I believe (to tell it as a secret) I shall, after I have got the whole of this Work out of my hands which I am now engaged in, *give an Edition of it to the World* †.

of Canterbury, who gave him Letters of Recommendation to Sir Peter Wyche, Ambassador from King Charles I. to the Porte, and a full power to purchase at whatever price he thought proper any Manuscripts of value, especially in the Arabic Language;" and afterwards subjoins a Letter from Greaves; in which, after acknowledging his obligations to the Archbishop, for whose use he had obtained some valuable Greek and Arabic MSS. he adds, "It is true, many more very choice ones might be procured with enquiry, and watching after opportunities, if they would give the price. Some few of those, which they thought to be overvalued, I have purchased at excessive rates: You may wonder how I have been able to do it, since the City of London hath failed me in my expectations of their contributions towards mathematical instruments. I have been necessitated to sell most of the Books I brought with me. But the love and care of my brothers straining their own occasions to supply mine have enabled me, in despite of the City, to go on with my designs."

* The Edition of "Maximus Tyrius," by Dr. John Davis. See the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. II. pp. 96. 134.

† The Life of Shakespeare, in the "General Dictionary," augmented by Mr. Birch from materials furnished by Mr. Warburton, contains the whole of those Remarks, which are thus introduced: "Shakespeare's Dramatic Writings were first published together in folio in 1623, and, since republished by Mr. Rowe, Mr. Pope, and Mr. Lewis Theobald. But we may expect a much more correct edition of them from the reverend and learned Mr. *William Warburton*, Author of 'The Divine Legation of Moses demonstrated,' who, in his Edition, besides a general

Sir Thomas Hanmer has a true critical genius, and has done great things in this Author; so you may expect to see a very extraordinary edition of its kind. I intend to draw up and prefix to it a just and complete critique on Shakespeare and his Works.

neral character of Shakespeare and his writings prefixed, will give the rules which he observed in correcting his Author, and a large Glossary. We shall give the Reader a specimen of this intended edition in several curious remarks, which this excellent Critic has communicated to us; and which we shall introduce by way of illustration on Mr. Pope's admirable character of our Poet; who, in his Preface to the Edition, observes, that Shakespeare, notwithstanding his defects, is justly and universally elevated above all other Dramatic Writers. If ever any Author deserved the name of an original, it was he. Homer himself drew not his art so immediately from the fountains of Nature; it proceeded through Egyptian strainers and channels, and came to him not without some tincture of the learning, or some cast of the models, of those before him. The Poetry of Shakespeare was inspiration indeed: he is not so much an imitator, as an instrument of Nature; and it is not so just to say that he speaks from her, as that she speaks through him. His characters are so much Nature herself, that it is a sort of injury to call them by so distant a name as copies of her. Those of other Poets have a constant resemblance, which shews that they received them from one another, and were but multipliers of the same image; each picture, like a mock-rainbow, is but a reflection of a reflection. But every single character in Shakespeare is as much an individual, as those in life itself: it was impossible to find any two alike; and such as from their relation or affinity in any respect appear to be twins, will upon comparison be found remarkably distinct."—This announcement of Mr. Warburton's intended Edition was thus followed up by another Friend, in "The History of the Works of the Learned" for 1740: "No Author has had a greater honour reflected on him by his Editors than Shakespeare. Among these we may reckon a sublime genius, who is one of the principal ornaments of this age, and of the British Nation. The Reader need not be told, that it is Mr. Pope, whom I intend by this character. But, as the Works of our Dramatic Poet have merit enough to engage the concern even of this celebrated person, so it is certain that they extremely needed it, on account of the almost innumerable corruptions by which, through one means or other, they have been depraved. By his care and sagacity many of these have been removed or amended, and the guilty causes of them assigned. Shakespeare has been in a good measure restored to his original purity, and his admirers are no longer at a loss to account for that surprizing inconsistency with which

There is a book, published two or three years, in 4to, called "An Inquiry into the Nature of the Human Soul." It is a master-piece in its kind. I am told it is wrote by one Baxter *. I wish you could

which he was wont to be charged, of being, in many instances, one of the most judicious, and, with regard to others, one of the most nonsensical Writers in the world.' However, after all that the incomparable Mr. Pope, the ingenious Mr. Rowe, and the plodding Mr. Theobald, have done to cleanse and restore him to his native lustre, there still remain in him many faults to be amended, and a thousand graces which have never yet been displayed. In truth, both of these were so multifarious, that it required the joint endeavours of many (and those of the ablest) hands, to rectify the one, and to explicate the other; therefore, we are not to wonder, if men of consummate ability still think their talents very worthily employed in so laudable a task. Accordingly the Rev. Mr. Warburton has bestowed thereon some of those leisure hours which he could spare from the duties of his sacred function! He is determined to add his labours to those of that illustrious Critic and the others above-named, in removing the blemishes and exemplifying the beauties of this inestimable Author, which did not fall under their consideration; so that we are like to be shortly furnished with a more complete and accurate Edition of his Writings than has hitherto been published." The specimens are then repeated, from the "General Dictionary," to the extent of 34 octavo pages.—Mr. Warburton's anxiety and adroitness on this subject will appear in pp. 96—110.

* This ingenious Metaphysician and Natural Philosopher, whom Mr. Warburton so warmly commends, was born in 1686, or 1687, at Old Aberdeen, in Scotland, of which city his father was a merchant, and educated in King's College there. His principal employment was that of a private tutor to young gentlemen; and among other of his pupils were Lord Grey, Lord Blantyre, and Mr. Hay of Drummelzier. About 1724, he married the daughter of Mr. Mebane, a clergyman in the shire of Berwick. A few years after he published, in 4to, "An Enquiry into the Nature of the Human Soul, wherein its Immateriality is evinced from the Principles of Reason and Philosophy;" without any date. In 1741, he went abroad with Mr. Hay, and resided some years at Utrecht; having there also Lord Blantyre under his care. He made excursions from thence into Flanders, France, and Germany; his wife and family residing in the mean time chiefly at Berwick-upon-Tweed. He returned to Scotland in 1747, and resided till his death at Whittingham, in the shire of East Lothian. He drew up, for the use of his pupils and his son, "Matho, sive, Cosmotheoria puerilis, Dialogus, In quo prima elementa de mundi ordine et ornatu proponuntur," &c. of which only 30 copies were printed. This was afterwards greatly enlarged, and published in English, in two volumes, 8vo. In 1750 he published

inform me who he is, and where he is; for he appears to me a very extraordinary person. I could wish, for the sake of the noble truths he teaches us, it had not the dead weight of the Sixth Section.

The Booksellers of Geneva, who published the Dictionary of Calmet, promised that, if Calmet made any Additions to it, as he then threatened, they would print them separately; in confidence of which, I bought that edition. Calmet has since been as good as his word. I want to know whether the Booksellers have been as good as theirs: and, if they have, how I may get the Additions: not but there is too much trumpery already, but I am consulting my Executor's advantage, not my own.

lished "An Appendix to his Enquiry into the Nature of the Human Soul," wherein he endeavours to remove some difficulties which had been started against his notions of the "vis inertiæ" of matter, by Maclaurin, in his "Account of Sir Isaac Newton's Philosophical Discoveries." To this piece Mr. Baxter prefixed a Dedication to Mr. Wilkes, afterwards so well known in the political world. Mr. Baxter died this year, April the 23d, after suffering for some months under a complication of disorders, of which the gout was the chief; and was buried in the family vault of Mr. Hay, at Whittingham. Some judicious remarks on his Works may be seen in Mr. A. Chalmers's Edition of the "Biographical Dictionary," vol. IV. p. 188.

The following Letters were addressed to Mr. Wilkes, with whom Mr. Baxter had commenced an acquaintance abroad, and with whom he carried on a friendly correspondence till his own death:

"My dearest Mr. Wilkes, *Whittingham, Nov...* 1749.

"I have employed my time, of late, in considering the difference, or controversy, between the English and Foreign Philosophers, concerning the force of bodies moving in free spaces; which in its consequence spreads far and wide through Natural Philosophy. I have shewn demonstratively; that the experiments brought by the Foreign Philosophers to establish their new theory are applicable entirely to the English computation, which they beautifully illustrate; and that these learned gentlemen have quite mistaken them. We talked much of this, you may remember, in the Capuchins' garden at Spa. I have finished the *prima cura* of it, in the dialogue way; and design to inscribe it to my dear John Wilkes; whom, under a borrowed name, I have made one of the interlocutors. If you are against this whim (which a passionate love to you has made me conceive), I will drop it.

In

If the Author of "The Characteristicks" comes in amongst the Lives in your Dictionary, it will oblige the publick, to explain the causes of that strange rancour and disgust that he appears (by a great many places of his Work) to bear to Mr. Locke and his "Essay." It the more surprized me, because Mr. Locke had been his tutor, and his grandfather's particular friend; and Le Clerc, who was well acquainted with both, seems, when he wrote the Life of Locke, not to have been apprehensive of any thing of this matter. Perhaps it is not every one that reads "The Characteristicks" that discovers this outrage to Mr. Locke.

I see in a Catalogue of French Books the Memoirs of Talon, that was Advocate-General of the Court of the Parliament of Paris, and afterwards

In the mean time I shall publish an Appendix to the Enquiry, which you must give me leave to inscribe to you in the following manner:

"To JOHN WILKES, of Aylesbury, in the County of Buckingham, Esquire.

"SIR, The subject of our conversation in the Capuchins' garden at Spa, in the summer of 1745, still lies by me in the dress it was first put in. I have not leisure, at present, to prepare it for the public view. In the interim, I send you the following sheets, as a token of my sincere respect. It is a pleasure to think on the time we spent so agreeably together.

"I am, Sir, your most obedient servant, AND. BAXTER."

"MY DEAREST MR. WILKES, *Whittingham, Jan.* 29, 1750.

"Your letter of December 12, 1749, alarmed me, by hearing you had had such a dangerous fall from your horse. Moderate exercise is good; but dangerous exercise, such as riding a fiery horse, is not commendable: and if you would oblige Mrs. Wilkes, if you would oblige all your friends, and all good men (who conceive great hopes from you), you will be more cautious for the future. We had a terrible instance in the newspapers lately, of a man who got his death by such a fall.

"As to altering any thing in the address to you before the Appendix, I durst not do it without your participation; unless you had suggested something which you would have changed; and by this time, I suppose, it is published. I wish you and Mrs. Wilkes all possible prosperity, and am, &c. AND. BAXTER."

Pre-

President à Mortier. They are lately published, and I do not find them mentioned in any of the Foreign Journals that I have seen. Pray what character do they bear?

I do not know whether you have had, or intend to have, an article in your Dictionary of Lord Clarendon. Though that foolish fellow Oldmixon betrayed his ignorance, his malice, and his calumny, about the adulteration of that History; and though I believe there were no additions to it; yet I am inclined to think there were some omissions. One very momentous one, I am sure, I can shew with great clearness in another kind of way than he dreamt of. If it will be of any use to you in that Work, it shall be at your service.

St. Austin's Works are, or were, lately printing at Venice. The Booksellers, I think, proposed that the Seventh Tome, which contained his "De Civitate Dei," should be sold separately. I wonder whether it be out, and to be bought in town.

I am, dear Sir, your very affectionate humble servant and friend, W. WARBURTON.

LETTER IV.

To the Rev. Mr. THOMAS BIRCH.

DEAR SIR, *Nov.* 24, 1737.

In compliance to your request, I shall throw together a few scattered remarks, as they come into my head, without any manner of order, concerning Milton's Character, and his Writings.

Toland was a poor creature in all respects, and never manifested his malignity and folly more than in the Life of Milton.

There is one egregious instance of it you will do well to avoid. He represents Milton's moral character,

racter, as a member of society, to be excellent, which was certainly the most corrupt of any man's of that age. I do not say so on account of his either being a Presbyterian, an Independent, a Republican, for the Government of One (for many honest men were in every one of these ways), but because he was all these in their turn, as they came uppermost, without (by any thing that appears to the contrary) a struggle or a blush. Imagine to yourself a thorough time-server, and you could not put him upon any task more completely conformable to that character than what Milton voluntarily underwent. For a Life-writer then to disguise this, is, in my opinion, a horrid violation of truth. It is true, he was steady in one thing, namely, in his aversion to the Court and Royal Family; but I suspect it was because he was not received amongst the Wits there favourably: he who was so far superior to them all. I take this to have been owing to the stiffness of his style and manner, so contrary to that of the Court-Wits, who were enervating themselves on the model of France very fast; for, you know, softness, easiness, and disengagedness, was the character of the Court Writers of that time.

The virulency of his pen against his adversaries is certainly another blemish to that great man; which, in "An Apology for the People of England," was abominable, as violating and degrading the character he sustained.

His English prose style has in it something very singular and original. It has grandeur, and force, and fire; but is quite unnatural, the idiom and turn of the period being Latin. It is best suited to his "English History;" his air of antique giving a good grace to it. It is wrote with great simplicity, contrary to his custom in his prose works, and is the better for it. But he sometimes rises to a surprising grandeur in the sentiment and expression, as at the conclusion of the Second Book: "Henceforth we

are

are to steer," &c. I never saw any thing equal to this, but the conclusion of Sir Walter Raleigh's "History of the World."

He is the Author of three perfect pieces of Poetry. His "Paradise Lost," "Samson Agonistes," and "Masque at Ludlow Castle." The two dramatic pieces separately possess the united excellencies of this famous Epic Poem; there being in the last all the majesty of sentiment that ennobles the Tragedy, and all the sweetness of description that charms in the Masque. Indeed the Tragedy (as in imitation of the Antients) has, as it were, a gloominess intermixed with the sublime (the subject not very different, the fall of two Heroes by a Woman), which shines more serenely in his "Paradise Lost:" as there is in the "Masque" (in which he only copied Shakespeare) a brighter vein of Poetry, intermixed with a softness of description, than is to be found in the charming scenes of Eden.

The "Paradise Regained" is a charming Poem; surely nothing inferior in the poetry and sentiment to the "Paradise Lost;" but, considered as a just composition in the Epic way, infinitely inferior; and indeed no more an Epic Poem than his "Mansus."

It is said that it appeared by a Manuscript in Trinity College, Cambridge, now lost or mislaid, that he intended an Opera of the "Paradise Lost." Voltaire, on the credit of this circumstance, amongst a heap of impertinences*, pretends boldly that he took the hint from a Comedy he saw at Florence, called "Adamo;" and others imagine too he conceived the idea in Italy. Now I will give you good proof that all this is a vision. In one of his political pamphlets, wrote early by him, I forget which, he tells the world he had conceived a notion of an Epic poem on the story of Adam or Arthur. What then, you will say, must we do with the circumstance of the Trinity College MS.? I believe I can

* Essay on Epic Poetry, p. 102.

explain

explain that matter. When the Parliament got uppermost, they suppressed all playhouses; on which Sir John Denham (I think) and others contrived to get *Operas* performed. This took with the people, and was much in their taste; and religious ones being the favourites of that sanctified people, was, I believe, what inclined Milton, at that time (and neither before nor after) to make an Opera of it. This, I fancy, being the case, I would have you consider whether the plan of the Tragedy which you talk of in the MS. was not indeed the plan of an Opera.

Toland * makes Milton contract an intimacy with his Excellency Spanheim in the year 1640, Spanheim being then but 11 years old; and for proof refers to a letter wrote to him in 1654. If, therefore, Toland had any authority for a friendship contracted with a Spanheim at that time, it must have been Frederick Ezechiel, pastor of Geneva; and by the letter wrote to the son it appears he had some knowledge of the father. Hear how this wretch talks of Usher and Salmasius. Of the former †: "Now Usher's *chief talent* lying in much reading, and being a great Editor and admirer of old writings." His chief talent was the truest judgment and most profound knowledge of Antiquity. Of the latter: — "this man had got a great name," &c. p. 30, as if he was not in reality the greatest critic of his time, and as much superior to Milton in that way, as Milton was to him in the subject they engaged in.

I once saw the first edition of the Masque at Ludlow Castle, without Milton's name to it, and found that it was dedicated by Lawes the great Musician who made the music for it: from whence I concluded that Lawes only employed Milton, and paid him for it, and took the benefit of the Dedication. This shews his small acquaintance, or ill reception at Court. What is very odd is, the silence of his contemporary Poets on his character. I mean before the

* Page 10 of his Life. † Ibid. p. 12.

Restoration

Restoration. I observed Anthony à Wood knew of Milton's and Denham's reciprocal services, which that silly creature *the compound R* * makes such a bustle about as a discovery of his own.

The "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" are certainly master-pieces in their kind. You will see in *Theobald's* heap of disjointed stuff, which he calls a *Preface to Shakespeare*, an observation upon those Poems, which I made to him, and which he did not understand, and so has made it a good deal obscure by contracting my note; for you must understand, that almost all that Preface (except what relates to Shakespeare's Life, and the foolish Greek conjectures at the end) was made up of notes I sent him on particular passages, and which he has there stitched together without head or tail.

Of all his English Prose Tracts, those on *Divorce* are the best reasoned. In his controversy on *the Times* he is a horrid sophister; but what was fanaticism and cant in the rest of his party shews itself in him in a prodigious spirit of poetical enthusiasm; and he frequently breaks out into strains as sublime, or if possible more so, than any in his higher Poetry.

His "Apology for the Liberty of the Press" is in all respects a master-piece.

The "Plan of Education, to Hartlib," is a very noble one.

You see how willing I am to serve you, while I can prevail with myself to write this loose disjointed stuff to you. I would have you consider it only as hints, that are entirely at your service to make what use you please of.

I shall endeavour to give you what satisfaction I

* This alludes to "Explanatory Notes and Remarks on Milton's Paradise Lost; by J. Richardson, Father and Son," noticed by Mr. Warburton in p. 32.—This publication, amongst a variety of witticisms occasioned by an unlucky expression of the father, in apologizing for the performance, "that he had looked into the Classics through his Son," drew from the pencil of Hogarth a satirical print, intituled, "The Compound Richardson."

can, in any thing you want to be satisfied in, on the subject of Milton; and am extremely glad you intend to write his Life. Almost all the Life-writers we have had, before Toland and Des Maizeaux, are indeed strange insipid creatures; and yet I had rather read the worst of them, than be obliged to go through with this of Milton's, or the other's Life of Boileau, where there is such a dull heavy succession of long quotations of uninteresting passages, that it makes their method quite nauseous. But the verbose, tasteless Frenchman seems to lay it down as a principle, that every Life must be a Book; and, what is worse, it proves a Book without a Life; for what do we know of Boileau after all his tedious stuff? You are the only one (and I speak it without a compliment) that, by the vigour of your style and sentiments, and the real importance of your materials, have the art (which one would imagine no one could have missed) of adding *agrémens* to the most agreeable subject in the world, which is, Literary History.

The cause Shaftesbury's friends give for the ill treatment of his divine Master cannot be the true. Every body knows Locke's and the Chancellor's habitudes in Holland. It is possible the papers might incommode a timorous man, but in such cases it is certain he would have sent them thither to some common friend. I am, dear Sir, your most affectionate humble servant, W. WARBURTON.

P. S. You will guess, by the dirtiness of the paper, this Letter has been wrote some time, which is indeed true. But my business at my other living * called me from home, and I am but just returned.

LETTER V.

To the Rev. Mr. BIRCH.

DEAR SIR, *March* 8, 1737-8.

I am vastly obliged to you for the favour of your two last. The sending me Webster's wicked paper

* Q. Frisby in Lincolnshire, or Greisley, in Nottinghamshire? See before, p. 59.

was

was exceeding kind. The misery of it is, such sort of men have no argument to lay hold of; and if you expose their wickedness in the terms it deserves, you are thought to communicate of their wrath and uncharitableness. Do you think it worth while to take any notice of him? Pray tell me.

I was sorry to hear in yours no mention of the noble Edition you are preparing of Milton *; and the more, that the Foreign Journals mention as if it was to come out with Toland's Life.

I hope to have the pleasure of many an hour with you this spring in town, where I have the thoughts of being about the beginning of next month; but should be glad to hear from you first.

I am, dear Sir, your most affectionate and obliged friend, and humble servant, W. WARBURTON.

LETTER VI.

To the Rev. Mr. BIRCH.

DEAR SIR, *March* 23, 1737-8.

I received the very obliging favour of yours of the 18th. The inclosed † very much surprized me; for I found, by several extravagant strokes in it, whose it was; and the Writer needed not (as he has since done) have acquainted me with my obligations. In a word, it is from a very intimate friend; and that is the best excuse can be said for it. The worst is, those passages that give me most offence prevented the Writer from giving me the least intimation of

* This was, "A complete Collection of the Historical, Political, and Miscellaneous Works of John Milton, correctly printed from the original Editions. To this is prefixed, An Historical and Critical Account of the Life and Writings of Mr. John Milton, by Thomas Birch, M. A. and F. R. S. with an Appendix, containing two Dissertations; the first concerning the Author of Εικων Βασιλικη: The Portraicture of his Sacred Majesty in his Solitude and Sufferings; and concerning the Prayer of Pamela, subjoined to several Editions of that Book; the second, concerning the Commission said to be given by King Charles I. in the Year 1641, to the Irish Papists, for taking up Arms against the Protestants in Ireland."

† A Letter, probably, printed in some Newspaper.

his design. The writer is, as I say, an old friend, a Physician of great abilities *, and infinite worth and virtue; well acquainted with my most secret thoughts, an inveterate enemy to bigotry and persecution, and with all this surprizingly partial to his Friend; so that indignation, hate, and love all joined to produce the passionate apology you sent me. But the matter is not to be done by passion. And the best that can be said for it is, that it was the effect of the sincerest friendship that ever one man professed for another. I could not say less to you upon this occasion, but it is more than I would say to any one else: therefore I beg you would make it a secret. You will receive more satisfaction, I hope, from a short pamphlet now printing, which I wrote in vindication of myself.

What you have been told concerning Webster's reprimand is true. You surprize me in what you say of Felton's † being the Author of the Letter; and though I have great assurance it was Webster's, yet I am half inclined to think Felton had some hand in this matter. I will tell you plainly why. Three quarters of a year ago I received a letter from Felton, which I now have by me, not directly to me, where, after many compliments, he desires to know my sentiments concerning the Jews' knowledge of a future state; for that he would not willingly disagree with me; and, being then in a course of Sermons at Oxford upon that Doctrine from the Creation to Christ, and having got through the time before the Lord, and arrived at that period, he desired I would communicate my sentiments to him on that point.

In a word, the Letter in which this modest request was made was a strange heap of absurdities, which I knew not how to reply to. And communicating it

* It does not appear who this Physician was. Perhaps Dr. Stukeley, or Dr. Robert Taylor.

† Dr. Henry Felton, author of the "Dissertation on reading the Classics," was Rector of Whitwell in Derbyshire; and died March 1739-40, æt. 61.

to

to a friend of great worth, he told me his character; and that the worthy Doctor had made himself so well known, both at Oxford, and at his Living at Derbyshire, that I might very well dispense with the honour of his acquaintance. On which account, I wrote a short but very civil answer to his Letter; in which (as he particularly desired my opinion of his Sermons, which were sent with it for my perusal) I was very full in his commendations. However, I heard he said, "he knew not what to make of my Letter;" that is, he could make nothing of it to his purpose —

—— *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.*

I am vastly pleased with your design in the Life of Milton; particularly with the Appendices. Charles I, with all his faults, fell at last a sacrifice for the Church of England; therefore I do not think a Minister of it can be employed in a worthier office than in his vindication. The first of these two affairs I have examined with great carefulness, and I own I do not know what to think of it. We shall have much talk about it when I see you. The other he was certainly clear in. But that is the circumstance by which I think I can certainly prove there has been one paragraph in Lord Clarendon's MS History omitted in the printed one. I will tell you my reason at large, if I have not told it to you before, when I see you. I propose being in town by then, or Easter week; and am, dear Sir,

Your very obliged and affectionate humble servant,

W. WARBURTON.

LETTER VII.

To the Rev. Mr. BIRCH.

DEAR SIR, *Friday morning, April* 14, 1738.

I had the pleasure to hear you called upon me twice at Mr. Gyles's. I should be glad to know whether he can have the pleasure of your company to-morrow

to-morrow evening, and *where*. If you will be so good to appoint the time and place, by a letter to me, it will be a great pleasure to, dear Sir,

Yours most affectionately, W. WARBURTON.

LETTER VIII.

To the Rev. Dr. BIRCH.

DEAR SIR, [*April* . . . 1738.]

I was surely unlucky not to meet with you this third time. I will endeavour to be at home by seven, but, having after dinner some extraordinary unavoidable business, if it should be half an hour or an hour later, I beg you will either stay at my lodgings, or leave word where you choose I shall come to you.

Yesterday a young gentleman, Mr. Fordyce, came to me from Mr. Professor Blackwell; and informing me he was acquainted with you, I told him I had hopes of seeing you this evening, and that we should be glad of his company. I am in hopes you will find him at Mr. Gyles's about the same hour with yourself, to keep you company if I should not chance to come at that hour. Dear Sir, yours most affectionately, W. WARBURTON.

LETTER IX.

To the Rev. Mr. BIRCH.

DEAR SIR, *Newarke, May* 27, 1738.

I am greatly obliged to you for your kind Letter; but I should have been beforehand with you, had I not been prevented by one business or other.

I do not know what you think in town of the Miscellany Papers*. But, I protest, the surprizing absurdity made me think that the people would imagine I got somebody to write booty, had not the equal virulency shown the Writer to be in earnest.

You surprize me much in what you tell me of the *London Doctors* of my acquaintance. I can

* Webster's "Weekly Miscellany."

only

only assure you, on the word of an honest man, they expressed themselves in a direct contrary manner to my face; and pretended to seek my acquaintance and friendship: but, as Donne says,

"Teach me to hear the Mermaid's singing,
"And to keep off Envy's stinging,
"And to find
"What wind
"Serves to advance an honest mind."

Now if this, learned and knowing in mankind as you are, you cannot do, why should I not be easy under the common lot of all my betters?

You know the Eastern people denominate their years from the remarkable transactions of it. This therefore I think should be called the *year of Sermons.* You will say it has infected me, when I tell you one of mine is now printing. In a word, I think it will be the best answer to Webster: it was preached two years ago at the Bishop's Visitation for Confirmation: the title of it is, "Faith working by Charity, &c." There is a long preface to it, in which I give the occasion of the publication, and in which I work Venn* and Webster† in a manner (though not equal to the highest provocation that ever was given, yet) that they will have no reason to say that I sneak to them in an unorthodox manner.

The truth is, I find gentleness does but make them insult the more. I have now tried another way, and will not leave them. There is a serious Postscript added, occasioned by the news of your Letter. I shall order two to you, one for yourself, and the other for Mr. Wray, with my most humble service.

I was desired by the Master of Peter House‡, who is about to publish Spenser, to enquire whether

* Richard Venn, of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge; Rector of St. Antholine, London, 1725; and Author of "Tracts and Sermons on several Occasions, 1740."

† Of whom see "Literary Anecdotes," vol. V. p. 160—175.

‡ John Whalley, B. D. Fellow of Pembroke Hall; elected Master of Peter House 1732; Regius Professor of Divinity 1742. He died Dec. 12, 1748; and was buried in the College Chapel.

Fenton,

Fenton, who published Waller, and he hears had an intention of publishing Spenser, left any papers on that subject behind him, and how they are to be procured if he did. I take the liberty of applying to you, as the properest person to give me information, which I shall esteem a great favour.

I told you, I think, I had several of old Lord Wharton's papers. Amongst the rest is a MS. in his own hand-writing, a pretended translation of a MS Apologetical Epistle of Machiavel's to his friend Zenobio. It is a wonderful fine thing. There are the printer's marks on the MS. which makes me think it is printed. There is a P. S. of Lord Wharton's to it, by which it appears this pretended translation was designed to prefix to an English edition of his Works. As I know nothing of the English edition of Machiavel, I beg you would make this matter out, and let me know.

There are several Letters of Burnet, Bp. of Salisbury: if you have not yet done his article, and make it in *Salisbury*, I will lend you his Letters: there are some singularities in them*. They are wrote to Mrs. Wharton the Poetess, Lord Wharton's first wife, whom Burnet rapturously *esteemed.*

I do not at all forget the article of Shakespeare; but think of it more or less every day. You shall hear more soon from me on that head.

I beg my humble service to all friends, particularly those at *Rawthmell's* coffee-house†. That Society is the only thing, for which I regret my absence from London. I am, dear Sir, your most affectionate humble servant, W. WARBURTON.

P. S. I am so much obliged to you for all your favours when I was last in town, that I choose the most conspicuous part of my Letter to return my thanks in.

* See hereafter, p. 98.

† In Henrietta-street, Covent-garden; of which see vol. I. p. 31.

LETTER

LETTER X.

To the Rev. Mr. Birch.

DEAR SIR, *May* 29, 1738.

I hope you received my last. You might perceive I was in a passion against Webster when I wrote; but his last Letter against me has cured me of it; and I design to take no manner of notice of him in the Preface of my Sermon. You will wonder at this odd kind of cure: but there is a certain point, at which when any thing arrives, it loses its nature; so that what was before only simple calumny, appears now to be madness; and I should have an ill office to endeavour the cure of it. But the chief intent of this trouble is, to desire an answer to my last; and to assure you once again, which I never can do too often, how much I am,

Dear Sir, your most affectionate friend, and obedient servant, W. WARBURTON.

LETTER XI.

To the Rev. Mr. Birch.

DEAR SIR, *Newarke, June* 17, 1738.

As you told me in your last a sight of Burnet's Letters would not be disagreeable to you, I have sent them inclosed. There are twelve Letters and nine Poems. You will see a strange mixture of love and devotion, which perhaps will make you believe the reports of him not quite groundless. Pray keep them safe. Inclosed too is a paper I just tore out of one of my books; for it is in my way to write any observation in the leaf of the book that is the subject of it. I had not time to transcribe it. It contains two general remarks I made; one on Newton's Theory of the Solar System, the other on his Theory of Colours *. As I imagine you are about his article,

* A very learned and ingenious Gentleman, the Rev. Mr. Warburton, Author of *The Divine Legation of Moses demonstrated*, observes, in a remark communicated to us, "that our Author's Hypothesis of Light and Colours frees the Corpuscularian Philosophy

if they be of any worth, you are welcome to them.

I am, dear Sir, your most affectionate friend, and very humble servant, W. WARBURTON.

LETTER XII.

To the Rev. Mr. BIRCH.

DEAR SIR, *Newarke, July* 3, 1738.

I take the liberty of sending the inclosed, which I beg you would carry to Mr. Murray, of Lincoln's Inn. It is a case on which I want his opinion. I beg you would give him *two guineas* with it, which, on the favour of your answer, I will order to be thankfully repaid to you. I am, dear Sir,

Your very affectionate humble servant,

W. WARBURTON.

LETTER XIII.

To the Honourable W. MURRAY, Esq. in Lincoln's Inn *.

SIR, *Newarke-upon-Trent, July* 3, 1738.

When I was in town in spring, I did myself the honour of taking your advice for a friend. I take the same liberty again. It is for the same person; only, as that concerned his fortune, this concerns his

Philosophy from the embarrass of an argument which Aristotle brought against that doctrine *of sensible qualities being the result of the figures and dispositions of the insensible parts or atoms,* to this purpose; that, if so, the variety of the figures and dispositions of the insensible parts being *infinite,* it would follow, that the species of colours should be *infinite* likewise. But Sir Isaac's Hypothesis, which makes Colours the innate property of the rays of light, and that different kinds of rays originally and immutably assert a colour peculiar to themselves, entirely takes off the force of this argument." *Birch's Life of Newton,* in the *Historical Dictionary,* vol. VII. pp. 793, 794.

* From the Original, in Birch MSS. 4297. 19.

mistress's

mistress's. I have ordered the bearer to give you two guineas; and am, Sir, your very obedient humble servant, W. WARBURTON.

LETTER XIV.

To the Rev. Mr. BIRCH.

DEAR SIR, *July* 13, 1738.

I received the favour of yours of the 8th, with Mr. Murray's opinion inclosed, for which I return you many thanks. Be so good, when you go next through Lincoln's Inn, to call on Mr. Robert Atkinson, attorney, and he has orders to pay you two guineas for me, by the direction of Mr. Twells of Newarke.

It is a great pleasure to me that such judges as you approve of my Sermon, and almost as great that my enemies are such as Webster. As I am fully resolved for the future not only not to answer, but even not to read, any thing that wretch writes against me, his putting his name to what he does will be of use to me. I wish you could contrive that that should come to his ear.

He was at Cambridge a little while ago, and was treated with so general a contempt and neglect on many accounts, as well in his own College as every where else, that he had the madness to tell them publicly he was sorry they had a greater regard for me than for Christianity; and when once asked whether he really thought I meant to ridicule Christ's riding to Jerusalem in the mention of Bacchus's servant on an ass; he said, "he would sooner have cut off his right hand than mentioned Xanthus as I did."

What you tell me of the Bishop of London very much surprizes me, because he said the direct contrary to myself to what your acquaintance told you he said to him.

I have

I have not seen Webster's Circular Letter [to the Bishops]. Pray, when you go to Mr. Gyles's shop, desire him to send it me.

You are not only at liberty to use Burnet's Letters, but the Originals are at your service, and I desire you to accept them. I have some other papers, as Mrs. Wharton's Letters to her husband, but they have little in them; and the Depositions taken on the late Duke's Marriage with Mrs. Holmes, and Counsel's opinion on them, with some other papers: if they will be acceptable to you, they likewise are at your service, and I shall desire your acceptance of them; being, dear Sir, your most affectionate friend, and very humble servant, W. WARBURTON.

LETTER XV.

To the Rev. Mr. BIRCH.

DEAR SIR, *Aug.* 7, 1738.

Not hearing from you since my last, I much doubted its coming safe. In it I desired you would call on Mr. Robert Atkinson, Attorney, of Lincoln's Inn, for the two guineas you was so good to lay down for me. I mentioned in it too some other papers that perhaps might be acceptable to you. If they be, they and a few notes to be put into Shakespeare's Life shall come together.

I beg you would either send that Whitehall Evening Post in which is Webster's Letter to the Bishops, or extract the two places in which he so highly compliments the Clergy, with the date of that Evening Post.

I had the pleasure of a letter from Mr. Fordyce, for which I beg you will make him my compliments. Had his address been in it, I should not have neglected to answer it. I am, dear Sir, your very affectionate friend, and humble servant, W. WARBURTON.

LETTER

LETTER XVI.

To the Rev. Dr. BIRCH.

DEAR SIR, *Aug.* 27, 1738.

I received the favour of your last, with the inclosed Newspapers, for which I return you my hearty thanks.

I have sent you up, by the return of the Newarke waggon, carriage paid, a packet in which are the papers I promised you; and I desire your acceptance of them. The principal of them are, the MS Epistle of Machiavel which I told you of before.—A MS. of Waller on Divine Love, as he first wrote it. It affords one material emendation of the printed books, which read, Canto V.

> Who for himself no miracle would make,
> Dispens'd with SEVERAL for the people's sake;

So Fenton reads it. But the MS. says rightly,

> Dispens'd with NATURE.

With several is nonsense.—Mrs. Wharton's Letters.—A Tragedy.—Some Papers of State about the Irish affairs.—Lord Wharton's Epitaph on his Brother, which has something singular in it.—Informations about the late Duke of Wharton's marriage with Miss Holmes.—Bundle of Poems.

With these I have put, as I promised you, some observations on Shakespeare for your Life of him. As you intend to insert into the Life Mr. Pope's Preface, I have thrown them into notes to several parts of that Preface, where he speaks either of the character of the Poet, or the condition of his Works; illustrating Mr. Pope's observations by examples. This is in two or three sheets of paper, and I fancy you will think that the emendations and observations I there make, do not a little contribute to raise our idea of that wonderful Poet. I should be obliged to you, in introducing these notes into your Life, if you would take notice in a proper way, that I intend to give a complete new edition of his

his Plays; for I have a mind the publick should know it.

I come now to your very agreeable and entertaining Letter. The Phænomenon of the young Lady * under twenty is indeed a very extraordinary one. But you forget to mention one particular, that perhaps is of more importance to her than all her Greek and Latin, that is, whether she be handsome.

What a happy thing it would be if we could send over on a mission some of our hot zealots, to cool themselves in an Indian savanna *!

The fanaticism of some of these Missionaries gave birth to a very serious thought, which you will find in the *second edition* of the Divine Legation, now printing; therefore I shall not repeat it here.

As to my second volume, I go on with it *festinanter lentè*. As the first volume contained a View of *Pagan* Religion and Philosophy, so the second will be of the *Jewish*, and the third of the *Christian*.

I was told I could buy the late Edition of "Stephens's Latin Thesaurus" pretty cheap in town, especially if it could be contrived to buy six together. If this be so, and you would buy me one, the money should be thankfully returned by, dear Sir, your very affectionate and sincere friend and humble servant, W. WARBURTON.

LETTER XVII.

To the Rev. Mr. BIRCH.

DEAR SIR, *Sept.* 16, 1738.

I received the favour of your obliging Letter of the 7th instant. Your sentiments of the Methodists

* Miss Elizabeth Carter, the ingenious Translator of Epictetus. See her Latin verses "In Birchium," Gent. Mag. vol. IX. p. 4.

† Mr. Warburton enlarged this sentiment in a letter he wrote a few days after to Mr. Des Maiseaux; see before, p. 66.

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are unquestionably right; and of their original, from a discountenanced party. Fanaticism rises from oppression ever. A couple of these Methodists, of which Wesley was one, travelling into this neighbourhood on foot, took up their lodging with a Clergyman of their acquaintance. The master of the house going into their chamber in the morning to salute them, perceived their chamber-pot full of blood; and, on asking the occasion, was told it was *their method*, when the blood grew rebellious, to draw it off, by breathing a vein, in this manner—that they had been heated with travel, and thought it proper to cool themselves. If common report may be credited, the men from whom they sprung, as Hickes and Collier, had a more natural way of evacuation.

I was vastly pleased with so great a curiosity as the young Lady's * Latin Letter: it is indeed very pretty.

Not long since I received a pamphlet from Mr. Baxter, of which only 30 copies have been printed at Edinburgh, intituled "Matho." It is a Latin Dialogue, between him and his Pupil concerning the true system of the Universe, and its close and immediate dependence on its Creator; in which he endeavours to bring down the Newtonian principles to the capacity of a boy of 12. You will judge such a capacity to be a prodigy. However, he has explained them in a wonderful familiar manner, and at the same time with vast clearness and precision. I hope he will make it more public; it is of great use to the young people of the Universities, most of whom, for want of applying to the mixt mathematics, never get any clear idea of the Newtonian system all their life long. In a word, it is a very beautiful thing, and worthy the Author. He tells me he has a Second Part of the "Inquiry," which concerns the soul's immortality; but he does not give me hopes of its speedy publication.

* Miss Elizabeth Carter; see p. 94.

I am

I am very glad that the papers on Shakespeare please you. Inclosed you will receive a sheet more; for, as this is designed as a kind of specimen, I thought it proper to give a taste of all the several kind of Notes. These are disposed in the same manner as the other; as notes on particular passages in Mr. Pope's Preface. You will see I struck out some after I reviewed the paper, merely because I would not swell it too much, and take up too much of your room.

I am, dear Sir, your most affectionate and obedient humble servant, W. WARBURTON.

P. S. I desire you would alter and transpose the notes as you see proper; and be so kind to correct all the mistakes and bad language, which must be numerous, they being wrote in a great hurry.

I have seen Whitefield's Journal, and read it with great curiosity. The poor man is quite mad. I could not but take notice of some very ridiculous expressions he uses: as that "the more you do for God, the more you may;" and that "he never finds himself so well as when he is on the full stretch † * * * * * * — that the officers suffer him to put in a word for God."

LETTER XVIII.

To the Rev. Mr. BIRCH.

DEAR SIR, *Sept.* 30, 1738.

As I desired you would mention my intent of giving an edition of Shakespeare's Plays ‡, of which I have a vast number of emendations and explanations, I thought it would not be improper to take notice what there would be in the Edition; besides,

† The MS. is here torn.

‡ The Observations on Shakespeare, which occupy 21 folio pages, in Mr. Warburton's hand-writing, are preserved (among Dr. Birch's Letters) in the British Museum.

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it would shew at the same time how the correction f the Author was conducted. I have drawn p something to that purpose on this sheet; which if you will take the trouble of reforming, correcting, and abridging, if it be too long, as you will see occasion, I shall be greatly ob'ged to you. You see it is written, not as in my name, but in yours.

When you do me the favour to let me hear next from you, I beg you would let me know what character Mr. Fourmont's "Reflexions Critiques sur les Histoires des anciens Peuples" has, that was published at Paris, two or three years ago, in two volumes quarto.

I am, dear Sir, your very affectionate friend and obedient servant, W. WARBURTON.

LETTER XIX.

To the Rev. Mr. BIRCH.

DEAR SIR, *Feb.* 19, 1738-9.

I received the favour of your last very kind Letter, in which you tell me the most agreeable piece of news I have heard this long time; and that is, that *the men of Learning** have the sense to be desirous of revoking the destiny of your friends in your loss. I was glad to hear that any part of the affair rested with Mr. Gyles. I have wrote to him, and mentioned Thurloe's Papers as a piece of news I had heard of, and that Mr. Birch was likely to be employed in the publication, and what a pleasure it would be to me if it was so.

I am almost ashamed to enter upon what I am now going to say. You know I lent you some shattered papers of Duke Wharton. They were given me, when I was last in town, by a relation of mine, Mr. Twells of Newark, an Attorney, who was then in town with me. He had them from some Attor-

* The Society for the Encouragement of Learning.

ney, I know not whom. However, this Attorney now pretends he only lent them to him, and says, the Trustees of Lord Wharton's effects are to review all his papers, and that he shall want these. My Brother Twells says, he gave them to him. However, he thought them such trifling things, that he had a mind to oblige him with them again, and so spoke to me about them. I told him, I had given them away, and to whom. He asked me if the gentleman would let me have them again. I told him I believed yes; and, as he comes to town this spring, I would write to you about it. Now, if you have them, I should be obliged to you to let them have their trumpery again, if it be much pressed and desired; that is, so much as you care to part with: but, if there be any thing amongst them you have a mind to keep, the remainder, I suppose, would satisfy them; for, I dare say, these Attorneys remember no more than that there was in gross some Letters of Burnet's, some of Mrs. Wharton's, some Poems*; and, it is likely, above all, the Depositions about the young Duke's marriage. I was never more vexed at a trifle in my life. But this it is to have to do with Attorneys. It puts me so much out of humour, that I can say no more at present but that I am, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate and most faithful servant,

W. WARBURTON.

LETTER XX.

For the Rev. Mr. BIRCH.

DEAR SIR, *March* 9, 1738-9.

The inclosed scrap is for your private perusal. I imagined it might be useful to you to know how you stand with Mr. Gyles, who I think is an honest

* It is a little remarkable, that these Letters and Poems should, after an interval of nearly eighty years, have come into my hands, through a very different channel. See the Memoirs of William Hutchinson, esq. F. S. A. in the First Volume of this Work.

man.

man. And to bring two honest men together in the literary way, may not only be of use to both of them in their transactions, but will certainly be of great benefit to the world.

I am, dear Sir, with the most perfect esteem,
Your very affectionate friend, &c. W. WARBURTON.

LETTER XXI.

To the Rev. Mr. BIRCH.

DEAR SIR, *Cambridge, April* 6, 1739.

The favour of your obliging Letter of March 31, was sent me from the country to this place, whither the hard necessity of consulting books only to be met with here has brought me. I wrote to you amidst the strange mixture of entertainment and study, between the College Halls and Libraries. But my nights are so long, and my mornings so short, that I am like to return as wise as I came; which will be in a very few days.

I am obliged to you as to what you say of the Duke of Wharton's papers, if they be called for. However, in such case, I would have you take what you like.—I am glad to see so fine a collection as Thurloe's Papers are put into your hands. I mentioned those Papers in the Coffee-house here, as very curious. Davy of Sidney *, and Salter †, and some others, spoke of them as not so; but the wisest reason I could get for their opinion was, that Lord Somers did not publish them himself, who was the Collector. Are not these good reasons?

Dr. Middleton gives his humble service to you.

I could wish my Four Letters in Defence of Mr. Pope were published together in a pamphlet. I fancy they would make a sixpenny one. I would only reform and correct them, but leave them in the present form of distinct Letters. Who has the pro-

* No Graduate of that name occurs.

† Of whom see the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. III. p. 225.

perty of them? If Robinson *, I would be obliged to you if you acquainted him with my desire; and, if ever he expects any thing more from me, he must comply with it. You may see by the Third Letter that I intended to have given an explanation of the Reasoning of the Four Epistles; but, on examining them, I found all intelligible enough, except the First and Introduction to the Second; and this explained, it was a key to the rest; and, as you know my mind fully in this matter, if you would be so good as to give a short preface, or advertisement, before them, it would be their best recommendation to the world. I very much desire it may be done; and if it is to be done by Robinson, I beg you would give him to understand that I do so.

I hope the Weaver will unravel all the perplexed nonsense of Chubb, who has fairly reasoned himself out of Christianity. The Poems of Miss Carter are excellent. But there is another reason that makes me impatient to see this collection which I am enquiring after, and that is page 126 of the 2d volume.

Be so good to tell Mr. Gyles, when you see him, that I would not have Herwart, nor an imperfect edition of Spanheim's Julian.

Peck's Advertisement has been an unexhaustible fund of mirth in this place; and I do not doubt but our good friend Mr. Wray † had his share of it. He seems to have had a design of confirming what I said of the Poem of Liberty, that it was his own, where he says, that "he will give the reasons that induced him to pitch upon Milton for the author;" which implies that, it being his own property, he had a right to give it to whom he pleased; and he pitched upon Milton as the man most in his favour whilst he was writing blank verse. But his joining Herod the Great to it, which is undoubtedly his own, as-

* Jacob Robinson, Bookseller, in Fleet-street, publisher of the "Works of the Learned," in which the Four Letters first appeared. He was uncle to the late George Robinson, of Paternoster-row.

† Daniel Wray, esq. of whom see ample memoirs in vol. I.

certains

certains the property; a poem, as well as a man, being to be known by his company. On which I will venture to pronounce condemnation in due form of Law—that it shall *return from whence it came.* From a dunghill, he says, he received it; and to a dunghill it shall go, let him print upon as *stiff* paper as he pleases. In this case I am as clear and positive as the famous Etymologist, who said, "he not only knew from whence words came, but whither they were going."

I am, dear Sir, yours most affectionately,

W. WARBURTON.

LETTER XXII.

To the Rev. Mr. BIRCH.

DEAR SIR, *April* 23, 1739.

I am much indebted to you for the favour of yours of the 14th instant. I had some account of Romaine's preaching his Sermon; but its publication was news to me; as perhaps it will to you, to know that I verily believe a Letter (for which I refer you to Mr. Gyles, to whom I have sent a copy by this post) wrote to me last October from Epsom, and signed *W. Romaine* *, was written by this honest man. If it proves so, I shall print the Letter as a Supplement to the Sermon, and that shall be all the notice I shall take of it. In order to know whether it be his Letter, the other side is a Letter to him, which I desire you would tell Mr. Gyles I would have so contrived that we may have proof that he received it. If he owns the writing the Letter, it may be printed from the copy (a very literal one, even to mistakes and abbreviations) I have sent Mr. Gyles; and in such case I will send him the original, to be seen by any one who has the curiosity. I beg of your friendship to assist Mr. Gyles, and put him in a way to have the Letter acknowledged or proved. If it be denied, I shall forthwith send

* See the note in p. 103.

up

up the original, to be shewn to somebody who knows his hand; for I dare say you will judge, by the style and the arguments, it was wrote by the Author of the Sermon.

I am much obliged to you for the business of the Four Letters. I have by this post sent Mr. Robinson the corrections. I shall depend on your friendship in directing the publication, and would have my name still concealed. I wrote to Mr. Robinson, to act by your directions.

As my esteem for you is well known at Cambridge, I have had two messages from old Mr. Baker, of St. John's, to let me know he had a Life, or some Papers relating to a Life, of the famous Peter Baro, of Cambridge, which, if they would be acceptable to *you*, he would send me. I am ashamed to tell you the times of these two messages. The first was this time twelvemonth (which I shamefully forgot to tell you of), the other was the time I was at Cambridge. If you have any use or inclination for them, I will send to Mr. Baker, and get them.

I am glad to hear what you tell me of Thurloe's Papers. I imagined no less; but I then shewed those gentlemen * the folly of the imagination from their own reasons they used of their belief.

I am, dear Sir, your most affectionate, and most faithful friend and servant, W. WARBURTON.

If this Letter proves to be this *Romaine's*, I think it will admit no doubt it was wrote with the diabolical design to entrap me; and, if so, I dare say Webster had a hand in it. I wish you could find whether there be any thing in my suspicions. One thing I must tell you, that, in my answer to the Letter, I told Romaine, "that it was a necessary part of my scheme to prove that the antient Fathers and Patriarchs had a knowledge of a future state, and of redemption by the Messiah." I mention this, because, I am told, in the Sermon it is said "that I have

* See before, p. 99.

greatly

greatly sinned against the Seventh Article of Religion." If it should happen that *Romaine* is in town, and owns his writing to me, I would, if there be time, have the Letter thrown into "The Historical Works of the Learned" for this April, with the N. B. at the end *, and what title you think proper, which I shall be much obliged to you for.

LETTER XXIII.

To the Rev. Mr. Birch.

Dear Sir, *April* 23, 1739.

I received a Letter from Mr. Robinson the post after that of yours, which tells he would make a shilling pamphlet of the Letters, which will make it needful to lengthen it out with a Preface. You know I took the liberty of asking such a thing of you. I know your multiplicity of business. If, upon that account, or any other, such a thing be inconvenient, be free; and use me as a friend; and I will assure you I should take even a refusal as an instance of friendship, because I know you would hesitate to refuse a man you was only upon terms of ceremony with. If you do not do it, Mr. Robinson must. Lest you could not do it, I mentioned it to him, that Mr. Pope must be treated with much distinction, without any hint or hesitation of dislike of him: and I will tell you why I did it. He imagines himself not well used by Mr. Pope, on some account or other that happened about a pirated edition of Mr. Pope's things, in which he served Mr. Pope.— I hope you received one from me by the last post, and that we shall ferret out the *Epsom Letter-writer*.

* Mr. Romaine's Letter, with the Answer to it, accompanied by Mr. Warburton's *N. B.* appeared in the "Works of the Learned" for August 1739; and may be seen in the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. V. pp. 554—558.

It

It is the sport, to see the Ingeneer
Hoist with his own petar —

says Shakespeare. If it was he, never was there a more execrable scoundrel. Do you think I can outlive such a dead-doing fellow who calls down the secular arm upon me? If I do, it will be, in mere spight, to rub another volume of the Divine Legation in the noses of Bigots and Zealots.

I am, dear Sir, your affectionate and faithful humble servant, W. WARBURTON.

LETTER XXIV.

To the Rev. Mr. BIRCH.

DEAR SIR, *June* 7, 1739.

I have your kind Letter of the 12th to acknowledge. I have wrote to Cambridge for Baro's papers, which I suppose I shall have by the first convenience of carriage; and then they shall be conveyed to you.

I thank you for the intelligence you give me of *Romaine;* but he has most amazingly betrayed the Scoundrel in his remarks on my publication of his Letter. The owning himself a Rogue so plainly as to confess he was *not in earnest* in the Letter he wrote, is such a hardened confession of villainy as one seldom meets with out of Newgate. But his complaining of my want of *decency* in publishing his Letter without his leave is incomparable. We may expect to hear the same complaint in a little time from our Incendiaries, when their Letters are published *without their leave.* And I do him an honour in the comparison; for they are honester men than this Church Incendiary. They generously declare their enmity, are true to their companions, and commonly better than their word. But this fellow wears the mask of friendship, *betrays* his Brethren, and is kindling a faggot for you, while he pretends to offer incense.

If you could get his Letter, and the N. B. and his reply

reply to it, inserted in the Gentleman's Magazine, I should be much obliged to you. [See p. 109.]

Mr. Coventry's Third Dialogue I have seen. It is a sprightly, polite thing. But, I don't know how it is, that eternal imitation of Shaftesbury's manner of expression (which, though strong and forcible, is stiff and affected) disgusts one. I did not think that the best part of "The Life of *Homer*." As for the rest, Mr. Coventry is a man of extreme good sense. One thing I wonder at is, his following the common notion, that the early Egyptians refined in their Theology about physical entities. This is all a Greek invention, afterwards adopted by the Egyptians under the Greek Monarchs, and by later Platonic Greeks fetched from thence as the true staple ware of Egypt. You know I have touched upon this in my book; but could prove it to demonstration. Vossius and Burnet seem to have misled him: the first, though very learned, had not much acumen; and Burnet, though infinitely ingenious, had but little judgment. A far greater man than these is indeed of the same opinion; namely, Cudworth; but it favoured his darling notion of the Pagans worshiping only one God under various symbols; so he indulged himself in it. It is an error of great importance. Much depends on it. So I don't know but I may have an opportunity of settling the point in my next Volume; though I am not certain whether I shall have room.

I am vexed at Robinson. Mr. Pope sent me word to send him the sheets as they came from the press to correct, because of my absence. But he writes me word, Robinson never sent them. This *inter nos;* for I have wrote to Robinson about it.

What you say of Peck puts me in mind of a good lively thing, *Jerry Ward**, of Trinity, said on one Article of his Proposal, which was this:

* There is no *Jerry* Ward in the List of Graduates. It was probably a *College Nickname*.—Probably *Edward-James* Ward, or *John* Ward, both of Trinity.

C. XVI. *An Attempt of something towards an Epitaph for him* [Milton].

I was reading the Proposals in public company; and, when I came to this article, we were doubtful what he could mean: at length, Jerry Ward explained it, and said, he meant a *grave-stone*.

What you say of "Strafford's Letters" is extremely curious, and I have great reason to think it true. I am glad to hear Thurloe's Papers are so valuable; and so much worth your time to digest. I find the world in great expectation of them.

I am, my dear friend, yours most affectionately,

W. WARBURTON.

LETTER XXV.

To the Rev. Mr. BIRCH.

DEAR SIR, *July* 12, 1739.

I have inclosed Mr. Baker's paper about Baro. Mr. Tunstall*, who sent it me, writes thus: "I have sent you the inclosed from Mr. Baker. He has transcribed these, and many more, into his books; which other particulars if Mr. Birch shall desire, no one is more communicative than Mr. Baker. I read to him the paragraph of your letter, and he shewed an extreme readiness to oblige *your* friend, and sent me the inclosed the next morning; which I reserved to Mr. R's coming. He did not say any thing against a public acknowledgement, so this is left to Mr. Birch's discretion." So far Mr. Tunstall.

The good old gentleman has indeed been very obliging to me on all occasions. He is said to have vast materials in the Historical way, especially Memoirs of Cambridge Learned. If you think it worth your while, as he is so very communicative, you have now an opportunity of beginning a correspondence with him; I dare say it will be well received.

* Of whom see the "Literary Anecdotes, vol. II. p. 166.

The

The people of St. John's almost adore the man; for, as there is much in him to esteem, much to pity, and nothing (but his virtue and learning) to envy; he has all the justice at present done him that few people of merit have till they are dead.

You will find, in Bayle's Article of *Tavernier*, Hyde quoted as accusing him of a plagiary, for stealing from a Latin book of Travels, printed in Germany ten years before, of P. *Gabriel de Chinon*. But, had Hyde had any sense, as he had not, he might easily have seen, from Tavernier himself, that the accusation was unjust. This P. Gabriel de Chinon was Tavernier's particular friend, with whom he left his nephew at Touris, to learn the Turkish and Persian languages. (See the first Volume of his Travels, la Haye, 1718, p. 526.) This Gabriel (in another place I think he tells us) gave him Memoirs of Persia, which I suppose afterwards, and before Tavernier's publication, he himself published in Latin. This is the whole of the mystery, and Tavernier is fairly acquitted. If you have read Herbert's account of the last days of Charles the First's Life, you must remember he tells a story of a diamond seal with the arms of England cut in it. This King Charles ordered to be given to the Prince. I suppose you don't know what became of this seal; but would be surprized to find it afterwards in the Court of Persia. Yet there Tavernier certainly carried it, and offered it to sale, as I certainly collect from these words, p. 541 of the said 1st Volume, "Me souvenant de ce qui étoit arrivé au Chevalier de Reville." He tells us, he told the Prime Minister what was engraved on the diamond was the arms of a Prince of Europe; but, says he, I would not be more particular, remembering the case of *Reville*. Reville's case was this: he came to seek employment under the Sophy, who asked him "where he had served?" He said, "In England, under Charles the First; and that he was a Captain in the Guards."

Guards." "Why did you leave his service?" "He was murdered by cruel Rebels." "And how had you the impudence," says the Sophy, "to survive him?" And so disgraced him.—Now Tavernier was afraid, if he had said the Arms of England had been upon the Seal, this would have occasioned the enquiry into the old story. You will ask how Tavernier got this Seal? I suppose the Prince, in his necessity, sold it to Tavernier, who was at Paris when the English Court was there. What made me recollect Herbert's account, on reading this, was the singularity of an *imprese* cut on a diamond, which Tavernier represents as a most extraordinary rarity. Charles the First, you know, was a great Virtuoso, and delighted particularly in Sculpture and Painting.

I don't know what to make of Robinson's delay in printing the Letters. Pray see that he does not impose on you and me about Mr. Pope's inclination to put my name to it; for, unless he desires it, I won't have my name there.

I have inclosed an additional note for my article of Shakespeare; and am, dear Sir,

Yours most entirely, W. WARBURTON.

LETTER XXVI.

To the Rev. Mr. BIRCH.

DEAR SIR, *Sept.* 10, 1739.

I have the favour of yours of the 4th instant, and am extremely obliged to you for the inclosed "Miscellany." If you was not so good as to send me these things (which it is fit I should see) I question whether those whose business it is would be careful enough to do it. As I sent you the *last* papers on Shakespeare too late, I beg you would send them back to me the first opportunity; for as what I have given you for the *Life* is only a specimen, these last would

would appear with an ill grace in the *Appendix*. If this article of Shakespeare be printed, I desire to know whether the Number in which it is may be bought alone.

I am much obliged to you for the information you gave Mr. Silhouette. Mr. Pope sent me word (*inter nos*) that he would get the Letters translated into French. I wonder whether they be or not. Pray take no notice of this.

Romaine's letter has not, I see, been put into the Magazine [see p. 103]; which, on second thoughts, I am glad of; therefore desire you would give directions to them not to put it in at all.

What Robinson means by sending me *several* copies of Romaine's Letter in his "History," I know not. I do not want any. I desired him indeed to send me two or three copies of my defence of Mr. Pope as soon as printed, because he was for deferring the publication till Michaelmas Term. He said, he believed it would be Mr. Pope's opinion to do so. I bad him follow his opinion whatever it was.

I hate the knavery of Osborne, to give a false title to "Addison's Tract." It is a vile practice among Booksellers. I do not expect much from this tract. I have seen the Letter written by Webster. Whitefield's honesty, as you say, is very conspicuous. I tell you what I think would be the best way of exposing these idle Fanatics—the printing passages out of George Fox's Journal, and Ignatius Loyola, and Whitefield's Journals in parallel columns. Their conformity in folly is amazing. One thing was extremely singular in Loyola: he became, from the modestest fanatic that ever was, the most cold-headed knave, by that time his Society was thoroughly established. The same natural temperature that set his brains on a heat worked off the ferment. The case was so uncommon, that his adversaries thought all his fanaticism pretended. But in this they were certainly mistaken. The surprising

part

part of all was, that his folly and knavery concurred so perfectly to promote his end. I think I have gone a good way towards explaining it, in the latter end of the First Volume of the Divine Legation. If I be not mistaken in Whitefield, he bids fair for acting the second part of Loyola, as he has done the first. I am, dear Sir, your most affectionate humble servant, W. WARBURTON.

P. S. I have got all my letters and papers out of Sir Thomas Hanmer's hands. I was dissatisfied with his treatment of me, the particulars of which you shall know when I see you; so I wrote for my letters and papers, and desired he would not do me the honour to use any part of the contents of any of them in his Edition, if he intended one, because it was a matter of the utmost importance to me. I am now, at every leisure hour, transcribing all my notes and emendations fair into books, to fit them for the press.

LETTER XXVII.

To the Rev. Mr. BIRCH.

DEAR SIR, *Oct.* 25, 1739.

I have the favour of yours of the 16th instant, and shall be obliged to you for the sheets of the article *Shakespeare*. I had got that Number in which it is, from a Country Bookseller; but was obliged to return it back to him, because, when he sent for another of that Number to London, to make up his volume, he could not get one. The sheets will be useful to me, because I have no copy of the papers I sent you.

What you mention of Kimchi's observation of the *Vau's* being either a copulative or a discretive, has been mentioned on occasion of this Vow of Jephthah's by many of the Rabbins and Christian Divines; and that of Exodus, xxi. 15, has been often brought to confirm it. But let us see how this mends the matter — "Whatsoever cometh forth of the

the doors, &c. shall surely be the Lord's, OR I will offer it up for a burnt-offering;" *i. e.* if it was such animal as could by the Law be sacrificed. Now this was a *Devotion;* and by the Law it is ordered, that whatsoever thing was devoted by Vow of Men should not be redeemed, but put to death. Leviticus, xxvii. 29. So what now is got by this observation of Kimchi's, either in justification of Jephthah or the Law? A man could not be offered up to God as a burnt-offering—but as a *Devotion.* However, those who have made use of this criticism on the *Vau* are willing to persuade themselves that *to be the Lord's,* in the former part of this Vow, is meant the being consecrated to God's service in a state of celibacy. But this is a very idle fancy, there being not the least shadow or footstep of any such Consecration in the Jewish History. Besides, the passion of Jephthah on this occasion shews there was something more in this case than a consecration to celibacy. But hear Capellus, the most able and judicious Critic in the Hebrew tongue that ever was in the world: "Neque hinc propterea patet locus effugio eorum qui, quia nolunt Jephthæ filiam fuisse mactatam, sed sacram duntaxat Vestalem factam, si diis placet, verba disjunctim accipiunt *aut vero offeram.* Nam singularis illa ratio sacrandi Dei personam per votum perpetuæ Continentiæ seu Cœlibatûs commentum est ab illis temerè confictum, cujus nullum in totâ Scripturâ comparet vestigium; at de vovendis per Anathema Deo humanis personis, quas sic devotus mori oportuit, plana, aperta, et explicatissima Lex est."

In a word, to vindicate the fundamental constitutions of the Law, and to judge of the actions and characters of its followers, will, I believe, require other helps than observations picked up from the Rabbins. I am in hopes I shall shew this in an interpretation of the command to sacrifice Isaac; and in a vindication of the Law from enjoining human sacrifices. As to Jephthah's case, I am not much solicitous

solicitous about it: for, if the Law be vindicated, what imputation does his action bear against Religion?

I thank you for acquainting me with "Bing's Expedition." I must get it. I am much pleased to hear that Voltaire has published old *Law's** Life. I beg of you that, when the Edition in 8vo comes into England, you would immediately buy one for me, and let me know, that I may see it as soon as possible.

What you say of the "History of Charles the XIIth" is perfectly right. I remember, when that book first came out, a gentleman in town wrote me word of it, with this character, that it was a Romance, or rather half a Romance: all fighting, and no love.

I am glad to hear we shall at last come to some determination about the figure of the Earth. Maupertuis' book, I admire as extremely well wrote.

Was there ever so abandoned a wretch as this *Webster?* Do not you think I served him right? The Letter to him in the General Evening Post of Sept. 22, was wrote *by a Fellow of Jesus in Cambridge, the principal Tutor there* †, and the most amiable man alive. The paper I think an extreme well-reasoned thing; the other was wrote by a Layman in a passion.

I desire you would oblige me with a speedy answer to these two questions. Who is generally supposed to be the Bishop who gave Webster that intelligence, that a great part of the Clergy were settled Infidels?

Who has wrote the best and most exact History of the rise, progress, improvement, &c. of the antient Astronomy? or who has given the best account of that matter? because I want much to see some

* Dr. John Law, of Lauriston, who will long be remembered in France as an able Projector and Financier, died at Venice, in March 1729, in his 58th year. See an ample and satisfactory account of him in Mr. A. Chalmers's Edition of the Biographical Dictionary, vol. XX. p. 86; collected from Wood's History of the Parish of Cramond; the Private Life of Louis XV. translated by Justamond; Voltaire's Siècle de Louis XV; the Historical Dictionary; and Nichols's History of Leicestershire, vol. III. p. 487.

† Who this was, I have not at present discovered. — Could it be Dr. Syan Thirlby?

good

good one, where facts concerning this subject, and dispersed up and down antiquity, are laid together, which saves one a great deal of trouble and search. This is what I want it for.

I wonder I hear nothing of Robinson, and that he has sent me no copies of Mr. Pope's Vindication. Not long since, Mr. Pope wrote to me, to desire he might have a copy as soon as ever it was printed off, because he had spoke to a French gentleman to translate it. I have been looking over *(inter nos)* the 4th Epistle of the Essay on Man; for I have a great inclination to make an analysis of that, to complete the whole. I find this part of my defence of Mr. Pope as difficult, as a confutation of Mr. Crousaz's nonsense and a detection of the Translator's blunders are easy. I do not know whether I can do it to my mind, or whether I shall do it at all; so beg you would keep it secret.

Pray how is my specimen of Shakespeare received? I fancy that project of the Glossary may give some credit to the judgment wherewith the Edition will be discharged. It certainly cuts off a deal of pretence for imaginary corrupt reading, and will be a perpetual comment of itself. This is entirely new; for Shakespeare is extremely singular, no one ever admitting such a latitude in words.

I am, dear Sir, your most affectionate humble servant, W. WARBURTON.

P.S. Pray thank Mr. Gyles for sending me "Filosofia secreta de la Gentilidad." He is the most curious dunce I ever saw; and, had I had him when I wrote my First Volume, I would have made some sport with him, where I speak of Allegorizers of Fables. He finds all these reasonings in the antient fables: "de cinto modos se puede declarar una fabula conviena a saber, *Literal, Alegarico, Anagogico, Tropologico, y Fisico, o Natura.*" He finds no place, you see, for the true interpretation of the fables, the Historical; but, what is more extraordinary, makes

the *Historical* and literal or fabulous all one: "Sentido Literal, que per otro nombre dizen Historico o Parabolico, es lo mismoque suena la letra de la fabula o escritura." W. W.

LETTER XXVIII.

To the Rev. Mr. Birch.

Dear Sir, *Newarke, Dec.* 15, 1739.

I have been a great deal negligent in paying my acknowledgments for your favour of the 6th past; but it was because I spared you, knowing your numerous avocations. Otherwise I am always in the mind of writing to you; if it was only to force an answer; those I receive from you being *the most agreeable Letters I receive,* abstracted from a more considerable circumstance by far—which is, that I consider them *the most friendly.*

I hope Mr. Robinson has given you, in my name, one of the pamphlets of Crousaz. Amongst several other of those little presents, I ordered him to send one to Dr. Mead, as a man to whom all people that pretend to Letters ought to pay their tribute, on account of his great eminence in them, and patronage of them. When you happen to see him, I only beg you would make my compliments to him, and excuse the freedom I used in sending a pamphlet to him.

I repent I did not complete the pamphlet with an analysis of the last Epistle. The truth is, I imagined the publick would be tired both with De Crousaz and me; and perhaps I should be in the right to think so still. However, I have, as I told you before, thought upon it, and have at length done it.

Pray be so good to let me know if you hear any more of Mr. Silhouette's intention of translating them. Perhaps it may be the same man Mr. Pope employs.

Mr.

Mr. Gyles has sent me word, that Webster has published all his papers together, and thinks it proper to do the same by those Newspapers wrote in defence of me. I have returned answer, that it was a matter of utmost indifference to me; but that, if he thought it worth his while, I gave my consent; so I have left it to him to do what he sees proper.

To think I will ever enter into a controversy with the weakest as well as wickedest of all mankind, is a thing impossible. This I shall do indeed in a short Preface to the Second Volume: I shall hang him up and his fellows, as they do vermin in a warren, and leave them to posterity to stink and blacken in the wind. And this I would do was the Pope himself their protector. Other business with them in the way of argument I shall never have any.

I mentioned the Second Volume. It is now in the press. I have received two sheets. Two more are coming, and they cry out for more copy. *Inter nos*, I only write *from hand to mouth*, as we say here; so that an East wind, a fit of the spleen, want of books, and a thousand other accidents, will frequently *make the press stand still**. This will be an inconvenience to Mr. Gyles: but I told him what he was to expect; and his hands are so full of great works, that I may be well spared among the First-rates of the Fleet, and cruize about at my leisure in a lee-shore, safe from Webster, and the rest of the *Guarda de Costas;* and, when good weather and fair traffick invite, put in or out of any little creek or harbour—not but that I propose to finish this Volume sooner than you imagine, if it please God to grant me health and life.

I heartily thank you for your directions about the History of Astronomy, and could have wished you had told me which was the most perfect.

I wish all success to Gronovius's edition of Ælian's "History of Animals," a book much wanted, the

* He well describes the frequent unpleasant situation of a Printer.

editions of that work (the best of Ælian's) being very scurvy ones. How much better would it be for the Society to print this*, than the sophistic stuff of Maximus Tyrius! It is a greater pleasure to me to hear of the new edition of Hippocrates. J. A. Vander Linden's is incorrect and defective: I had occasion to look pretty much into it of late. In shewing the high antiquity of Egyptian learning from the joint testimony of Sacred and Prophane Writers, their art of Medicine is one of the topics I insist on; in which, meeting Shuckford in my way, who in his "Connexion" would explain the Egyptian Medicine quite away, I examine the question to the bottom, confute his idle notions step by step, and shew the rise and progress of antient Medicine; a dissertation which, I fancy, will not be unacceptable to Dr. Mead. I believe this is now printed off.

Pray is Voltaire banished from France? and for what? For "Philosophic Letters?" and what are these Philosophic Letters? Different from those about the English Nation? If so, I have not seen them. But it is time to release you.

I am, my dear friend, your most affectionate and sincere humble servant, W. WARBURTON.

LETTER XXIX.

To the Rev. Mr. BIRCH.

DEAR SIR, *Newarke, Dec.* 30, 1739.

If you will please to deliver those papers of Duke Wharton to Mr. Ch. Sanderson, whose I suppose they were, and which you told me you had bundled up against they were called for, and which I understood were given me, you will very much oblige

Yours most affectionately, W. WARBURTON.

P. S. The fellow has teazed my Brother Twells for them incessantly.

* It was printed for that Society, by Mr. Bowyer, in 1743. See the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. II. pp. 96, 161; vol. V. p. 521.

LETTER

LETTER XXX.

To the Rev. Mr. BIRCH.

DEAR SIR, *Newarke, Jan.* 16, 1739-40.

I heartily thank you for the favour of yours of the 27th past.—When I send up the "Commentary on the last Epistle of the Essay [on Man]" to Robinson, I shall order him to shew it to you.

I have at length got a sight of your Proposals for "Thurloe's Papers." It will be a noble work, and the publick will be extremely indebted to your care and judgment in selecting and digesting these papers. I hope the Chancellor*, if he has any regard to Letters, will shew it, in discharging what the publick owes to you; of whom indeed he and all other great Ministers are but Trustees for that purpose. I believe the flatteries to Chancellors never rose so high as to the three last †; and yet for all that, the last, and perhaps the first, Mæcenas was *Parker*. In a word, I am extremely pleased with the contents of your Proposals; the heads under which you have digested matters. You say, *the whole digested in exact order of time.* I presume you do not mean that every paper upon every subject shall be printed promiscuously according to date; but rather that the whole period included within your materials shall be thrown into Annals, which I think the most exact digestion of method; and that under each year each subject shall have its distinct place; and all the papers relating to that subject be given in the very order of time, that is, according to their date. For instance, under the year 1654. 1. All that relates to home affairs. 2. Foreign Negociations, and all that relate to them. 3. Expeditions of the Fleet. 4. Administration of the Provinces and Plantations. 5. Letters of Spies, Informers, &c.; and so on, as the occurrences of the year, or

* Philip Yorke, Lord Hardwicke, afterwards Earl. See p. 118.

† Parker Earl of Macclesfield, Lord King, and Lord Talbot.

your

your Collection of Papers will bear. I am well sensible this will make the digestion much more operose, because some papers, as letters, treat of many different matters, and it will be difficult sometimes to know under what class they should be put. But this, dear Sir, and the use resulting from this method, are the very reasons I would put you upon it; because, in my opinion, it will be so much more for the reputation of the Editor to digest them into these kind of Annals. And I would not have those friends who have promised you what was fitting, in their interest with the Chancellor*, have any pretence for not serving you with warmth; but, on the contrary, have still greater reason than they imagined to persuade our Great Men, that their honour is concerned in rewarding a Man of Letters so useful to the Publick. I am sensible I talk without book, as having never seen those Collections; but my zeal for your interest and reputation would not suffer me to be silent in a matter where I imagine it much concerned. I will not wrong your friendship so much, to think this needs any apology. Only I desire it may all pass as said *inter nos*; and I assure you, that whatever method you pursue, will be fully satisfactory to me, as I shall certainly conclude it the result of your maturest judgment; and what is so, I am sure, will be best.

I am, dear Sir, your most affectionate friend and sincere humble servant, W. WARBURTON.

LETTER XXXI.

To the Rev. Mr. BIRCH.

DEAR SIR, *Newarke, March* 31, 1740.

I received, with great pleasure, the favour of yours of the 15th instant.

I am much obliged to you for your concern for my health. I hope I have conquered my indisposi-

* Lord Hardwicke soon after presented Mr. Birch, successively, to several preferments; and was, through life, his steady friend.

tion

tion by an immeasurable quantity of the bark; and that I shall be set quite right by a change of air, which I meditate in a London journey soon after Easter. I am much indebted to you for your accounts of new books and projects; and laughed heartily at that you gave me of the renowned Mr. Peck; for, not long before, Mr. Gyles and I speaking of the noble collection for a "Life of Cromwell" in the Papers of Thurloe, I said, "it would be difficult to find a Writer equal to the subject; and that therefore, as the Sea Captain lately wanted the Devil to lend us Cromwell to humble Spain, so he should see if he could prevail with him to lend him Milton to write Cromwell's Life." One would imagine Peck had heard of our conversation, and had fallen to his *old trade* of conjuring; for I know not how else he could get the Life he promises.

I never heard of Dr. Turnbull *, nor his book, before your account of it.

I have sent up my Commentary on Mr. Pope's Fourth Epistle, which is now in Mr. Robinson's hands, who has my orders to shew it to you.

I was told, for I can see but few Newspapers, that your Society for the Encouragement of Learning had given their fund to the new Hospital for Bastards †. If this be true, and that this branch of Natural Philosophy is to be encouraged at the expence of all the other Arts and Sciences, I could wish your Royal Society would follow their example, and send a proper detachment of their Antient Members, to stock that noble foundation with able Nurses; the want of which in Parishes has, it seems, defeated the sufficient provision the Law has made for Foundlings, and afforded one of the most plausible arguments for this erection.

I fancy we shall have something curious in Dr. Stukeley's "Stonehenge ‡." I believe the drawing

* Dr. Geo. Turnbull. See "Literary Anecdotes," vol. VI. 219.

† The Foundling Hospital, then in its infant state.

‡ See before, p. 57.

of

of every stone will be very exact. There has been a long enmity between Peck and him — whether it was that these two Antiquaries, as was said of Hopkins and Sternhold, envied one another's flights. However, I hear they are happily reconciled—

——— Paribus quas fulgere cernis in armis
Concordes animæ nunc* ———

And now I am got upon the subject of Antiquity, to shew you we are not quite barbarians in Lincolnshire, I must tell you, that the other day was discovered, at Lincoln, 15 feet under ground, a fine Roman Hypocaust.

I received a Letter, not long since, from Mr. Baxter †, of Dun's Castle. I had not heard from him for a considerable time; which was occasioned by a cold he got by an odd accident about a year ago, and which has had such a variety of terrible consequences, that he despairs ever of recovering his wonted health, and is afraid he shall never recover the use of some of his limbs. This gives me a very sensible concern, both on his own account, and for that of Letters, of which he is so great an ornament. What cargoes in every profession would it have been gain to the publick to have disabled in exchange for him! but — *Dis aliter visum.* — He tells me, his Translation of *Matho* is finished, and that he has added to it, at my desire, a physical explication of the Planets and Comets, describing the Elliptical Orbits round the Sun: which, I told him, I had never seen well explained.

I took a thing very kindly of Mr. James Bettenham. If you are acquainted with him, you may let him know as much. He was the Printer of Mr. Romaine's Sermon; who (as Mr. Gyles told me), when he came to Mr. Bettenham with his answer to my publication of his Letter, to have it printed, Mr. Bettenham told him, "it was a knavish business, and he would have nothing to do with it;" or something to that effect. This, as it is the mark of

* Virgil, Æn. VI. 826. † Of Mr. Andrew Baxter see p. 74.

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an honest man, I take so well of him, that I shall certainly think myself obliged to serve him on any fair occasion when it is in my power.

I lately received a letter from Dr. Doddridge, of Northampton, in which he gave me a long account of Count Zinzendorf and his Church near Frankfort. He keeps a kind of correspondence with the Count, and transcribed one of Zinzendorf's Letters to him, by which I find him and his Church to be as great Enthusiasts as the Methodists, and of much the same species.

I have been lately reading the Trials and last Behaviour of the Regicides. They were mostly, you know, Enthusiasts; but, what surprized me, of the same kind with the Methodists; and bottomed all on their grand principle, Regeneration; for, when it was objected to them that the Jesuit Traitors had the same extacies and overflowings of joy in the spirit, they replied, "Yea, but not on our principle: theirs was Enthusiasm, ours the real fruits of the Spirit." I began to collect their flowers, the very counterpart of Whitefield's, and intended to have thrown them into a pamphlet in two columns; then drawn some general conclusions: as, that, the effect being the same, the cause must be so. The wicked actions of the Regicides will not suffer us to think their spirit was of God. The moral lives of the Methodists will not suffer us to think theirs of the Devil. What is left but to conclude both a natural Enthusiasm? Though the Methodists ought not to be persecuted, yet that the Clergy are right in giving no encouragement to this spirit, appears from the dismal effects it produced amongst the Fanatics in Charles the First's time, who began with the same meekness and humility with these. A pamphlet, something in this way, I thought, would well expose the Methodists; yet, when I considered the method some Churchmen have used in writing against them, I expected no good from such a kind of pamphlet, and so laid the thoughts of it aside *.

* He resumed it, many years after, in his "Doctrine of Grace."

I am,

I am, dear Sir, your most affectionate friend and humble servant, W. WARBURTON.

LETTER XXXII.

To the Rev. Mr. BIRCH.

DEAR SIR, *Newarke, July* 19, 1740.

I am much obliged to you for the favour of yours. I will not tell you my sentiments of your Friend's Book, because he is your friend. And as to his name and quality*, I do not desire to know it, nor would I. He has given us his book, and by that alone I must measure him, if ever I do take notice of him. It was an aggravation to Job's misfortune, that his *Adversaries would not write a book.* If I should esteem it a misfortune to have such Adversaries as have hitherto appeared against me, I have at least had this pleasure, that they will *write*—no great pleasure indeed if I were obliged to *answer.* When a man like Webster shews neither common sense nor common honesty, he must expect no notice to his arguments. But this Writer, for one single instance of honesty, methinks, should not go without his reward. It is where he owns I only extended the disbelief of a Future State to the Philosophers. However, this Writer's espousing the cause of Heathen Philosophy so warmly, will perhaps have this good effect, that the Bigots on the other side of the question (for there are Bigots on both) may be induced to think less favourably of it. For my part, nothing can induce me to think more or less favourably of things or persons, but the appearance of Truth; a rule, I hope, I shall never depart from, though this Writer has probably taken it for granted, it was not at all in my view in writing "The Divine Legation." I am ashamed and sorry this

* By the next Letter it appears that this was John Tillard, esq.; of whom see the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. II. p. 154; vol. V. p. 572.

subject

subject has taken up so much of a Letter, as it is the least agreeable, I dare say, both to you and myself.

I am, dear Sir, with the greatest sincerity,

Your very affectionate humble servant,

W. WARBURTON.

LETTER XXXIII.

For the Rev. Mr. BIRCH.

DEAR SIR, *Newarke*, [*April*...1741.]

I am extremely obliged to you for your last entertaining Letter, and the more so as you found time to remember an old friend in the midst of such constant and fatiguing business.

It is a poor prevarication in the Author of "Future Rewards and Punishments, &c." to say he did not mean me, p. 164, 5. For who but the Author of "The Divine Legation" ever asserted that none of the Greek Philosophers (except Socrates) believed a future state of rewards and punishments; which is the point he is there upon. It will, I believe, appear to those who have read his book an odd kind of apology to say, if this be understood of me, he must have contradicted himself. One of the principles of his book seems to be, that the Philosophers could not contradict themselves; and this, methinks, was very well. But now the privilege is extended to their Defender.

But, as the man is your Friend, and has made himself my Enemy, without any manner of provocation unless it be by my "Dedication to the Freethinkers," of which number he is certainly a determined one, I hold it best for the future we preserve a perfect silence by consent respecting him.

Dr. Middleton you have in town, I imagine, by this time; and his book in every body's hands *. It is a pity it should come out in the shade, and eclipsed,

* His "Life of Cicero."

as

as it were, by the mighty splendour of *the great Eusebius*, which I find has got the start of him. Is this *second* dose more palatable than the *first* * ? or is it as rough in taste, and potent in operation, as the other? It is well his adversary is a Physician † as well as a Philosopher, and so in both capacities must be accustomed to prefer the *utile* to the *dulce*.

I have just now read over Mr. Ward's "Lives of the Professors of Gresham College," and it is indeed what you say of it—but you had quite forestalled him in all his best articles ‡.

LETTER XXXIV.

To the Rev. Mr. Birch.

Dear Sir, *Newarke, Aug.* 12, 1741.

I will not stand enquiring whether I am writing to a debtor or a creditor, as I am confident I am writing to a friend. However this account may stand between us, I am sure I owe you this, and more, for the civilities I received from you when last in town.

I suppose the good Bishop of Derry § is, by this, returned to Ireland. Pray, when you write to him, make my best compliments to him.

I believe I forgot to tell you, when in town, that Dr. Zachary Grey is about giving a new edition of Hudibras. He spoke to Mr. Tunstall, to desire him to get what I had on that author for him; and, purely to oblige the latter, I had transcribed the mar-

* Dr. John Chapman, who in 1738 had published the first volume of "Eusebius," a defence of Christian Piety against the objections of Thomas Morgan's "Moral Philosopher," brought out the *second volume* in January 1740-1, a few weeks only before the appearance of Dr. Middleton's "Life of Cicero."

† Dr. Thomas Morgan; see before, p. 70.

‡ The inclosure of this Letter is torn off.

§ Dr. Thomas Rundle.

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gins of my book for him, excepting what relates to the History of those times, which Grey, I supposed, was perfectly versed in. You know the man; but I could not deny a friend.

I am preparing to give a new edition of my "Vindication of Mr. Pope," corrected and enlarged. You know how hastily and carelessly it was written; and I find by experience the truth of that medical aphorism — that an error in the first concoction can never be thoroughly amended.

I had forgot to desire your acceptance of one of the second edition of my "Alliance." I beg you will desire Mr. Gyles to give you one in my name. You will see in the title-page I have made a fair challenge. But what would you think of a Frenchman sanguine enough to endeavour to reconcile those principles with the principles of the Gallican Church? Yet this Mr. Silhouette had endeavoured to do, by bringing a great number of quotations from Da Marca and Bossuet, their two best Writers on that subject.

My best respects to good Dr. Pellet *.

I am, dear Sir, your most affectionate, humble servant, W. WARBURTON.

LETTER XXXV.

For the Rev. Mr. BIRCH.

DEAR SIR, *Newarke, Oct.* 14, 1741.

I have your favour of the 18th of August to acknowledge. I know your constant avocations, and would not interrupt you with impertinent Letters.

I am much pleased that you have the care of Lord Orrery's book. I believe it will be in all respects a noble one, and worthy of the noble Author, whose politeness, humanity, and good sense, I have enter-

* Thomas Pellet, M. D. President of the College of Physicians.

tained

tained a very high idea of, from the honour I had of his conversation at Mr. Pope's. I beg, when you see him, you would present my most humble services to him *.

Dr. Middleton has sent me his new edition of his "Letter from Rome," in the Postscript of which I am obliged to him. As for the question between us, I am only the more confirmed in my own opinion; though I do not know that I shall answer his Postscript, unless I find the publick thinks there is more in it than I do; for I would willingly sacrifice something to Friendship. However, whether I do or not answer the Postscript, we shall give the publick an example in this dispute, that Friends may differ in opinion without any abatement in their mutual esteem, or any interruption in the commerce of Friendship.

You know I had accused Abbé Pluche of plagiarism. A Letter on that subject was sent me from him to a friend in London by an unknown hand. It will assist in the further *unmasking* of him; which I shall certainly do, for he is, as one of his countrymen once said to me, *un frank Cagot*.

Mr. Wray † has been in this country, and is returned to Cambridge. I told him I should write to you, and he desired his compliments.

I see by the Newspapers Julius Bate ‡ has wrote something against me; but I forswear reading anything of his §. I am, dear Sir, your very affectionate humble servant, W. WARBURTON.

* The work on which Mr. Birch was then engaged was, "State Letters of Roger Boyle, first Earl of Orrery," published in 1742. —Mr. Warburton, when he wrote this Letter, seems to have supposed that they were those of the Lord Orrery with whom Pope was acquainted; a strange misapprehension in such a man.

† Daniel Wray, esq. See before, p. 100.

‡ Of whom see the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. III. p. 53.

§ Whom, however, he condescended to notice in the Preface to the Second Volume of the Divine Legation.

LETTER XXXVI.

To the Rev. Mr. Birch.

DEAR SIR, *Newarke, Aug.* 18, 1742.

I received the favour of your very agreeable Letter of the 10th. You are very excusable in your silence, for such an idle correspondence as mine has no pretence to be supported but in full leisure from business. You are always engaged in some useful work, for which the publick is much indebted to you.

I am particularly pleased that you are preparing a new edition of *Cudworth*. I wish the project may be as beneficial to the bookseller, as it will be to the publick. The fate of the volume was odd enough, you know, at first, and more so in the progress: about 30 years ago it might have been bought for a crown. Besides the clamour of Bigots, that kind of learning was not in vogue when the book was first published. But the principal reason of its after-neglect was, the voluminous way of treating every head of his subject, and the rough, unpleasing, unpolished, unspirited style of his English. The book is in English words, it is true; but it is as impossible a mere English reader should understand him, as if he had wrote in Latin. This defect a Foreigner could not see, and so consequently not be offended with; on which account it was highly admired by Le Clerc, when he first got acquainted with it. All his Translations from the Greek Writers are wonderfully exact, and a vast judgment and penetration in general in explaining their sense. His plastic Life of Nature is fairly and fully analysed by Bayle in his dispute on that point with Le Clerc, over whom his superiority in that dispute is clear and indisputable. I examined this controversy critically, and extracted the whole force of Bayle's argumentation against the plastic

Life

Life of Nature, and have sent you a transcript of it*, not knowing but it might be of service to you. The transcriber does not understand French; so there may be some little mistakes; but I have not time to look it over. — You know the clamour against him was for bringing out all the strength of Atheism. He seems to have been sensible that he was in danger of it, by this circumstance in his last chapter, where he heaps up all kinds of metaphysical arguments, good and bad, for the being of a God; which, though it has increased the bulk, has certainly weakened the strength of this famous chapter. But he seems to have had a mind it should bear some proportion in bulk to the rest of the book, for the reasons aforesaid.

The Bishop of Salisbury† told me, "that his son (I think he said) offered to give the publick, either a second volume, or the remainder of this Work, in case they would give him a Prebend of Westminster." As I understood, this offer was made to the governing Churchmen, but was rejected; and the son destroyed or kept the MS. I told the Bishop, "it was a pity but he had been complied with." He said, "his character was bad." I replied, "that I thought this the only excusable cause of conferring preferment unworthily." But I tell my story very imperfectly. You, perhaps, may know more of it. However, if this was true, as I doubt it not, considering my Author, it should not be forgotten on many accounts. Bayle would have made a good article of such a circumstance; and so can you, if you will.

His "Treatise concerning eternal and immutable Morality" is one of those works, where a system is pushed to an extravagance, which I took notice of in the first Book of the "Divine Legation," where I speak of the true foundation of Morality; and

* Copied from Bayle's "Ouvres divers," tom. IV. p. 183; and tom. III. p. 883, 886—887, 891—892.

† Dr. Thomas Sherlock, afterwards Bp. of London.

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this Author I had principally in my mind, where I speak of those who place it in "the eternal relations" exclusively, though out of regard to him I would not mention his name, nor mark him out, as I did the other two, Shaftesbury and Mandevile, for the "moral sense," and "will," exclusively. For the rest, this Treatise has all the marks and *moles* of the Author, and is full of all the profound learning of the "Intellectual System."

His "Discourse on the Sacrament" is certainly a master-piece in its kind. He has undoubtedly given the true nature and idea of it, and supported it with all his learning.

I shall be in London next week, only for a day or two; and hope I may have the fortune to see you, being, with all truth, dear Sir, your most affectionate and faithful humble servant, W. WARBURTON.

LETTER XXXVII.

To the Rev. Mr. BIRCH.

DEAR SIR, *Newarke, Jan.* 18, 1742-3.

I am extremely obliged to you for the fine Edition of Cudworth: it is infinitely more useful than the first. I am sure you have your hands full yet with the "Characters" of Mr. Knapton's Heads*; which deprives me of the pleasure of hearing of you, and consequently of any literary news.

Mr. Tunstall is rather exasperated than dismayed with the stroke he has received from Dr. Middleton; therefore expect a bloody fight. I live in peace, now the redoubtable Dr. Morgan † is dead; and, for my amusement, from time to time go on in preparing Shakespeare for the press. I am in hopes that, in a little time, Sir Thomas Hanmer's plates

* Houbraken's "Heads of Illustrious Persons."

† See before, p. 70.

will be of so little use to any other purpose—that I may get them for my Edition, as Mr. Pope did those of Ogilby's Homer for his.

I hear the University intend to open a subscription *; but sure they will not do that which has been adjudged below *my* character to do.

My best respects to Mr. Knapton; and tell him, I pardon him for his silence on the same account I pardon you. Adieu, dear Sir, and believe me,

Your very affectionate humble servant,

W. WARBURTON.

LETTER XXXVIII.

To the Rev. Mr. BIRCH.

DEAR SIR, *Newarke, March* 26, 1743.

I take the liberty to inclose a letter to Mr. Wray, which I beg you will give him if in town. If not, I desire you to open it, and to do me the favour therein requested, of buying a few books at Osborne's sale.

I am, with great truth, dear Sir, your most affectionate humble servant, W. WARBURTON.

LETTER XXXIX.

To the Rev. Mr. BIRCH, at his house, in Norfolk-street †, the Strand.

DEAR SIR, *Bedford-row, Oct.* .... 1749.

I thank you for the favour of your fine Discourse ‡, which, on coming to town, I found here left for me.

I shall be glad to wait on you here, whenever your leisure will permit you, to deliver Mrs. Cockburn's

* For Sir Thomas Hanmer's Shakespeare.

† See in vol. I. p. 75, a Poem by Mr. Wray, on Mr. Birch's removal to that house.

‡ "A Sermon on the Proof of the Wisdom and Goodness of God, from the Frame and Constitution of Man, preached before the College of Physicians, in consequence of Lady Sadlier's Will, 1749."

papers

papers into your hands. Her memory, as well as her family, will be greatly indebted to you, for this generous and charitable purpose you have so much for their interest. I esteem it an obligation likewise on, Sir, your very faithful humble servant,

W. WARBURTON.

LETTER XL.

To the Rev. Mr. BIRCH.

DEAR SIR, *Bedford-row, Feb.* 13, 1749-50.

Not having yet had the pleasure of seeing you, and being on the point of returning into the country, I take the liberty of troubling you with the inclosed. It is what Mr. Allen intends for his subscription to Mrs. Cockburn's Book, for the benefit of her daughter. He would have but one copy of the Large Paper.

I am, Sir, your faithful and obedient humble servant, W. WARBURTON.

LETTER XLI.

To the Rev. Mr. BIRCH.

DEAR SIR, *Bedford-row, April* 22, 1751.

Mr. Knapton just gave me a sight of Mrs. Cockburn's Works. In the Second Volume, at p. 339, l. 7, there is a particularity that you may imagine I should be well pleased to have omitted. If this leaf could be canceled, and re-printed without it, which is fitter for a newspaper, it would give me much pleasure: though I am sorry to give you the trouble; being, dear Sir, your most affectionate and faithful servant, W. WARBURTON.

LETTER XLII.

To the Rev. Dr. Birch.

Dear Sir, *Bedford-row, April* 17, 1753.

Mr. Heathcote, to whom, I told you, I should offer the Assistant-preachership, receives it with much satisfaction; which will save you the trouble you was so good to undertake for me: for which, and for many other civilities and acts of friendship, I am much your debtor; and, I hope, not an ungrateful one.—I have too much value for your noble present of Tillotson's Life *, not to desire to compleat it, with the Additions. When you think of it, be so good to order your Bookseller to send the Additions to me by Hitch, in Leake's parcel.

I am, dear Sir, with true esteem, your very affectionate and faithful servant, W. Warburton.

LETTER XLIII.

To the Rev. Dr. Birch.

Dear Sir, *Prior Park, Jan.* 3, 1754.

I have received your very valuable present of the "Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth," and return you my best thanks for the pleasure and instruction they afford me. They are full of curious anecdotes; and I set more value on one material historical anecdote, than on twenty new hypotheses in Philosophy, or a hundred good criticisms.

I hear at last we are to have Bolingbroke's crudities. I know they cannot fail of being well answered: but that will be a poor satisfaction for the mischiefs that an irreligious book does amongst the weak heads and bad hearts of the people.

* "Your account of your labouring through Birch [the Life of Tillotson] made me smile. I will assure you, he has here done his best, and topt his part. As to the Archbishop, he was certainly a virtuous, pious, humane, and moderate man; which last quality was a kind of rarity in those times."

Letter to Mr. Hurd, Dec. 15, 1752.

Browne's

Browne's * Poem of *the Soul* is, I think, a very pretty performance, and gives me the more pleasure, as it seems to be a mark of the Author's growing serious. It must have more than common merit to be read with pleasure after the *Anti-Lucretius* †, which I think incomparably the best work of the kind since the age of Augustus; and had it not been alloyed with some of the worst parts of Cartesianism, as well as enriched with the best, it would have been the greatest master-piece of reasoning and poetry the world ever saw. As it is, I infinitely prefer it to all the modern Latin Poems put together.

Mr. Charles Yorke has disappointed us all here in the midst of our expectations; and I take up the Anti-Lucretius as the next best *succedaneum* to his company. I am, dear Sir, with the truest esteem, your most faithful and affectionate humble servant,

W. WARBURTON.

LETTER XLIV.

To the Rev. Dr. BIRCH.

DEAR SIR, *Prior Park, Dec.* 17, 1755.

I this moment received a letter from Dr. Attwell, of Gloucester, in which are these words (speaking of Mr. Wolley, one of the Prebendaries, and of his own journey to Norwich, for which he is now setting out): "I believe I shall never see him alive again after this day. He came hither from Bath, with a cold, and a swoln face; the Physician treated it as an erysypelas; but it proves a carbuncle, and will probably put an end to his life, before I shall reach Norwich."

* "De Animi Immortalitate," by Isaac Hawkins Browne, esq. 1754.—Of this gentleman, it was said by Dr. Johnson, "that he was one of the first Wits of the country; got into Parliament, and never opened his mouth."

† This elegant Latin Poem, which refutes the system and doctrine of Epicurus, was written by Melchior de Polignac, a celebrated French Cardinal; but was not published till 1747, six years after the Author's death. See some Translations in Gent. Mag. vol. XVIII. p. 218; vol. XXIII. pp. 386. 438. 486. 532.

I know

I know nothing of your views, nor your friends' views for you: but my friendship for you would not suffer me to neglect acquainting you with the circumstance, as timely as I had it.

All here desire to be kindly remembered to you.

I am, dear Sir, your very affectionate and faithful humble servant, W. WARBURTON.

LETTER XLV.

To the Rev. Dr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *London, Dec.* 20, 1755.

Your letter of the 17th is such an instance of your friendship and zeal for me, that I could not pardon myself if I were to omit one post before I returned you my most sincere acknowledgments for it. The information contained in Dr. Atwell's letter to you will indeed be of no use to me, as I have never had the least intimation from my friends of any further design in my favour; and, after having received one very considerable obligation from them, I cannot think of asking a second. But mine to you for this new proof of your kindness is the same as if what you wish for me should take place.

I desire you to make my most respectful compliments to Mr. Allen and the Ladies; and am, dear Sir, your most obliged, and most affectionate humble servant, THO. BIRCH.

LETTER XLVI.

To the Rev. Dr. BIRCH.

DEAR SIR, *Prior Park, April* 15, 1756.

I was surprized at a scandalous paper in the Evening Advertizer, sent me by Mr. Millar. I shewed it to Dr. Brown, who is, it seems, Bower's friend, and told him I thought it incumbent on him to vindicate himself from being the author. It is made up, like a tailor's bill, of *buckram* and

stay-

stay-tape; that is to say, of bombast and sophistry. But the abuse of the English Clergy in general, for their subscription, is beyond measure impudent. The author of "The Lives of the Popes*" is described as one of the best writers of the age, and a kind of public blessing. That work, and his money-transactions with the Jesuits, make me regard him as a scribbler and an impostor. But if any man will shew me one unknown fact discovered, or one new argument invented against the usurpations of the Roman See; or but one good reason why he should choose to lay out his all on an annuity for life, of that Order of Men who were seeking his death, and who, we know, seldom miss when they aim at a man's throat:—if, I say, any man will shew me these things, I will readily confess him to be a Genius and a Saint; and that he may in time become a Martyr.

As I am well assured that nothing but a generous abhorrence of iniquity induced you to concern yourself in this matter, I am not displeased that the insolence and prevarication of this paper are likely to get it canvassed to the bottom; for, if the man be guilty of a criminal correspondence, it is fit he should be thoroughly detected; and if he appear to you to be innocent, I am confident you will be amongst the first to proclaim it to the world.

I am, dear Sir, with much esteem, your very faithful humble servant, W. WARBURTON.

LETTER XLVII.

To the Rev. Dr. BIRCH.

DEAR SIR, *Prior Park, April* 12, 1758.

The inclosed is from a very worthy Remonstrant Minister of the Church at Haerlem in Holland. I need not explain it to you. Some of their inveterate

* Archibald Bower.

enemies

enemies of the Established Church have published a Translation of a book of that foul-mouthed fellow, *Owen*, against them. What they want to know is, whether it be a Translation of a real Book of Owen's? and, if so, what answer it had, at that time, from our Remonstrants.

As I know no one who so well understands our Literary History, and no one is so communicative and ready to oblige your friends as yourself; I take the liberty to request this favour of you, that you would let us know what there is in this matter; and where the books enquired after may be found, that I may get them, and send them to my Correspondent: for it is a public quarrel; and both the Gods and Cato, I suppose, would here take the same side.

I am, dear Sir, with the truest esteem, your most affectionate and faithful humble servant,

W. WARBURTON.

P. S. Be so good, if you can convey word to Mr. Heathcote, to tell him I do not come to town this Term. All here are much yours.

LETTER XLVIII.

To the Rev. Dr. BIRCH.

DEAR SIR, *Grosvenor-square, Friday morning, Feb.* 1, 1760.

Last night I had the pleasure of reading your very excellent Dedication, with Mr. Solicitor*. We are agreed that it does both you and your Royal Patron great honour. We think too it will be very acceptable at that Court, as the curious History† it precedes will be to the publick in general. This morning I received from you this very valuable present, for which I hold myself greatly indebted to your friendship. I am, dear Sir, with the truest affection, your very faithful and obedient humble servant,

W. GLOUCESTER.

* Mr. Charles Yorke.

† "The Life of Henry Prince of Wales, eldest son of James I."

LETTER

LETTER XLIX.

To the Rev. Dr. BIRCH.

DEAR SIR, *Grosvenor-square, Dec.* 5, 1760.

Last night I had an opportunity to see Dr. Brown, and told him all the Bp. of Durham * had said to me. He confessed it was true, that he was in a sort of negotiation for an exchange of Newcastle; and that the reason of his keeping it a secret from me was a point of delicacy, least I should be supposed to have been one of his advisers. I said, he had carried his declared resignation of Horkesley too far to retract; and that he would dishonour himself by such a proceeding. After having disputed this point, he concluded by assuring me he would do nothing finally but to the entire satisfaction of all the parties concerned. What he means by this I will not undertake to say. Thus far I went, for the sake of his honour, and your service; and am, dear Sir, your very faithful and affectionate humble servant, W. GLOUCESTER.

LETTER L.

To the Lord Bishop of CARLISLE †.

MY LORD, *London, Norfolk-street, Dec.* 6, 1760.

The importance of the subject of this Letter with regard to myself, together with a just suspicion that your Lordship has not been thoroughly informed by Dr. Brown of the fact, and my Lord Royston's desire that I should state it at large, will, I hope, be a sufficient apology for the trouble which I now give your Lordship.

* Hon. Dr. Richard Trevor.

† Dr. Richard Osbaldeston, afterwards Bp. of London.

In

In August last, a considerable time after the vacancy of the Vicarage of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and the offer of it by your Lordship to Dr. Brown had been inserted in several of the public papers, he wrote to my Lord Royston, to give that *early notice*, as he styled it, of his resolution to accept of that living; and to vacate the Rectory of Great Horkesley in Essex; but that it would not be convenient to him to do so till October. He wrote to the same purpose to the Solicitor-General. His Lordship, on the 1st of July, upon the prospect of the vacancy of Horkesley, at the known declarations of Dr. Brown of his intentions to quit it for Newcastle, of which he made no secret, had been so good to me, as to offer me the disposal of that Rectory, in order for an exchange for some living compatible with mine in the City *. But his Lordship, as well as myself, was surprized by another Letter from the Doctor, dated Sept. 17, acquainting him that "a circumstance had arisen, which had rendered it doubtful whether he should be put in possession of Newcastle:" but that, "whenever he had formed such resolutions, as might certainly lead to that event, he would not fail to acquaint his Lordship with them." Accordingly, on the 4th of October, he wrote again to Lord Royston, and to Mr. Solicitor-General, to inform them, that he should accept the Vicarage of Newcastle, and consequently vacate Horkesley, in November. His Letter to his Lordship is not at present at hand, but was to the same effect, and nearly in the same words, as that to the Solicitor-General; of which the following is an exact copy:

"SIR, *Oct.* 4, 1760.

"I have now the pleasure to acquaint you, that the circumstance which occasioned my late hesita-

* Dr. Birch effected an exchange of Horkesley, in Essex, with Dr. John Cock, for the Rectory of Depden in the same County. See the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. V. p. 285.

tion

tion concerning the Vicarage of Newcastle is now no more; and that I regard it as *an event as certain as any futurity can be*, that I shall be instituted to that living as soon as the Bishop of Durham comes to London, which will probably be about the middle of November. I inform Lord Royston of this by the same post; and am, with all true regard, Sir, Your very obliged and obedient servant, J. BROWN."

My Lord Royston, upon the receipt of Dr. Brown's Letter to himself of that date, wrote to me from Wimpole, on the 9th of October, that the Doctor had at last notified, that he should receive institution into Newcastle about the middle of November. His Lordship therefore hoped that I would immediately set to work upon the negotiation for an exchange of Horkesley, about which I had before received several proposals, and one so advantageous, that I was resolved to accept it as soon as it should be in my power.

On Wednesday, November 12, Dr. Brown called upon me at my house, and informed me, that he had lodged his presentation to the Vicarage of Newcastle with the Bishop of Durham; that his instruments for institution into it were preparing: that he was going the next day, I think, to Horkesley, for his Letters of Orders: and that he should take institution into Newcastle on the Tuesday following. He expressed his satisfaction in the advantage which I was to receive from his quitting Horkesley, and desired me to recommend him to his successor there for the disposal of some goods of his in the rectory-house.

I discovered afterwards that he had not taken institution on the Tuesday following, which had likewise been appointed for that purpose; but that, as the Living was to lapse on that day sevennight, he had desired some farther time of the Bishop of Durham. This gave me and my friends a suspicion, that

that he was looking out for an exchange for Newcastle; which was fully confirmed by a card which he sent on Tuesday last, in these very words:

"*Tuesday, December 2.*

"Dr. Brown presents his compliments to Dr. Birch; and acquaints him, that a very unexpected overture has lately been made, which will prevent any final determination concerning the Vicarage of Newcastle for some little time. This, at present, is entirely a secret; but Dr. Brown was desirous of hinting this to Dr. Birch as far as he could with propriety: and therefore relies on Dr. Birch's honour, that it will not be made known to any but those whom it may most nearly concern."

My Lord Royston, who had on Sunday last been informed of the Doctor's hesitating to vacate Horkesley, went on Tuesday morning, before I had received the Doctor's card, to the Bishop of Durham; and, not meeting with his Lordship at home, left a Letter for him, giving some account of Dr. Brown's engagement to quit Horkesley, and inclosed in that Letter one of the Doctor's. The Bishop returned the visit the next morning, and mentioned to Lord Royston his having granted further time to the Doctor; but declared himself entirely ignorant of the circumstances of the facts mentioned by Lord Royston, Dr. Brown not having given the Bishop the least hint of them. The Bishop, however, promised to send for the Doctor, and talk to him on the subject.

Such being the real case, I shall leave it to your Lordship's judgment, whether Dr. Brown has not, by his repeated promises, precluded himself from all right of continuing at Horkesley, to my great disappointment and prejudice? and whether he ought to be allowed to attempt to falsify those promises, by going on to traffic for so important and valuable a cure as that of Newcastle with the best bidder?

I am,

I am, with the highest regard, my Lord, your Lordship's most obedient and most humble servant,

THO. BIRCH.

LETTER LI.

To the Rev. Dr. BIRCH.

DEAR SIR, *Grosvenor-square, Dec.* 9, 1760.

Dr. Brown was here last night; and said, that yesterday he was at the Bishop of Durham's "to appoint the time for institution: so you may look upon that business as well over. I heartily give you joy of it; and am your truly affectionate friend and faithful servant,

W. GLOUCESTER.

LETTER LII.

To the Rev. Dr. BIRCH.

DEAR SIR, *Prior Park, Nov.* 17, 1762.

It gives me much pleasure that my little Book* is approved of by one whose judgment I so much value.

You could not have told me any news more agreeable to me than of a new Book† from you; nor of any present more acceptable than such a testimony of your friendship. I love your Books, because they bear the image of your heart, your integrity, your candour, and equity. I esteem them, because they have the strong stamp of your mind, your good judgment, and critical acumen.

I shall, in a few days, be setting forward for town. In what disposition I shall find it, I do not know. As a Churchman, I pray for Peace; as a Man, I rejoice in this cessation from human slaughter; as a Briton, I shall submit my judgment to my betters, and especially to that which is best of all,

* The "Doctrine of Grace."

† "Letters, Speeches, Charges, Advices, &c. of Francis Bacon, Lord Viscount St. Alban, Lord Chancellor of England."

the

the Wisdom of Parliament. For as to the political advantages accruing from it to Great Britain, or the disadvantages, if any, I know but as much, and no more (which is indeed nothing) than the Party Libellers on both sides; who have just taught me this as they came in my way in the common newspapers, that they are equally the disgrace of Letters and human nature.

I am, dear Sir, with the truest esteem, your most affectionate and faithful humble servant,

W. GLOUCESTER.

All the family desire their kindest remembrance to you.

LETTER LIII.

To the Rev. Dr. BIRCH.

DEAR SIR, *Grosvenor-square, Dec.* 13, 1762.

This inclosed scrap of a Letter from Mr. Hurd will acquaint you with our request; and, if it be in your power to comply with it, we know your friendship and benevolence too well to doubt of your inclination. Ever your most affectionate friend and faithful servant, W. GLOUCESTER.

[*The Inclosure.*]

"I am now digesting my scattered hints and papers on the use of Travelling. Your Lordship promised to inquire of Dr. Birch for Lord Essex's Letter to the Earl of Rutland on the subject. Horace Walpole mentions it, as being referred to in the Bacon Papers. If the book itself could be procured by his means, Millar would take care to send it.

R. HURD."

LETTER LIV.

Rev. Mr. HURD to Rev. Dr. BIRCH.

DEAR SIR, *Thurcaston, Feb.* 25, 1763.

You will receive with this the small book you did me the favour to send me at the request of the Bp. of Gloucester, together with the collations of the MSS. in the Museum; for both which, but especially the last, I am greatly indebted to you. The Earl of Essex's Letter is slight upon the subject; but it was a pleasure to see any thing from his hand. The MSS. you were so obliging to collate for me are very much superior to the printed copy.

New books are so long in travelling to us in the country, that I have not yet seen your late Collection of the Bacon Papers. I am the more impatient for this pleasure, as I hear, on all hands, that it is extremely curious and useful. I heartily wish the long continuance of your health and life, that you may oblige us with still more of those valuable works, with which you have already so much enriched the English History.

Believe me to be, with great respect, reverend Sir,
Your much obliged and most obedient servant,
R. HURD.

LETTER LV.

To the Rev. Dr. BIRCH.

DEAR SIR, *Prior Park, March* 12, 1763.

I have your favour of the 10th, and am obliged to you for your kind enquiries after my health. The bad accident that befel me * was attended with all the most favourable symptoms; and the broken bone seems now to be reasonably well united, though I am afraid it will be some time yet before I get the free use of that arm.

* A broken arm, from a fall in his garden.

My

My compliments to the Stewards; but, with my best dispositions to serve the Charity *, I certainly shall not be in London in May. To ask for a Preacher in London, is like asking for a Centinel in a German Town. Every corner will supply them.

I am much obliged to your friendship for the trouble I give you. All here are much at your service. No one any where more than, dear Sir,

Your very affectionate and faithful humble servant,

W. GLOUCESTER.

LETTER LVI.

To the Rev. Dr. BIRCH.

DEAR SIR, *Prior Park, April* 18, 1763.

I have your favour of the 16th. As to the tickets, I should be glad if you would give yourself the trouble of disposing of them as you see fit.

Lord Bute's abdication, just on the rising of the Session, is to us, who know nothing of the intrigues of the Court, a most mysterious thing. It is a phænomenon that seems to predict great changes. May the King and Constitution never suffer!

All here are much yours. No one any where more than, dear Sir, your very affectionate and faithful humble servant, W. GLOUCESTER.

P. S. I wish you would demand of Mr. Millar (for any of mine is at your service) the last Edition of my "Discourse of Grace;" for it is less imperfect than the others.

LETTER LVII.

To the Rev. Dr. BIRCH.

DEAR SIR, *Grosvenor-square, Oct.* 25, 1763.

I have taken the liberty you gave me, to inclose a memorandum of the things I would gladly be allowed

* Bp. Warburton was in this year one of the Stewards for the Sons of the Clergy.

the

the favour of having transcripts of; which when obtained, you will be so good as to employ a proper transcriber, whom I shall be careful to satisfy for his labour.

You must know I am *a great Antiquary*; though I make no words of it; as half ashamed of my taste; like a man who has taken an odd fancy to an ugly mistress. I am, with true esteem, dear Sir, your most affectionate friend and faithful humble servant, W. GLOUCESTER.

LETTER LVIII.

To the Rev. Dr. BIRCH.

DEAR SIR, *Prior Park, June* 16, 1765.

Sir David Dalrymple is about publishing a new edition of Williams's tract of "The Holy Table, name and thing." He has desired me to procure him a transcript of some papers relating to that matter at Oxford and Cambridge, which I have wrote for. I see in his list of these things from the "Catalogus Librorum MSS. in Angliâ," fol. 1697, there is one article—Lib. MSS. Bibliothecæ Sloanensis, p. 107, 4132, a character of Bp. Williams. If you will be so good to get this transcribed for me, I shall very thankfully pay the expence. I am, dear Sir, your very affectionate and faithful humble servant,

W. GLOUCESTER.

LETTER LIX.

To the Rev. Dr. BIRCH.

DEAR SIR, *Prior Park, Nov.* 7, 1765.

In a letter I received from Mr. Hurd, he told me he had the pleasure of dining with you the other day. He said, you had a purpose of quitting the Secretaryship of the Royal Society: if it be on account of ill health, I shall be extremely concerned; if it be

to preserve you from that misfortune, and continue you in good, I shall much applaud your resolution *: for I interest myself in your welfare both on your own account and the publick's, being, with the greatest esteem, dear Sir, your affectionate and faithful friend and humble servant, W. GLOUCESTER.

DR. HEBERDEN TO MR. BIRCH.

LETTER I.

To the Rev. Mr. BIRCH, Norfolk-street.

DEAR SIR, [No date.]

The Gentleman who brings this is Mr. Mason, the Author of "Musæus, a Monody on the death of Mr. Pope." He is of the same College with me, and I have a great esteem for him, which makes me very desirous of satisfying a curiosity that he has of seeing Dr. Mead's library and antiquities, &c. You will therefore oblige me in a particular manner by appointing any morning when it suits your conveniency, to introduce him to a breakfasting at the Doctor's. If any thing should make this inconvenient to you, pray be pleased to give him your letter dimissory to Mr. Bell or Dr. Slack, that he may not be disappointed of the pleasure which such a morning will give him. I have made all the enquiries I have been able after Albumazar, without any success. My humble service to Messrs. Yorkes and Wray. I am, dear Sir, your most obedient servant,

W. HEBERDEN.

* Dr. Birch died Jan. 9, 1766, only two months after the date of this Letter. It is evident, from the whole tenor of their correspondence, that Bp. Warburton retained a sincere regard for him to the last; and I regret the not being able to give some of Birch's answers to the Bishop's various enquiries after men and books, which must have contained many curious particulars.

LETTER

LETTER II.

To the Rev. Mr. BIRCH.

Dorney, near Maidenhead,
11 o'clock, July 13, 1751.

DEAR SIR,

I am forced, against my will, to stay here too long to have any hopes of dining with you in Cecil-street. It distresses me to the last degree, to think of having such friends at my house without being able to enjoy their company. Let me beg of you, dear Sir, to do the honours of my table, and excuse me to my worthy friends. By that time you have dined, I hope to be with you. I dare say that every thing will be taken such care of, that you will have nothing to do but to eat and drink, and see that our friends do so too. Ever yours, W. HEBERDEN.

DR. ROBERT TAYLOR TO DR. BIRCH.

DEAR SIR, *Albemarle-street, Oct. 27, 1757.*

I had the favour of your kind Letter, and am very much obliged to you for the trouble you have had on my account. As my enquiry related solely to Dr. Plumptre, I should be still more obliged to you if you could learn what honours he received at Frankfort? whether he had not a degree given him there? and a medal, and what else? But I beg you will not let this trifling affair interfere with your more important enquiries; especially as I do not wait for this information, but proceed as fast as my business will allow me in the other unfinished parts *. I am, with great truth, dear Sir, your most faithful and obliged servant, R. TAYLOR.

* Q. Of what work was this? — Dr. Robert Taylor delivered the Harveian Oration in 1755; and published it in 1756. See some brief notice of him before, p. 46. He was elected F. R. S. in 1737; and died May 15, 1769.

Mr. PETER DES MAIZEAUX to Mr. BIRCH.

LETTER I.

To the Rev. Mr. Birch.

Sir, [No date.]

I received the favour of yours, for which I return you my hearty thanks. I flattered myself with the pleasure of being with you this evening, but am obliged to be with an old friend of mine, who is just come to town. I hope you will be so good as to excuse me, and to present my humble service to your gentlemen.

I am, Sir, your most obliged humble servant,

P. Des Maizeaux.

LETTER II.

To the Rev. Mr. Birch.

Sir, *Jan.* 20, 1735-6.

I told you, I believe, Mr. Anthony Collins had been twice in Holland; and I just now found a memorandum among my papers, which mentions it as follows, and you may rely upon it.—Mr. Collins went into Holland in March 1711, and became acquainted with Mr. Le Clerc, and other learned men. He returned to London in November following, to take care of his private affairs; with a promise to his friends in Holland, that he would pay them a second

second visit in a short time. Accordingly he went from London, Jan. 2, 1712, pursuant to his promise, as also with an intent to see Flanders, where he received great civilities from Priests, Jesuits, &c. From thence he wrote to one of his servants at London, to meet him at Calais, in order to attend him to Paris; but, in the mean time, the death of a near relation, Mr. Trolope, happened, which obliged him to return to London, where he arrived the 18th of October, 1713, full of grief for the loss of so great a friend, and the disappointment of not seeing France, Italy, &c.

This account, for which I have good authority, shews how incredulous is the story that he went into Holland for fear, &c.

I am very glad to find this opportunity to assure you, how much I am, Sir, your most humble servant, P. D. M.*

* Then follows a Catalogue of Collins's Works, by Mr. Des Maizeaux, in chronological order; and the following epitaph from his monument in Oxford chapel:

"H. S. E.
Antonius Collins, Armiger:
Egregiis animi dotibus ornatus,
præstanti Ingenio,
acri Judicio,
tenaci Memoria.
A Puero usque mirificâ virtutis indole præditus:
Spectatissimum semper vitæ morumque exemplar.
Veritatis amicus & indagator sedulus;
quam neque ex sententiis hominum pendere,
neque Magistratûs gladio vindicandam esse existimavit:
In Libris (quorum opulenta ei copia) evolvendis
assiduus & indefessus:
Quantum indè profecerit,
ex scriptis ipsius editis judicet Lector idoneus.
Erga Reges optimos, utrumque Georgium,
Libertatis utpote Civilis et Ecclesiasticæ
Tutores & Patronos,
fide (si quis alius) constans.
Gratam sui
erga Conjuges Amoris,
erga Liberos Charitatis,
erga Servos Lenitatis,

Erga

LETTER III.

To the Rev. Mr. Birch.

Sir, *January* 24 [no year].

The bearer of this note having some business in your neighbourhood, I desired him to call upon you, and to bring the Life of Arnoldus, and Mr. Bayle's Letters. If you please to give him, at the same time, the first volume of Moreri, you will oblige me, and I will lend you mine in two or three days time.

Two days ago I received a letter from Mr. Gaynier, wherein he takes notice of a blunder in the article *Abgarus* of the Universal Dictionary. I will shew you the letter when you do me the favour to call here.

I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

P. Des Maizeaux.

erga omnes Benevolentiæ,
memoriam reliquit.
Calculorum valetudine diu conflictatus;
demum fractus; obiit XIII Dec. MDCCXXIX.
Amicorum nuper Deliciæ; nunc, eheu! Desiderium.

Natus est XXI Junii, MDCLXXVI.
Henrico Patre Armigero.
In matrimonio habuit
Martham, Francisci Child Equitis filiam;
atque, eâ defunctâ,
Elizabetham, Gualteri Wrottesly, Baronetti.
Ex alterâ quatuor Liberos suscepit;
quorum
duos Filios, Henricum infantem,
Antonium verò ad virilem ætatem jam provectum,
summâ virtute & humanitate adolescentem,
extulerat:
Duas itidem Filias, Elizabetham et Martham,
Innuptas reliquit.
Altera charissimo Viro,
quocum conjunctissimè vixerat,
Monumentum hoc mœrens posuit.

ORIGINAL

ORIGINAL LETTERS* OF BP. WARBURTON TO DR. NATHANIEL FORSTER†.

LETTER I.

To the Rev. Mr. FORSTER, Fellow of Corpus Christi College, in Oxford.

DEAR SIR, *Bedford-row, Feb.* 7, 1748-9.

FROM the exceeding clearness and closeness of a pamphlet just now brought to me, intituled, "*A Dissertation on Josephus's account of Jesus Christ, &c.*" I think I cannot be deceived in the Author; and that it is to you that I am indebted for so valuable a present, and for so advantageous a mention of the Author of the "*Divine Legation.*"

I have read it over with great pleasure, and will tell you my sentiments of it with a friendly freedom. I think it one of the most ingenious and chaste pieces of criticism that ever was written. I think that ὁ Χριστὸς ἔτος ἦν can admit of no sense but the common one, especially while Θείων Προφητῶν stand their ground. But how far the liberty of altering the text by conjecture only, when the sense does not require it, without support of MSS. is to be indulged, where the question is concerning the genuineness of a whole paragraph, I leave to your consideration. So far on our side; then, on yours, it must be owned, that your very fine emendation

* From the Originals, obligingly communicated by the Rev. Thomas Crompton, of Cranworth, Norfolk.

† Of Dr. Nathaniel Forster, who was an excellent man, and an extraordinary good scholar, see an accurate and particular account in the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. IX. p. 289.

of

of τὰ ἀήθη not only greatly mends the sense, but the expression. It is now really elegant, which before, I agree with Faber, was *tristis ac putida elegantia;* and, admitting this emendation, it must be confessed it seems to require the following. Wherever the truth really lies, I am persuaded that every true scholar will as much admire your critique, as every candid man will be pleased with the modesty of your preface. However, no one has more reason to return you his hearty thanks, for this service you have done to Literature and Religion, than, Sir,

Your very faithful and affectionate humble servant,
W. WARBURTON.

P. S. If I be mistaken in my conjectures of the Author, as they are without any authority, you will excuse me.

LETTER II.

To the Rev. Mr. FORSTER.

DEAR SIR, *Prior Park, Oct.* 8, 1749.

I am extremely obliged to you for your kind Letter, which is as accurate and ingenious, as it is friendly. I saw in p. 6. ϕδε αντιμεϱίην was wrong. It is plainly so. But I left it as I found it. You have corrected it right, τωνδε. I have, I think, taken it for granted, that Julian must commend Plato for that maxim. And if you ground what you say to the contrary on Julian's thinking there was no such difficulty in the case, I apprehend these may be consistent. He might think Plato acted wisely in observing the maxim with regard to the people, though he, Julian, as an enlightened Philosopher, found none of these difficulties (in the search) which the people encountered. — But I will consult Julian, which I have not here.

P. 22. *Constantine for the Cruelties.* — It is plain by Julian's CÆSARS that he bore much ill-will to Constantine. — His denial to the Athenians goes for

for little. — He denied too that his cousin Constantius was the author of several hardships to himself, which yet he detested him for. But, by these cruelties, I mean in general those to his own family, as to his son and wife.

P. 24. What you are so kind to take notice of concerning the Printer's carelessness is too true. But I have found it irremediable, as I never correct the sheets myself *.

P. 25. The doubtfulness of the word Κωνσαύλιο was the reason I said, *Uncle* and *Cousin*. However, I make no manner of question they were both very liberal to the Clergy, in this kind.

P. 35. I said *obstinacy* and *perseverance*, to explain the same thing by the two different words given it by Gentiles and Christians. But, I remember, it stuck with myself when I used it.

P. 37. If Julian believed the God of the Jews was a tutelary deity, he must be at least as blind as Plato's mob in that search. It is certain, the earlier Gentiles, in the neighbourhood of Judea, and those who had transactions with them, thought so. As I have shewn in the Divine Legation, in the quotation which you refer to in these sheets, p. 6. he only seems to question whether Moses was right in supposing him to be the God of the Universe. However, I entirely agree with you, that one of his ends might be, to sacrifice and appease that *unknown* God, whoever he was. And I should have taken notice of it.

P. 44. Ammianus says—*though he foresaw with an anxious mind the variety of accidents* [to which his affairs were subject.] I thought I had tolerably well expressed this sense in my words; for *foreseeing* was only his being *sensible* of the turns of chance;—and *foreseeing with an anxious mind* — was only being *anxious for the future*. — *Many*

* How much he was indebted to the accuracy of his learned Printer Mr. Bowyer, he has elsewhere frequently and gratefully acknowledged.

and

and great events are indifferent to good and bad: and so are the *variety of accidents.*

I do not wonder what Basnage says, about Cyrill, should strike you. But a man so excellently learned could not but know we have nothing of this Father but what is prior to the time in question.—He must therefore mean that the wonder lies in Cyrill's not mentioning it in his *after* writings, as the glory of the event reflected so much back upon himself by his predictions. — And he concludes he did not mention it, from the *silence* of antiquity. What there is in this insinuated reasoning I shall endeavour to shew.

P. 45. *Operum, atchievements.* Now I will tell you truly why I translated the word thus. Julian did not attempt to raise a fame by this specific atchievement of building only, but this amongst others. Ammianus speaks of this amongst others. Had the like observation been made upon Justinian by Procopius, I should have translated it, *edifices*, because he affected to immortalize himself by that species of graudeur.

Your observation of *maturandum* is just. It is not (as it should have been) expressed in the translation, and forgot I do not know how.

P. 5. Συντελεια. — I have only one objection to your observation as to the sense Julian was likely to give to the passage — *An end shall be put to the desolation.* He could not, I think, properly urge himself, as the person foretold, by what he *would do*, but by what he *had done.* Besides, he pretended to give a mark to the Jews, that the time of their restoration was come: this *mark* must be something distinct from the restoration itself. Otherwise, whenever the Jews, or any body for them, had such desire or intentions, that might be brought as a proof that the time was come: — which would be absurd.

P. 57. Your conjecture that Julian alludes to the prophecy by *Antiochus*, I like full as well, or better than

than my conjecture of *Herod's* pulling it down; and, if I can contrive to reprint this leaf, I will take notice of it.

P. 58. Κληθεντος επ' αυτω, *who takes his style and title, &c.* is finely observed, and shews indeed he was thinking here of a local God.

P. 59. Your interpretation of φως μεγα is wonderfully ingenious (and especially as the Persians, in their encampment, carried a vast light over the imperial tent). But I am afraid the chronology of the writing will not allow it. I think I have shewn that the discourse was composed during his expedition into Persia. But it is impossible to conceive it written at the time you mention, when he was so dreadfully harassed and distressed by the Persian. He had something else to do, without question, at that time. Besides, this happened late in the Expedition. He rejected all terms of Peace, and went triumphantly to the Invasion. His course was successful; he passed the Euphrates; took towns; and himself ravaged all the flat country of Assyria with fire and sword, for fifteen days together. After this, the first rencounter between Hormesdes and Surena was happy. He passes the second branch of the Euphrates; cuts in pieces all that opposed his passage; takes, after a vigorous resistance, the second town in the Empire. Hitherto his soldiers were in the highest spirits; but, a check they meet with soon after, by the carelessness of a party, being severely punished by Julian, the army grows out of humour. He harangues them into temper. He takes another town. He forces the passes of rivers, beats the Persians before him even to the gates of Ctesiphon. They lose six thousand men; the Romans about seventy. He lays siege to it. Ambassadors come to beg Peace. It is refused. He is betrayed by a false fugitive, and finds himself involved in distress all at once. He finds himself in the midst of an open country destroyed by the enemy,

enemy, and incessantly harassed by flying bodies of horse. Now is it possible to conceive this was a time for writing Pastoral Letters? or even that which preceded it, when he rolled on from conquest to conquest. We must needs conclude he dropped his pen when he came to action; and that what he wrote, was wrote between his setting out of Antioch to his passing the Euphrates. Besides, had these papers been in his tent in his distress, it is certain we should never have seen them, when Jovian so soon became master of what he left. It seems to admit of no question but, as soon as he had written them, he put them into the safe hands of Priests or Sophists, to be transmitted into Syria. If this be so, there is no room to suppose the allusion you mention.—As for the rest, your general analysis of the reasoning is fine and just.

You see the liberty I take. But I thought I could not do too much, to shew you how greatly I think myself obliged to you for your favour. And I thought it a higher mark of respect and acknowledgment, to explain the reasons in what I differ from you, than in only thanking you for what you have set me right in.

You do me pleasure in permitting me to send you some more of the sheets. Those six are all yet printed. I have a good deal more copy ready, which I shall put into the Printer's hands when I get to town, which will be about the 22d instant.

Apropos—shall we see you in town this November. I shall be all that month there, the dismal month of November, when the lower wretches hang and drown themselves, and the higher give themselves to the C. and the Devil. You may be assured it would be a real pleasure if I could wait on you there. I do not mean to the C. and the Devil, but in Bedford-row.

I am, dear Sir, your faithful and affectionate humble servant, W. WARBURTON.

LETTER

LETTER III.

To the Rev. Mr. FORSTER.

DEAR SIR, *Prior Park, Oct.* 15, 1749.

I have your obliging favour of the 12th. Your reflection on the passage you quote from Julian is admirable. It must be owned he had much of the character you give him; and it appears from this passage that he was as much an Antiquary as the present Dean of Exeter *; as from others, that he was as much a Politician as his Brother, though not altogether with as high a respect for St. Paul †.

P. 44. *And although.*] Your criticism on this passage is perfectly just. — It is as you say.

Your observations on two other passages of Julian are extremely judicious. I have read over those fragments of his more than once, preserved by Cyrill. And he appeared to me extremely inconstant in what he said of the Jews. But, I agree with you, what you quote here is no bad comment on αγιαν πολιν and δοξαν, &c. τω κρειττονι.

I have often wished for a hand capable of collecting all the remaining fragments of Porphyry, Celsus, Hierocles, and Julian, and giving them to us with a just Critical and Theological Comment, as a defy to Infidelity. It is certain we want something more than what their ancient Answerers have given us. This would be a very noble work. I knew of none that has all the talents fit for it but yourself. What an opening this will give to all the treasures of sacred and prophane antiquity! And what an opportunity would this be of establishing a great character! The Author of the Dissertation on the passage of Josephus (which I think the best piece of criticism of this age) would shine here.

* Dr. Charles Lyttelton, afterwards President of the Society of Antiquaries, and Bishop of Exeter.

† Alluding to the excellent Treatise on the Conversion of St. Paul, by George Lyttelton, Esq. afterwards the first Lord Lyttelton.

here.—Think of it.—You cannot do a more useful thing to Religion, or your own character. Controversies of the times are things that presently vanish. This will be always of the same importance.

P. 50.] I think the words of Nazianzen necessarily suppose that Julian spoke to them of a Prophecy which foretold, by some preceding marks, the restoration; and that they were to judge by the appearance of those marks of the time. The words επιθειαζων τε ὁηθεν εκ του παρ' αυτοις βιβλων και απορρητων seem to imply this sense, that Julian explained or interpreted some prophecies to them from their sacred books and traditions in such a manner as to shew them, &c. And επιθειαζων is such an expression as one would use of Whiston, who is both Prophet and Interpreter.

I will allow that Julian, in continuing his journal, in imitation of Cæsar, in the midst of perils, acted up to his character of a military fop!—Though I think Ὁμιχλη (though in general it signifies that obscurity in the heavens occasioned by watery vapours either high or low) particularly signifies a *cloud* as well as other things; yet I agree with you, that I should have translated it a *mist;* for then it is, and not in cloudy weather, that the sun appears like a globe of fire.

I agree with you, had Julian intended by φως μεγα to express the name of the sun, he would have put the article. But, though he meant the Sun, he expressed only what appeared to the false judgment of the beholder: *a great light,* not *the great light.*

I grant you I have made the application—*so these stark blind*—instead of *and stark blind.* And I did it to explain what I conceived to be Julian's meaning, who designedly, I supposed, obscured it by not making the application.—But your hint has made me reflect this will not be thought fair. So I think to alter it.

But,

But, seriously, when φως μεγα and φως καθαρον are the same, and opposed to Πυρ, how can they mean any thing but the Sun?

Did ever a Platonist, or indeed any other antient Philosopher on Divine, apply καθαρον to any other than a celestial splendour? The Ancients indeed held the element of fire to be pure; but, when this quality is opposed to an earthly fire, it must be the quality of a heavenly one. You will say, he says οι ανθρωποι βλεποντες ε καθαρως, &c.: it is true; but here he had an eye, in my opinion, to the theourgic purification of mind; his simile and his application being, according to my interpretation, twisted together. After all, to suppose him only to allude to what the Old Testament says of God's being a *consuming fire*, he uses a strange apparatus for nothing: but what more natural, if he referred to the Temple of Daphne and Jesus? And suppose his simile is taken from what you suppose, I should still think the application the same, and that the frighted soldiers were to represent the admiring Christians.

P. 155 of Julian. — It is no wonder that Julian should treat as a superstitious dream a God who is a consuming fire, when the Christians at this time so much triumphed in him under that title. Had it not been for such considerations as these, he would have found enough in Paganism to have justified the character; and, as his enthusiasm was superinduced, and inoculated by his Platonists, on his native superstition, he had enough of that original gloom of mind to figure to himself a deity thus arrayed. I allow your reflection on εθεν δε οιμαι, &c. to be extremely just. And he was certainly as sensible of the corruptions of principle in the then state of Paganism, as he was of the corruptions in practice.

Basnage will have it (I suppose from these words of Socrates, Κελευει ταχος κτιζεσθαι τον Σολομωνος Ναον· και αυτος επι Περσας ηλαυνε) that when this thing

thing happened at Jerusalem, Julian was in Persia. But I think επι Περσας ηλαυνε (though Valesius translates it *ad bellum contra Persas proficiscitur)* does not signify he forthwith began his march, as if it had been επι Περσας πορευεται — but that he began the war against them, which he might do before he left Antioch, that is, put every thing into hostile motion. Pray give me your opinion on this head.

Mr. Allen is much your servant and admirer, and desires his best compliments. He has been got home some time. Sure you might make an excursion for two or three days at a time (now and then, to see and increase the number of your friends, which is done in seeing you), at that season when people are in town. I set forward in a day or two. Let me know how you relish the noble project I propose to put you upon.—And believe me to be, dear Sir, with the truest esteem, your most affectionate servant, W. WARBURTON.

LETTER IV.

To the Rev. Mr. FORSTER.

DEAR SIR, *Prior Park, Dec.* 13, 1749.

I am just got home; and am to acknowledge the favour of yours, which I had in London.

You will laugh when I tell you my work grows upon my hands, and yet goes on slower at the press: for my perpetual dissipation, while I was in town, prevented me from getting above four sheets from the press, two of which I here inclose. I have now thought that, as the first part of my scheme will make a reasonable volume of more than 300 pages, it may be as well to publish it separately, with some such advertisement as this:

That the two things which seemed to be wanting in this new controversy, to obviate the conclusions which

which licentious men are apt to draw from Dr. Middleton's book, against Revelation, are to prove a miracle recorded in Ecclesiastical History: and to shew that these miracles stand on a different footing from those recorded in the Gospel. The first I have done, in shewing the defeat of Julian to be miraculous; and the other, in an examination into the nature of that evidence which will claim the assent of a reasonable man to a miraculous fact. The first is now offered to the publick, the second will follow.—Pray what think you of this?—Who is Dr. Hodges *, who is about to publish something on the book of Job? Dear Sir, your most faithful humble servant,

W. WARBURTON.

LETTER V.†

To the Rev. Mr. FORSTER.

DEAR SIR, *Bedford-row, Feb.* 28, 1748-9.

I have the favour of your obliging Letter. In mine to you, I expressed myself much short of the advantageous opinion I have of your fine piece of critique. I have seen nothing like it since I was capable of making any observations of this kind. But, as there never was a good writer but had his apes, so you have yours. One of the most grotesque of this sort is a man, I forget his name, who wrote about Astronomy to *M. Folkes*, and something on the Book of Job ‡. I had the curiosity to look into them; for I always think an Oxford Author a good one till I find the contrary; just as I do a Town Author a bad one, till then.

Pray give me your thoughts on the following question: Do you think one can logically infer, from the words of the predictions of the destruction of the Temple by Titus, that a *final* destruction must needs be understood, or such a one that opposes a re-edifi-

* See hereafter, p. 166.

† This, and the two following Letters, should have preceded that of Oct. 8, 1749, in p. 152.

‡ Rev. J. Garnet. See p. 167.

cation? I have turned this thing about; and think (though the affirmative has been taken for granted both by the ancients and moderns) that we must take in the nature and genius of the two dispensations, to determine solidly on the question. Be so good to give me your opinion. By this way, and only by this, I think I can prove the *final* destruction to be predicted. And now I must let you into a kind of secret, which I have told to no one here (because, in this dissipated life here, I write but by fits), which is, that I am composing a Defence of the Miracle which opposed Julian's attempt to rebuild the Temple. I think it a subject of great importance to the Christian cause; and I think it has never been thoroughly examined. Pray give me your thoughts about the usefulness and expediency of a sober and well-weighed discourse on this subject, that will keep as clear of controversy as possible; for Dr. Middleton need not, unless he will, give the exclusion to this miracle upon his *general* scheme, as he has laid it down in *general*.

A very miserable scrap of answering is just come out against him by Jackson: and a much more scholar-like thing, called, *A Letter to Dr. Middleton, occasioned by his late Free Inquiry;* and this is by John Wesley the Methodist. Perhaps you would expect more temper and less reasoning from this modern Apostle. What I said above, of my project, is *inter nos.* What I say below, I would have known to every body—namely, that I am, dear Sir, Your very affectionate and faithful humble servant,

W. WARBURTON.

LETTER VI.

To the Rev. Mr. FORSTER.

DEAR SIR, [*Prior Park, Aug. . . ,* 1749.]

I have many acknowledgments to make to you for your last favours in calling on me as you went by in your last expedition, which we all took extremely kind. I am left here alone, to amuse myself as I can; and,

and, having nothing better to do at present, I am persecuting the Apostate, whom I attack at much disadvantage. He had his legions to second him; mine, I mean my books, are all at a great distance. Mr. Pope's and Mr. Allen's are but a kind of civil militia, and unused to this service: so that I am forced to have recourse to you, who are at the head of innumerable legions, though, like Cæsar, you depend only on your select troops. To speak like a man of this world, I must beg the favour of you to look me out a passage in St. Jerom. I believe it may be in his Commentary on Daniel, perhaps in the 4th Chapter, where, speaking of the Jews of his time, he says, they had a tradition that 430 years after their dispersion they should be restored, sell their enemies for slaves, re-build Jerusalem, &c.; and that, Julian making his offer, they embraced it on this account with great eagerness.

Another passage I want is, the Greek of Chrysostome, where he says, *some of the Jews turned Pagans on the defeat.* I see the place in my papers is marked thus, *Chrys. in Matt. p.* 491. but what edition I remember not.

Again, what Cassiodorus says of the matter in his Hist. Tripart. lib. vi. cap. 43; and a transcript of that senseless lie of Theophanes, that the mark of the Cross was found at the same time on the books and holy vestments at Antioch.

Will you pardon me for giving you this trouble? I shall take notice of the strange cavils of an excellent person (James Basnage) to this Miracle. Pray do you know any other, of name, who has caviled at it? I would speak with all such. But your little low rascals, who make it their trade, I shall not turn aside upon.

Have you seen Whiston's Memoirs? or did you ever see any thing equal to the folly, the madness, and the ingratitude, of the composition, the doctrine, and the scandal?—That poor Publican, *Mrs. Pil-*

kington *, will find favour in the eyes of the candid before this outrageous Pharisee. She abuses only those who would not relieve her wants; he only those who did,—and, from Dr. Rundle, who *invited him to eat cheesecake*, to Dr. Hare and Dr. Cannon, without whose generous defence of it he would have had nothing to eat at all, he lays them on without mercy, and, in some instances, I can say, without truth—though I could forgive a great deal for his ingenuity, in telling us that Whitby called him a madman, and that Sir Isaac Newton, rather than have him in the Royal Society, would throw up the Presidentship. To complete this, which, in my opinion, has completed the disgrace that Learning and Religion have fallen into in this blessed age, he has given us his Latin Dissertation on the Fall, that drops down as ab-†

LETTER VII.

To the Rev. Mr. FORSTER.

DEAR SIR, [*Sept.* 28, 1749.]

I should have made my acknowledgments for your last kind Letter before now, but that I waited till I could send the inclosed along with them. These six sheets‡, which are all I have been yet able to get from the press, censure and criticise freely, like a friend. You have an absolute power over all, but one observation § in p. 93.

When I examined Basnage's objections to this Miracle in the Sixth Book of *his History of the*

* Mrs. Letitia Pilkington, wife of the Rev. Matthew Pilkington. She published "Memoirs" of her own Life in 1749.

† The remainder, and probably date, of this Letter is torn off.

‡ The *six sheets* were sent on the same day to Mr. Hurd.

§ Bp. Warburton, in his "Julian," speaking of Ammianus Marcellinus's recording the destruction of the Temple of Jerusalem as a natural and not a *miraculous* event, says, "His reserve is so far from depriving us of the benefit of his testimony, that it is that which supports it. Had we found a Pagan speaking like a Christian

Jews, it perfectly amazed me. He was an excellent scholar, of great parts, and a real believer of Revelation. Yet there is such an unaccountable misrepresentation of what the Fathers say throughout, that, had it been a posthumous work, I should certainly have thought it an interpolation. It will reward your curiosity to read it. Amidst a great deal of false facts positively affirmed, there are two objections hinted, and barely hinted at, that are very strong. This is another mystery. However, I have drawn them out in their full force, that nothing might be disguised.

I am, dear Sir, with the truest esteem, your very affectionate and faithful servant, W. WARBURTON.

LETTER VIII.

For the Rev. Mr. N. FORSTER.

DEAR SIR, *Dec.* 24, 1749.

I have the favour of yours.—I was sensible of the difficulty of ἐκ τῦ ἱερῦ. I have weighed it much, if not well; and, in my examination of Basnage, have endeavoured to shew that it signifies the same as ἐκ τῶν θεμελίων τῦ ναῦ—as ἱερὸν is a generic word, which signifies as well the site of an holy building, as the building itself. Basnage supposes Gregory meant the fire came from the Jewish Temple re-built. Sozomene, I have shewn, supposes that the fire came from the foundations of the Jewish Temple; but mis-

Christian Father on this occasion, his evidence had soon become as suspected as that of the Jewish Historian where he speaks of CHRIST; which *one of the ablest and most candid of his Critics has fairly condemned for an Imposture*... This Miracle, without question, embarrassed Marcellinus no less than the WORKER of Miracles distressed the other Historian; whose case *the excellent Writer just now mentioned* has well described. But, had posterity made equally free with both, I should have despaired of disengaging my Author with the address and abilities he has served Josephus."

Warburton's Works, 8vo. *vol. VIII. p.* 104.

takes

takes in supposing Gregory meant that this destruction happened at a different time from the fire which destroyed the workmen in the foundations. It is certainly a perplexed passage. And I agree with you, if one could make lightning out of it (which is an ingenious thought) we should have what we want, a contemporary evidence for the lightning. So is the other, in the conclusion, τὸ θαῦμα &c. I supposed παρ' ἑαυτῷ meant *upon their bodies*, in opposition to ἐν τοῖς ἐσθήμασι. It is certain neither Socrates, Sozomene, nor Theodoret mention any on their *body*. But might not this be the reason? Those on their *cloaths* endured a long time, the heat of their *bodies* soon wore out the other; and it was natural to think that which lasted the longest would strike the general observation most.

As to the third passage, καὶ ἀπιςείτω, I was surprized to see it was ετι μηδε, which undoubtedly requires your sense. I had not the book by me, so was forced to translate from transcripts of the Greek texts which I got from my friends; where, instead of ετι μηδε, it was ει δε μη, or ει μηδε, I forget which. I shall look into Gregory when I go to town; and, if it be ετι μηδε, I shall re-print the leaf, for there is no doubt of your sense.

I believe Dr. Hodges * was the man the Dean of Christ Church † once mentioned to me on a certain occasion, and spoke of him as a man of great candour, to whom I was obliged. But I may be mistaken in the head. But poor Job! — how are his persecutions increased since his three Comforters left him? We next find him bound hand and foot in a strong Catena of Greek Fathers, and delivered

* Walter Hodges, of Oriel College, Oxford: M. A. 1717; Prebendary of Rochester 17.. ; Provost of Oriel 1727; B. and D. D. 1728; and Vice-chancellor in 1742 and 1743. He died Jan. 14, 1757, and was buried at Rochester.

† John Conybeare, D. D.; Dean of Christ Church 1732; Bp. of Bristol 1752; died Feb. 13, 1755.

down

down in this condition to the Tormentors, Pineda, Caryl, Wesley, Garnet*, &c. But, you will say, I am to answer for the last. Perhaps so. However, pray do not reckon me among Job's Hangmen. At worst, I only acted the part of his wife, and was for making short work with him. But he seems to be reserved for endless punishment; and, with a fate not unlike that of Prometheus, to be chained down to his dung-hill, and to have his brains sucked out by Owls †.

You will act unfriendly by me, if you suffer any business to be interrupted by writing to me. The notice friends give one another of their health and their good-will is, and should be, always reserved for an idle hour. It is sufficient we are assured our friends think of us; and we should never suspect that they forget us because we do not hear from them.

Have you seen the little Tully of Glasgow‡? It is very elegant, possibly it may be correct. There is one foolish singularity in it, some notes to the "De Oratore," and to no other. I do not know whether this was done in compliment to Pearce §, or to break a lance with him. The *Milton* in which the Bishop || has so large a share is, you see, published. I will not tell you what I think of it, not because my name is seen there (for what goes along with it is too trifling and too little to make any alteration in the character of the edition, whether it be good or bad), but because it is of no moment what I think.

I heartily wish you all the good this season brings with it to any one; and am, dear Sir, your faithful and affectionate humble servant, W. WARBURTON.

* "A Dissertation on the Book of Job, by J. Garnet. 1749."

† Bp. Warburton was in the frequent habit, when any thing remarkable occurred to his imagination, to write the same thing to various Correspondents. This paragraph, for instance, occurs, nearly in the same words, in a Letter to Mr. Hurd, Dec. 23, 1749.

‡ Published by Robert and Andrew Foulis.

§ Dr. Zachary Pearce, Bp. of Rochester. Dr. Pearce published an edition of "Cicero de Oratore."

|| Dr. Newton's Edition of the "Paradise Lost," with Notes of various Authors.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

To the Rev. Mr. FORSTER.

DEAR SIR, *Bedford-Row, Feb.* 5, 1749-50.

My remove, and my constant dissipations, prevented, till now, my acknowledging the favour of your last. You have seen this strange phænomenon, Middleton's book * against the Bishop of London. *Inter nos*, it appears to me to be the weakest as well as warmest book he ever wrote.

It is not on this account that I think to re-print the first sheet of Julian, and leave out most of the introduction concerning Middleton's book; but because some considerable persons, whose judgment is unquestionable, and who are enough prejudiced in favour of Middleton, yet think that it is better omitted, both on account of offence, and because it looks like an apprehension of Middleton's pen. You will give me your opinion. Though I have not got much more from the press, yet I am in hopes of having it out in March, and am now going on in good earnest. I wish I could tell you any news worth a reasonable man to hear, or a good man's rejoicing at. But what must we think of the times, when the only interesting affair on the carpet is the scrutiny of Vanderput and Trentham's poll; who, if they had been born two wrestlers or boxers on a country green, would have had neither courage nor dexterity enough to prevent their being hissed out of the circle! and yet there is an assembly which waits one of them, and could find work for both.

Dear Sir, believe me to be, with the most unalterable esteem and regard, your very affectionate and faithful friend, W. WARBURTON.

* "Free Inquiry into the Miraculous Powers," &c. see p. 176.

LETTER X.

To the Rev. Dr. FORSTER.

DEAR SIR, *Prior Park, April* 3, 1750.

The newspapers remind me to congratulate with you on the conclusion of your noble labours on the Hebrew Bible *. You must congratulate too with me on a much less occasion, the finishing what I have to say at present of Julian. I say *at present;* for, you will see, this volume promises another. For I can promise like a young courtier, and perform like an old one. I hope it will be finished in a few days. I have ordered one to be sent to you; and as for the sheets you have, pray either burn them, or send them to me, which will be most convenient.

You see how Middleton is paid off for meddling with the Bishop of London. Every week launches two or three thunderbolts at his head. This cannot astonish him more than the late Earthquakes have done the City of London. They seem to suspect that a third shock of an Earthquake will be as fatal and as certain as the third fit of an Apoplexy. However, if it does but contribute to put some stop to this torrent of vice and impiety, ready to overwhelm all things, it will be well. — Pray God it may!

The greatest mischief these Earthquakes have done hitherto is widening the crack in old Will Whiston's noddle, who is now grown as mad as Oliver's Porter with his breeches full of Bibles. I always except the fall of the Pinnacles at Westminster. Where was the *genius loci* of the School, when this disaster happened? Perhaps in the office of Diana when her Temple was on fire, midwifing to some Minerva of the brain, which is to inform an immortal epigram at the next election of scholars.

Dear Sir, believe me to be your most affectionate and faithful humble servant, W. WARBURTON.

* "Biblia Hebraica, sine Punctis, accurante Nath. Forster, S.T.P. Oxon. 1750."

To

To the Rev. Mr. Thomas Balguy.

Dear Sir, *Prior Park, June* 21, 1752.

You have heard of the death of the poor Bishop of Durham *. The Church could have spared some other Prelates much better; and, in its present condition, could but ill spare him; for his morals and serious sense of Religion (to say nothing of his intellectual endowments) did honour to his station. His death is particularly unhappy for his Chaplain, Dr. Forster †. He is my friend, whom I much value, as one of great worth, and whose ill luck I much lament. He has not only seen his hopes drop through, when he was every thing but in the very possession of them; but has lost a Patron who deserves the name of *Friend;* which goes much harder in the separation than the other. W. Warburton.

* Dr. Joseph Butler; of whom, contrasting him with another eminent Prelate, he elsewhere thus speaks: "Dr. Secker's chief merit (and surely it was a very great one) lay in explaining clearly and popularly, in his Sermons, the principles delivered by his friend Bp. Butler in his famous Book of *The Analogy*, and in shewing the important use of them to Religion."

Warburton's Works, 8vo. vol. I. p. 69.

‡ "Poor Forster (whom I have just received a Letter from) is overwhelmed with desolation for the loss of his master [Bp. Butler]. I quoted his case to our friend Balguy for his consolation. But you say, *I will have no master*; which, I confess, is the best consolation of all. Reckon upon it, that Durham goes to some Noble Ecclesiastic *. It is a morsel only for them. Our *Grandees* have at last found their way back into the Church. I only wonder they have been so long about it. But be assured that nothing but a new religious revolution, to sweep away the fragments that Harry the Eighth left, after banqueting his Courtiers, will drive them out again. The Church has been of old the cradle and the throne of the younger Nobility. And this Nursing Mother will, I hope, once more vie with old imperious Berecynthia:

Læta Deûm partu, centum complexa Nepotes,
Omnes Cœlicolas, omnes *supera alta* tenentes."

Letter to Mr. Hurd, July 5, 1752.

* This conjecture was nearly right. The successors in the See of Durham have been *Trevor, Egerton, Thurlow*, and *Barrington*.

Dr.

Dr. N. Forster to Mr. Birch *.

Dear Sir, *C. C. C. Feb.* 1, 1753.

In answer to the favour of yours, I have to desire you to present my respects to Mr. Yorke; and to acquaint him that I shall with great pleasure endeavour to execute the commissions with which he has honoured me, to the best of my power.

There is, as far as I can yet learn, but one MS. of Pliny in Oxford, viz. in Baliol College Library.

The Letter, which I apprehend Mr. Yorke would have transcribed, is one from the Hague, dated the 3d of August 1615, to King James, containing the answer of the States to a proposition made by the King, and an account of the causes of the delay of the treaty, and of a project formed by Sir Henry himself for settling the affair of Juliers, &c. But, as I would willingly leave no room for mistake in the affair, a line from you in answer to this question will oblige, Sir, your most obedient and humble servant, N. Forster.

P. S. The chief thing that occasions my doubt is, that there is no appearance of a *vindication* of himself in that Letter. There is indeed another, relating to the surprize of Wesel, in which he vindicates himself from some aspersions relating to it.

To Dr. N. Forster.

Reverend Sir, *Feb.* 3, 1753.

Mr. Yorke thinks himself highly obliged for your kindness to comply with his requests; and would now beg that you would procure copies of both the Letters of Sir Henry Wotton mentioned by you: for, though that relating to the surprize of Wesel was that he meant, yet, as that of the 3d of August 1615, will probably give light to the other, he is desirous of both. With his and my own compliments, I am, &c. T. Birch.

* Birch MSS. 4307.

EXTRACTS OF ORIGINAL LETTERS *

FROM MR. WARBURTON TO MR. JORTIN.

[1749.]

You tell me you have had reasons to decline a City Living. I can conceive no good one, but that

* Originally printed by Mr. Maty in his "New Review;" but, from obvious reasons, the name of *Dr. Jortin* was then studiously concealed. Mr. Maty's sister was the wife of Dr. Jortin's son. This led to the communication; which Mr. Maty thus introduces: "A Friend, who was pleased with my last Extracts from the Correspondence between Bp. Warburton and Dr. Birch, having been kind enough to communicate to me some more Manuscript Letters of the Bishop, with a desire that I should use them at my discretion; I have great pleasure in conveying these to the publick; as I am convinced they will do honour to that great man, whose philanthropy, greatness of mind, and true spirit of Christian toleration, will never appear in a more striking light than they do in these private memorials; which, I am persuaded, could he look down from those regions, where,

His tears, his little triumphs o'er,
His human passions move no more,
Save charity that glows beyond the grave,

he would not be offended at the publication of them. When I say this, I do not mean to flatter him, or any of his surviving friends, for some of whom I profess great respect. He certainly had his faults; but, besides that none of them appear in my publication (except his openness of speech, and his manly pleasantry about fools, for which I reverence him, may be deemed such), they are such as all the world has long been acquainted with. They are, indeed, so notorious, that, if it had been my intention to depreciate his character in an *Ana*, I should not have had recourse to private letters, but have compiled it out of his works, or the five hundred stories of him about town. As to the boldness of his judgments about literary characters, and particularly his saying that Sir Isaac Newton did not understand Egyptian Antiquities, that Clarke wanted sagacity, and that Markland and Taylor were no great criticks; what are they more than Voltaire's not liking Shakespeare, Scaliger's prefering the Æneid to the Iliad, and

you are going to *Court* *. If you be, I will give you the same farewell that Bucholeer, an honest dull German, gave to one of his friends who was making that journey: *Fidem Diabolorum tibi commendo, &c.*

Bleterie's Life is indeed a very elegant one, and writ with much candour and impartiality. He is no deep man in the learning of those times, but his good sense generally enables him to seize the right. It is no wonder he should be imposed on by ——, when the gross body of our Parsons are his dupes. But as Trinculo, who wants to carry Caliban into England, observes *that any thing there makes a Man*, so any thing makes a *Divine* among our Parsons. Our real Scholars and Divines, the *magnanimi heroes, nati melioribus annis*, have made our Learning venerated abroad. Our traders in letters have taken advantage of that prejudice, and puff off all their miserable trash as master-pieces, even to that infamous rhapsody called *The Universal History*. And the deceit was easy. It was impossible for foreigners to suspect that our body of readers are tinkers, coblers, and carmen; so that when they saw the impatience of this learned publick so great that they would not stay for a whole book, but devour it sheet by sheet

and my (who am neither a Scaliger, nor a Warburton, nor yet, thank God, a Voltaire) falling asleep over Don Quixote—which, I publish now to the world, I often do, that it may not be a novelty in my manuscripts! *Valeant omnia hæc quantum valere possunt.* For what I know, the Bishop may be perfectly in the right in all those assertions; or, as the French say, *there may be from more to less in it;* or, if we may not say either of these without risking the reputation of our own critical acumen, it is only saying with Markland (who seems to have been a very amiable man, whatever kind of Critick he was) in a letter before me about Reiske's atrocious false quantities, 'We differ from him in innumerable things, as every man does from every man!' "

* A City Living was offered to him, in July or August 1749, by Lord Chancellor Hardwicke; but it was so small, as at that time not to be worth his acceptance.

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from the press, they conceived something very exquisite in what was so impatiently snatched at: for we are under the unavoidable necessity, in our general judgment of things, to estimate of foreign ware according to the sale and demand of it; and if our worst books (as they do) sell best at home, they will be known and read abroad. I believe I could give you a long list of capital English books, that were never heard of on the Continent, farther than their titles to be found in some brave dull German Catalogue.

Have you read the octavo Book, addressed to the Convocation, for mending the Bible and the Liturgy *? I am much edified by the Christian spirit in which their demands for reformation are made; but a more wretched farrago of ignorance and trifling when they play the critick (which now-a-days is only another word for playing the fool) I never saw.

Perhaps your comparison of Printers to Taylors is more pat than you intended: for why can't you get your cloaths from a rascally Taylor, but because he is working for half a dozen fops in the fashion? And why can't you get your sheets from the Printer, but because he is working upon Newspapers, Journals, and Magazines, the delight of the town, and the daily bread of town scribblers?

You mention John of Antioch, with two writers contemporary to the fact, Ambrose and Gregory Nazianzen; but I suppose he did not live till the fifth or sixth century. One thing I find recorded of him is, that, like many of our modern Bishops, he was not known or heard of till after his consecration. His modesty does him honour with me; therefore I

* "Free and Candid Disquisitions, 1749."

should

should be glad to know what this respectable person says about this matter; if he says any thing particular: for, to tell you the truth, *I did not find him in my brief*, as the Lawyers say; but I suspect him to be a shag-rag. — Another thing I beg of you is, to transcribe for me (if you can catch him) Ruffinus's testimony. He is such a vagabond, I cannot lay hands on him; I suppose him skulking in some *Bibliotheca Patrum*. As for that forlorn hope, Theodoret, Philostorgius, Nicephoras, and Theophanes, I shall put them where they can do no hurt; as to good, little is to be expected from such poltroons, who are ready to run away to the enemy *.

* In nearly the whole of these Letters to Mr. Jortin, as well as those to Dr. Forster, JULIAN is the leading article of enquiry. In truth, this was one of the most laboured of all his works; and his anxiety respecting it ceased not even after its publication. In a Letter addressed to Dr. Balguy, Jan. 17, 1751-2, he says, "They tell me there are some remarks published against my Julian. I do not know the nature of them, nor ever shall. That matter interests every Clergyman, that is to say, every Christian, in England, as much as myself. Besides, I give my sentiments to the publick, and there is an end. If any body will oppose them, he has my leave. If any body will defend them, he has my thanks. I propound them freely: I explain them as clearly, and enforce them as strongly, as I can. I think I owe no more either to myself or truth. I am sure I owe no more to the publick. Besides, I know a little (as you will see by the new edition of the first and second volumes of The Divine Legation) how to correct myself; so have less needs of this assistance from others; which you will better understand, when you see that I have not received the least assistance from the united endeavours of that numerous band of answerers, who have spared no freedoms in telling me of my faults." — Again, May 12, 1752: "I think you judge rightly of the effects of Lord Bolingbroke's writings, as well as of their character. As to his Discourse on the Canon of Scripture, I think it below all criticism, though it had mine. He mentions (and I believe, with good faith) that foolish rabbinical tale of Esdras' restoring the whole lost canon by Inspiration: and argues from it. However, the redoubtable pen of Sykes, though now worn to the stump, is drawn upon him; or, at least, threatened to be drawn. He threatened, too, to draw it upon poor Julian. but he left the execution to another. And who do you think that other proves? Somebody or other, by far more curious than myself, would unearth this vermin: and he is found to be one Nicolls,

As to Meric Casaubon's story, I could have wished to have had not only the cooking, but the catching of that game.

At Oxford, Mr. Forster* says, they expect a deluge of answerers against Middleton †, by the first frost; for our cold and barren heads run not like those of the Alps in summer, but in winter, except that which overtops us all, the hoary brow of Whiston, which, like Mount Jura, runs both in summer and in winter.

——— introduces his abuse on you, by saying, that you got a receipt for him of Sir Edward Hulse, that saved his life. Poor Mr. Pope received just such a favour from Southcote ‡, and he never was easy till he got him a rich Abbey in Flanders, which he did by the interest of Sir Robert Walpole and his brother Horace, with the Court of France; on which account it was, he always spared those two in

Nicolls*, which your University some time ago prosecuted for stealing their books, or rather should have prosecuted. Have I not reason to blame them for their ill-timed clemency? Had they hanged him, as Justice called upon them to do, my book had been safe. It is true, he has not fulfilled the old proverb, but rather contributed to a new one, 'Save a rogue from the gallows,' and ——he will endeavour to save his fellow.' I had gibbeted up Julian, and he comes by night to cut him down."

* Dr. Nathaniel Forster; see before, p. 162.

† His "Free Inquiry into the Miraculous Powers which are supposed to have subsisted in the Christian Church from the earliest ages, through several successive centuries, 1749." Innumerable answerers now appeared against him; two of whom, namely, Dodwell and Church, distinguished themselves with so much zeal and ability, that they were complimented by the University of Oxford with the degree of D. D.

‡ Mr. Pope's Friend was the Rev. Edward Southcote, a Clergyman of the Church of Rome, and the last male heir of Judge Southcote in Queen Elizabeth's time.

* Dr. Philip Nicolls, Author of several Lives in the "Biographia Britannica," and distinguished by the name of *The Penitent Thief.*

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his Satires, and highly complimented the elder. Let my soul be with a Philosopher like this, rather than such a Christian as ———.

I took notice of an article in the Newspapers, which said, it was not true that you had received a Living from *Lord Aylesbury*. Who this Lord Aylesbury is, I know not *; but I was pleased with the novelty of the paragraph, as if it was a scandal that your friends were willing to remove you; and indeed, as Lords go now, there is no great honour to receive favours from them.

Lauder has offered much amusement for the publick, and they are obliged to him †. What the publick wants, or subsists on, is news. *Milton* was their reigning favourite; yet they took it well of a man they had never heard of before, to tell them the news of Milton's being a thief and a plagiary; had he been proved a ———, it had pleased them much better. When this was no longer news, they were equally delighted with another, as much a stranger to them ‡, who entertained them with another piece of news, that Lauder was a plagiary and an impostor: had he proved him a Jesuit in disguise, nothing had equaled the satisfaction. We bear this humour in the publick; but, when particulars have imbibed

* There was then no Lord Aylesbury.—Thomas Bruce Brudenell, youngest son of George third Earl of Cardigan, succeeded to the title of Lord Bruce of Tottenham on the death of Charles Earl of Aylesbury in 1747; and was created Earl of Aylesbury in 1776.

† "I have just read the most silly and knavish book I ever saw; one *Lauder*, on Milton's Imitations. An observation at the bottom of 44, and the top of 45, proves him either the one or the other with a vengeance. If there are those things in *Masenius*, why did he not produce them? They are of more weight to prove his charge than all he says besides. If they are not, he is a knave. I think he has produced about half a dozen particular thoughts that look like imitations — but the matter of *Imitation* is a thing very little understood. However, in one view, the book does not displease me. It is likely enough to mortify all the silly adorers of Milton, who deserve to be laughed at."

Letter to Mr. Hurd, Dec. 23, 1749.

‡ Dr. Douglas, afterwards the very exemplary Bp. of Salisbury, did not long remain a *stranger* to the literary publick.

this *public spirit*, nothing is so detestable as such a character, and a man *without* a heart needs a public expiation more than a *beast* without one. I know some of these monsters; and so do you, I dare say, more than you esteem them. It is a pity that they should be sometimes men of wit.

Prior Park, Feb. 24, 1749-50.

I had no sooner got hither, but my housemaid wrote me a very disagreeable piece of news. Some rogues have stripped the lead off my stables and coach-house in Bedford-row. This is a considerable damage; for I never expect the lead will come to light. Pray resolve me in this Case of Conscience. May I with critical justice charge the theft upon my mortal enemies, those great dealers in lead, *the Gentlemen of the Dunciad?* If they have done me this injury, it is the greatest they ever did, or can do me *.

Prior Park, Feb. 28, 1749-50.

I hope your apprehensions of the *Earthquake* † abate. Folks seem to regard the third stroke of an

* This pleasantry he transplanted, nearly *verbatim*, in a Letter to Mr. Hurd, of the same date.

† "Pray did you feel either of these *Earthquakes*? They have made Whiston ten times madder than ever. He went to an ale-house at Mile-end, to see one, who, it was said, had predicted the Earthquakes. The man told him, it was true, and that he had it from an Angel. Whiston rejected this as apocryphal; for he was well assured that, if the favour of this secret was to be communicated to any one, it would be to himself. He is so enraged at Middleton, that he has just now quarreled downright with the Speaker [Onslow] for having spoke a good word for him many years ago in the affair of the Mastership of the Charter-house. The Speaker the other day sent for him to dinner; he said, 'he would not come.' The Lady sent; 'he would not come.' She went to him, and clambered up into his garret, to ask him about the Earthquake! He told her, 'Madam, you are a virtuous woman; you need not fear; none but the wicked will be destroyed. You will escape. I would not give the same promise to your husband.'—What will this poor Nation come to! in the condition of troops between two fires; the madness of Irreligion and the madness of Fanaticism!"—*Letter to Mr. Hurd, Feb...*, 1749-50.

Earthquake

Earthquake to be as certain and as fatal as the third stroke of an Apoplexy. But Dean Clarke *, who is now at Bath, and whom Lord Fitzwalter † calls *the greatest Philosopher in the world*, still affirms it to be an *Airquake*; in confirmation of which, he has a hundred circumstances to produce: for he is not like your vulgar Philosophers, who only invent hypotheses, and fit the phænomena to them as well as they can, which sometimes is lamely enough. He can invent the phænomena too, and so saves a world of labour, which, by the common rule of false, serves him as Algebra does the Geometer.

July 30, 1750.

This morning I had a letter from Cambridge, acquainting me with Dr. Middleton's death ‡. "He

* Of Caius College, Cambridge, B. A. 1702; M. A. 1706; D. D. Com. Reg. 1717. He was appointed a Prebendary of Canterbury in 1725; and Dean of Salisbury in 1728. He published Eight Sermons preached at Boyle's Lecture; and a single Sermon in 1732, "The Character of a good Magistrate." He died Feb. 6, 1757; and was buried in Salisbury Cathedral.

† Benjamin Mildmay, Lord Fitzwalter, was created May 14, 1730, Viscount Harwich, and Earl Fitzwalter. In 1735 he was sworn of the Privy Council, and appointed a Commissioner of Trade and Plantations; and in 1737 Treasurer of the King's Household. He married Lady Frederica, a daughter of Meinherdt, Duke of Schomberg, and widow of Robert Earl of Holderness; and dying Feb. 29, 1756, without surviving issue, the Viscounty and Earldom became extinct, and the Barony of Fitzwalter fell into abeyance.

‡ "I hear Dr. Middleton has been lately at London, (I suppose to consult Dr. Heberden about his health), and is returned in an extreme bad condition. The scribblers against him will say they have killed him; but, by what Mr. Yorke tells me, his *Bricklayer* will dispute the honour of his death with them. Seriously I am much concerned for the poor man; and wish he may recover with all my heart." *Letter to Mr. Hurd, July* 14, 1750.—"Dr. Middleton had been well acquainted with Dr. Heberden at Cambridge, where he flourished in great reputation for several years before he removed to London. He has now [1794], for some time past, declined all business;

declared," says my letter, " a few days ago, that he should die with that composure of mind which he thought must be the enjoyment of every man who had been a sincere searcher after Truth; expressed some concern that he felt his strength and spirits decline so fast, that he could not complete some designs he had then in hand *: and that he imagined he had given the Miracles of the early ages such a blow as they would not easily recover."

I do not see how the mere discovery of Truth affords such pleasure. If this Truth be, that the Providence of God governs the moral as well as natural world; and that, in compassion to human distresses, he has revealed his will to mankind, by which we are enabled to get the better of them, by a restoration to his favour, I can easily conceive the pleasure that, at any period of life, must accompany such a discovery. But, if the Truth discovered be that we have no farther share in God than as we partake of his natural government of the Universe; or that all there is in his moral government is only the natural necessary effects of Virtue and Vice upon human agents here, and that all the pretended Revelations of an hereafter were begot by fools, and hurried up by knaves; if this, I say, be our boasted discovery, it must, I think, prove a very uncomfortable contemplation, especially in our last hours. But every man has his taste. I only speak for my-

but, through the whole course of it, was the most esteemed of any Physician I ever knew, not only for his skill, but generosity, in the exercise of his profession.—My own personal obligations to him must be my excuse for the liberty I take in paying this small tribute of respect to his merit and character."

Bp. Hurd, in Warburton's Works, 8vo. vol. I. p. 56.

* He was meditating a general answer to all the objections made against the " Free Inquiry;" when, being seized with illness, and imagining he might not be able to go through it, he singled out Church and Dodwell, as the two most considerable of his adversaries, and employed himself in preparing a particular answer to them. This, however, he did not live to finish, but died, of a slow hectic fever and disorder in his liver, on the 28th of July, 1750, in his 67th year.

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self. All that I hope and wish is, that the Scribblers will let his memory alone: for though (after the approbation of the good and wise) one cannot wish any thing better for one's self, or one's friend, than to be heartily abused by them in this life, because it is as certain a sign of one's merit, as a dog's barking at the Moon is of her brightness; yet the veil that Death draws over us is so sacred, that the throwing dirt there has been esteemed at all times, and by all people, a profanation. If the Romans suffered their slaves to abuse their Heroes on the day of triumph, they would have regarded the same ribaldries with horror at their funerals.

As to *Dodwell;* I believe *Middleton,* when he first commended his book, overshot himself in his politics. He had an early design of answering his Book, and he had a mind to make it a little considerable by his commendations. But the publick, which is easily duped, took him at his word, and so, by duping themselves, duped him, and reduced him to the necessity of crying down what he had cried up.—But now what Dunce is it to whom the publick will give the honour of his death? For the *literate* vulgar deal as much in murders of this kind, as the *illiterate,* in the *judgments* which overtake murderers. I believe as few men die of the rage or envy of Dunces, as of the frowns of their Mistresses: and there is as little mischief done by literary as by amatory squabbles.—I am well assured the farthest this unhappy man went with regard to Revelation was only to suspend his belief; and this not so much from the force of any particular objections against it, as from his natural turn to academic scepticism. I have letters from him, which convince me of the truth of what I say. But this will be credited by all who see (as every body may by examining) that this is the key to his writings on religious subjects, and the only one that can clear up all the ambiguities and seeming inconsistencies in his conduct.

I do

1750.

I do not at all disapprove of your parting with your Library *; for I am fully persuaded Mr. Pope's prophecy will be fulfilled before Will Whiston's: and that his son Jack will see to the end of Learning before the Father gets to the beginning of his Millennium. However, do not be over-hasty; for your books will sell best when there is nobody that can understand them. That thriving *Auctioneer* will tell you there are always the most buyers where there are the fewest readers. This is the best reason I have, why you should suspend your project. For the rest, if you would get up into the higher forms, you must now do at *Lambeth*† what you formerly did at the Charter-house ‡, *learn your lesson without book.* I confess myself a dunce: I could never learn this necessary trick, neither in youth nor age; and have thriven accordingly. But my friends have more cause to regret that than I.

DEAR SIR §, *October* . . . , 1750.

You desired to have a more particular account of a certain Prophecy of one *Rice Evans*, which you have heard some of your friends speak of in terms of astonishment; as I have his Book, which is scarce, I am able to give you that satisfaction. But it may not be amiss first to let you into the character of the Prophet. Rice Evans lived and flourished in the last century, during the time of our civil confusions. He was a warm Welshman, and not disposed to be an idle spectator in so busy a scene. So he left his native country for London; and finding, on his arrival

* This does not appear to have taken place.

† Alluding to his intimacy with Abp. Herring, with whom he had been acquainted at College, and who was through life his kind and constant friend.

‡ Where Jortin had received the early part of his education.

§ First printed in Jortin's "Remarks on Ecclesiastical History," vol. I. p. 379.—This volume, though dated in 1751, was published in December 1750;—"Julian" in the April preceding.

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there, that Inspiration was all running one way, he projected to make a diversion of it from the Round-heads to the Cavaliers, and set up for a Prophet of the Royalists. He did and said many extraordinary things to the Grandees of both parties: and it must be owned, he had a spice of what we seldom find wanting in the ingredients of a modern Prophet; I mean, *Prevarication**. Of this he has himself given us a notable example, in the 42d page of his Tract, called, *An Eccho from Heaven, &c.* which, because it contains an uncommon fetch of wit, I shall transcribe. "There are two confessions," says he, "subscribed by my hand in the City of London, which, if not now, in after-ages will be considered. The one was made at the Spittle, and subscribed with the *right hand*, in the aforesaid vestry, before Sir Walter Earl; and that is a confession made by the inner man, or new man. The other confession is a confession of the flesh, called the outward man, or old man; and the confession I made before Green [the Recorder], and subscribed with the *left hand*, as the difference in the writing, being compared, will make it appear. I know the Bench and the people thought I recanted; but, alas! they were deceived."

* "My thoughts are the same with Mr. Warburton's, that the Visions of Evans are a curiosity deserving to be known, but not a foundation to build any thing upon. If there be in them any forgery, which the difference between the first and second editions once inclined me to suspect, they who can detect it will oblige us and many others by the discovery. Evans says, p. 16 of Edit. 1652, — "Being perfectly awake — a voice — said to me, Go to thy book, whereupon — I suddenly started up and to the table I went, where my Bible lay open, immediately fastening my eyes upon Ephes. v. 14. being these words, Wherefore he saith, Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light, &c. The same thing he did at other times. Evans, who was illiterate, little thought that he was practising a kind of divination in great request among the Pagans, and the ancient Jews and Christians, who had recourse to their *Sortes Homericæ, Virgilianæ, Evangelicæ, and Biblicæ*. The same causes produce the same effects; and nothing is more like one Enthusiast, Mystic, Caballist, or Quietist, than another."

J. JORTIN.

Well

Well, but this very man has in the 77 and 78 pages of this "Eccho, printed for the Author in 12mo, and sold at his house in Long Alley in Black Friers, 1653, Second Edition *, with additions," a Prophecy which astonishes all who carefully consider it. It is in these words:

"A Vision that I had presently after the King's death.—I thought that I was in a great hall, like the Shire-hall in the Castle in Winchester, and there was none there but a Judge that sat upon the Bench, and myself; and as I turned to a window North-westward, and looking into the palm of my hand, there appeared to me a face, head, and shoulders, like the Lord Fairfax's, and presently it vanished again; then arose the Lord Cromwell, and he vanished likewise; then arose a young face, and he had a crown upon his head, and he vanished also; and another young face arose with a crown on his head, and he vanished also; and another young face arose with a crown upon his head, and he vanished also; and another young face arose with a crown upon his head, and vanished in like manner: And as I turned the palm of my hand back again to me, and looked, there did appear no more in it. Then I turned to the Judge, and said to him, There arose in my hand seven, and five of them had crowns; but, when I turned my hand, the blood turned to its veins, and there appeared no more: so I awoke.—The interpretation of this Vision is, that after the Lord Cromwell there shall be *Kings* again in *England*, which thing is signified unto us by those that arose after him, who were all crowned, but the generations to come may look for a change of the blood, and of the name in the royal seat after five Kings reigne once passed. *2 Kings* x. 30."

* It is observable, that in the first Edition, printed in the year 1652, Evans reckons up *five*, not *four* young faces in his hand, and he concludes only thus: "All that I apprehend by this vision is, that after the Lord Cromwell we shall have a king again in England." J. J.

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The words referred to in this text are these: *And the Lord said unto Jehu, because thou hast done well, &c. thy Children of the fourth Generation shall sit on the throne of Israel.*

The Restoration of the Monarchy is here plainly predicted; together with the Crown's passing from the House of Stuart into another family. But the Prophet at first sight appears to be doubtful about the number of reigns before that event. He reckons up in his hand only *four* successions to the Monarchy; yet, in his speech to the Judge, he calls them *five*; in his interpretation he says the change shall be after the reign of *five* Kings; and yet referring, in conclusion, to a text in the Second Book of *Kings*, we are brought back again to the number *four*. But it is this very circumstance which makes the prodigious part of this affair. A good guesser (who, an ancient Writer says, is the best Prophet) might reasonably conjecture the Monarchy, after the subverter of it, Cromwell, was taken off, would be restored; and, if it continued in the same family for *four* or *five* generations, that was as much as, in the ceaseless revolutions of human affairs, could be expected. But we shall find there was something more in this matter. The Succession of the House of Stuart, during the course of these *four* generations, was disturbed, and that circumstance our Prophet has distinctly marked out. The *four* crowned heads he saw in his hand denote Charles the Second, James the Second, Queen Mary, and Queen Anne. They are afterwards called *five;* and so they were; for King William the Third shared the sovereignty with Queen Mary, and reigned alone after her. But, he being of another family, when the *succession* in the House of Stuart is reckoned up, he could not be numbered: so they must be there called *four*. When the Prophet reckons the *reigns*, King William comes in, and then they are called *five*. The key to this explanation is the text he concludes with—*Thy children of the* FOURTH *generation shall sit on the throne.*

throne. A great and extraordinary Genius, lately deceased, struck with this wonderful coincidence, hath written with his own hand, in the margin of the page, these words, *A manifest Prophecy.* You know who I mean. But every one must judge for himself, unless (which I had rather) you would give us your sentiments upon it.

But, now my hand is in, as you have had one of his *Visions*, you shall have a *Dream* too, as he tells it in the 12th page of the first, and the 8th page of his second Edition.—" My heart was for London; and, as one Mr. Oliver Thomas preached, Cant. ii. 10. " Arise up, my love, my fair-one, and come away;" my heart was allured with it, that I thought it was a hastening of me to London; and at that time, in a Dream, methought I was on *Islington-hill* by the *Water-house*, and *London* appeared before me as if it had been burnt with fire, and there remained nothing of it but a few stone walls: but I made nothing of this Dream." — Whosoever reflects upon what we are told by Burnet, in the *History of his own Times*, vol. i. p. 231. of the condition in which the works were put up at the Water-house at Islington, when the Fire of London happened, cannot but think Evans' making this the scene of his dream a very unaccountable circumstance. His telling us that *he made nothing of this Dream* adds to the credit of his relation. W. WARBURTON.

Prior Park, July 5, 1751.

The Discourse on the *Somnium Scipionis* * is, by your account, a master-piece in its way. I shall

* This was a *shilling pamphlet* published in May 1751. It was intituled, " The Theology and Philosophy in Cicero's *Somnium Scipionis* explained; or, a brief Attempt to demonstrate that the Newtonian System is perfectly agreeable to the Notions of the wisest Antients; and that Mathematical Principles are the only sure ones." On this pamphlet of 55 pages, which was the production of Mr. (afterwards Bp. Horne), a long and curious critique is given in the *Monthly Review*, vol. V. p. 86.—And see Jones's Life of Bp. Horne, p. 38.

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seek after it *, but would sooner go to a house of office after it than to a Magazine †. Well may those immortal treasures continue the delight of the Parsons, when they hear the Author of ——— ‡ admits them into his study §. In short, you deserve, as

* "There is one book, and that no large one, which I would recommend to your perusal. It is called, 'The Theology and Philosophy of Cicero's *Somnium Scipionis* examined.' It is indeed the *ne plus ultra* of Hutchinsonianism. In this catchpenny pamphlet Newton is proved an *Atheist*, and a *Blockhead*: and what would you more?" *Letter to Mr. Hurd, Sept. 22, 1751.*

† On this unseemly sample of witticism, see the Rev. Edward Jones's remarks in "Literary Anecdotes," vol. IX. p. 628.

‡ This may be read "Remarks on Ecclesiastical History."

§ "The connexion between these two very eminent Scholars is a melancholy instance of the *Quarrels of Authors*. For several years their intimate friendship was unshaken. They corresponded in terms of the greatest confidence; and reciprocally asked and received from each other information in their respective literary researches. "I have by me," says an eminent Writer *, "a large collection of the civil things which these learned friends have been pleased to say of one another; and it would amuse you to see with what an energy and force of language they are delivered." From 1747 to 1749 Mr. Jortin was occasionally an assistant to Mr. Warburton, then Preacher at Lincoln's Inn; and at that period the one was collecting materials for "Julian," the other for the "Remarks on Ecclesiastical History;" and to these subjects the Fragments here reprinted principally apply.—In a paragraph in the Notes on "Julian" (as it stands in the Author's last Edition p. 316) Mr. Warburton, "who had just been treating a piece of Ecclesiastical History," says, "But this I leave, with Julian's Adventures, to my learned Friend, Mr. Jortin; who, I hope, will soon oblige the Publick with his curious Dissertations on Ecclesiastical Antiquity; composed, like his life, not in the spirit of controversy, nor, what is worse, of party, but of truth and candour †."

Let us now turn to Jortin; who, in his "Remarks on Ecclesiastical History," vol. I. p. 377, speaking of the *Vision of Rice Evans*, as "containing some things not unworthy of notice," says, "Mr. Warburton has given me the following remarks on the man, and on his predictions; and the Bishop of Bangor ‡, and he, have been willing to appear as my friends, and my coadjutors in this Work.

"Ibit et hoc nostri per sæcula fœdus amoris,
Doctorumque inter nomina nomen ero:

Forsan

* Bp. Hurd's Works, vol. VIII. p. 259. † Ibid. p. 299.

‡ Dr. Zachary Pearce, whose "Dissertation on the Destruction of Jerusalem" Mr. Jortin had printed in a former page of his "Remarks."

Shakespeare says, to have your eyes picked out with a Ballad-maker's pen. Would you believe it, there is not in all this neighbourhood the Greek Ecclesiastical Historians! The Divines here are farther gone in *Tradition* than the Papists themselves. W. W.

Forsan et extinctum non spernet Patria dulcis,
Forsitan et dicet, Tu quoque noster eras.
Talibus inferiis placabilis Umbra quiescet,
Lenibunt Manes talia dona meos.
Interea Labor ipse levat fastidia vitæ:
Æterno rectum sub Duce pergat iter!
Scriptores sancti, salvete, et cana Vetustas;
Salve, Musa, nimis blanda tenaxque comes:
Tu puero teneris penitus dilecta sub annis;
Tune etiam emerito cura futura viro?
Ne tamen æternum, mœsta atque irata, recede,
Sed raro, sed vix sæpe rogata, veni.
Hæc, Fortuna, tuis non sunt obnoxia regnis,
Livor in hæc poterit juris habere nihil."

This was written in November 1750; and six months after, April 2, 1751, Mr. Jortin, in a note to Mr. Birch, says, "Mr. Warburton is now in town; and would be very glad to see you. Therefore this is to *invite* and *summon* you to meet me *at his house*, on Wednesday morning, to breakfast there, and to settle such points as may arise." What could promise a more lasting duration than this mutual reciprocity of assistance and acknowledgment? Yet, alas, it was soon to be dissolved. The fatal "Sixth Dissertation" of Jortin, and the *Seventh*, by Mr. Hurd, "on the Delicacy of Friendship," converted the intimacy of years into absolute hatred and contempt. The idea is so melancholy, that I forbear to enlarge upon it; though there may perhaps be an opportunity of resuming it in another place. Meantime I copy Jortin's picture of himself, from the conclusion of his "Lusus Poetici:"

"The ambitious Muse, with early-daring flight,
Spurn'd the dull nest, and ventur'd into light;
Yet even then, not fondly indiscreet,
She burnt a volume, where she spar'd a sheet;
Dwelt with the authors of the golden age,
And stole some beauties from the Classic page;
In modern verse would willingly have shone,
And read Pope's Poems, and destroy'd her own;
Suffer'd no peevish lines to see the day;
Spleen oft compos'd what Candour threw away;
Nor wrong'd herself, nor wrong'd another's name;
Too proud to fawn, too honest to defame;
Remote and shelter'd, in the paths she chose,
From foolish friends and formidable foes."

ORIGINAL

ORIGINAL LETTERS *

OF

THEOBALD †, THIRLBY, AND WARBURTON.

LETTER I.

To Mr. MATTHEW CONCANEN ‡, Fleet-street.

DEAR SIR, *Wyan's Court, Aug.* 23, 1726.

YOU gave me a disappointment in not returning the other day, as I thought you proposed; and to be revenged, I will punish you with my thoughts on that passage of our Friend SHAKESPEARE, which, as you may remember, then stuck with us, and could not be made out by the help of our Glossaries.

* The whole of this Correspondence, except the three first Letters, and the sixth, are printed from the Originals, communicated by Edward Roberts, Esq. of Ealing — to whom they were many years ago presented by Mr. Theobald's Son (at that time, by the patronage of Sir Edward Walpole, a Clerk in the Annuity Pell-office in the Exchequer), as a small but grateful return for favours conferred on him by Mr. Roberts.

† Of Mr. Lewis Theobald, I shall take an opportunity, in a future page, of giving some regular biographical notices.

‡ Mr. Concanen was a native of Ireland, the descendant of a good family. He was born in 1701, and was bred to the Law, a study too dry for his volatile disposition; and in 1721 was the Author of "Wexford Wells, a Comedy," acted and printed at Dublin in that year; and about the same time published "A Match at Football, a Poem, in three Cantos," dedicated to Mr. Bettesworth. In 1722 he published a volume of "Poems on several Occasions," dedicated to the Duchess of Grafton; and soon after came to London, literally to seek his fortune. He published, in 1724, a volume of "Miscellaneous Poems;" by himself and others; and, at the date of the above Letter, was intimately connected with 'The London Journal,' to which he communicated the ingenious critique of his friend Theobald, with the following introduction: 'It is a debt which the World owes to those who have deserved well of it, to preserve their reputations as

CORIOLANUS, p. 191. [Pope's 4to Edition.]

——————— I think he 'll be to Rome
As is the ASPREY to the Fish; he 'll take it
By Sov'reignty of Nature. ———————

It is very usual with Mr. Pope, you know, to take passages implicitly from the preceding Editions; and I suppose, without giving himself the trouble of

as long as the materials of which they are formed can be made to last. To this kind of reward I think no sort of men better entitled than the Poets; whether we consider them as seldom receiving any other, or as they really are Benefactors in a very high degree to mankind. This is in a great measure confessed by the practice of other Countries towards the memory of such as have excelled among them, and by the consent of all Nations in their admiration and applause of the Antients. We are the only people in Europe who have had good Poets among them, and yet suffer their reputation to moulder, and their memory as it were to rust, for want of a little of that *Critical* care, which is as truly due to their merit as to that of the antient Greek and Roman Writers.—You perceive what I aim at. It is to observe to you, that some tolerable Comments upon the Works of our celebrated Poets are not only expedient, but necessary. Every Writer is obliged to make himself understood of the age in which he lives; but, as he cannot answer for the changes of manners and language which may happen after his death, those who receive pleasure and instruction from him are obliged, as well in gratitude to him as in duty to posterity, to endeavour to perpetuate his memory, by preserving his meaning. This is what the French have done by their *Marots*, *Rabelais's*, and *Ronsards*; nay even *Boileau*, who died within our memory, is thus armed against the assaults of Time. The Italians, who are not thereto provoked by a changing Language like ours, have not a tolerable Writer in their tongue whose Works are not illustrated by some useful Notes; while we, whose manners are so variable, and whose Language so visibly alters every century, have not one Poet (though there are several whom we admire) who has met with the good fortune of a kind hand endeavouring to secure him against mortality. Strange humour! Much pains have been taken to preserve to us the Picture of Chaucer, while nobody has thought it proper to render that better picture of him, his writings, intelligible to future ages. Butler has had a Monument erected to his memory in Westminster-Abbey; how much more emphatically might it be said to be *erected to his memory*, if it were a Comment upon his excellent Hudibras: which, for want of such illustration, grows every day less pleasing to his Readers; who lose half his wit and pleasantry, while they are ignorant of the facts he alludes to. I own, it grows daily more difficult to perform this duty to old Authors; and therefore the Italians say, that

guessing at what the Poet means. Though our search would have been very vain to find any such word as *Asprey*, yet I easily imagined, something must be couched under the corruption, in its Nature destructive to fish, and that made a prey of them; and I think, the suspicion has led me to the true discovery.

that a Comment ought to be made when the Work does not need it, for that it will be impossible to make one when it does. I have been thrown into these thoughts by a Letter from a Gentleman, who has first in our language given proofs of an ability to do justice to an excellent Writer. Sorry I am that he is not allowed to indulge the inclination, which is accompanied by so much knowledge and genius to execute it. The Letter (which I send you with this) was occasioned by some discourse I had with him upon a passage in Shakespeare, which, through the error of the text, neither he nor I could then discover the meaning of; but such is his zeal for that Author, and such is his penetration in matters of Learning, that in a day or two he perfectly cleared it up. I cannot conclude without observing, that such a Critick as this might bring the name of a Commentator into the repute which it has lost by the dull and useless pedantry of some Pretenders to it. Such a Gentleman, and none but such, ought to republish an old Writer, since it is in his power to make reprisals upon his Author, and to receive as much glory from him as he gives to him."—Mr. Concanen very soon after became acquainted with Mr. Warburton, who addressed to him the Letter printed in p. 6; and to whom that learned Writer presented the MS. of his famous little work on "Prodigies and Miracles," a circumstance thus noticed by himself in a Letter to his Friend Dr. Hurd: "I met many years ago with an ingenious Irishman at a coffee-house, near Gray's-inn, where I lodged. He studied the Law, and was very poor. I had given him money for many a dinner! and at last I gave him those papers, which he sold to the booksellers for more money than you would think, much more than they were worth. But I must finish the history both of the Irishman and the papers. Soon after, he got acquainted with Sir William Young, wrote for Sir Robert [Walpole], and was made Attorney-general of Jamaica. He married there an opulent widow, and died very rich a few years ago here in England; but of so scoundrel a temper, that he avoided ever coming into my sight: so that the memory of all this intercourse between us has been buried in silence till this moment. And who should this man be but one of the Heroes of the Dunciad, *Concanen* by name!"

In the "British Journal," Nov. 25, 1727, is a Letter by Concanen on Swift and Pope's Miscellanies; and in 1728 he wrote the Preface to the "Collection of all the Verses, Essays, Letters, and

I have no doubt but Shakespeare wrote:

——————— I think he 'll be to Rome,
As is the *Osprey* to the Fish; he 'll take it
By Sov'reignty of Nature.

The change, you see, is very minute; and the corruption arose in the old copies only from the mistake of an *A* for an *O*. Now the *Osprey* is a species of the *Eagle*, of a strong make, that haunts the sea and lakes for its food, and altogether preys on Fish.

and Advertisements, occasioned by Mr. Pope's and Swift's Miscellanies." — In 1728, after the first appearance of the Dunciad, Mr. Concanen published "A Supplement to the Profund." — "In this Supplement," Dr. Warton observes, "are some more shrewd remarks, and more pertinent examples, than might be expected from such a Writer, and are enough to make us think he had some more able assistant. Concanen was at that time an intimate friend of Warburton; and, it has been suggested, was assisted by him in writing these remarks; but of this there is no positive proof." — There occurs, however, on this account the following passage in the Dunciad, II. 299.

"True to the bottom, see *Concanen* creep,
A cold, long-winded, native of the deep:
If Perseverance gain the Diver's prize,
Not everlasting Blackmore this denies:
No noise, no stir, no motion must thou make,
Th' unconscious stream flaps o'er thee like a lake."

Concanen dealt very unfairly by Pope," as Pope's Commentator informs us, "in not only frequently imputing to him Broome's verses (for which, says he, he might seem in some degree accountable, having corrected what that gentleman did), but those of the Duke of Buckingham and others. He was since," adds Warburton, "a hired scribbler in The Daily Courant, where he poured forth much Billingsgate against Lord Bolingbroke and others; after which this man was surprizingly promoted to administer Justice and Law in Jamaica." — Certain it is, that Concanen's wit and literary abilities, however, recommended him to the favour of the Duke of Newcastle, through whose interest he obtained, in July 1732, being then a Barrister at Law, the post of Attorney-general of the Island of Jamaica; which office he filled with the utmost integrity and honour, and to the perfect satisfaction of the inhabitants for near seventeen years; when, having acquired an ample fortune, he was desirous of passing the close of his life in his native country, with which intention he quitted Jamaica, and came to London, proposing to pass some little time there before he went to settle entirely in Ireland. But the difference of climate between that Metropolis and the place he had so long been accustomed to, had such an effect on his constitution, that he fell into

It is called the ἁλιαίετος *, or *Aquila Marina*, as also *Avis Ossifraga*; and thence, as I presume, contracted first perhaps into *Osphrey*, and then, with regard to the ease of pronunciation, into *Osprey*. Minshew, Skinner, and Cotgrave, all give us the name of this Bird; as do our Latin Dictionaries in the words *Haliæetus* and *Ossifraga*. Pliny has left us this description of its acute sight, and eagerness after its prey. 'Haliæetus clarissimâ oculorum acie, librans ex alto sese, viso in mari pisce, præceps in mare ruit, et, discussis pectore aquis, rapit.'

If it may be granted that we are come to the truth of the text by this change of one letter, it may not be disagreeable to go a little farther, to explain the propriety of the Poet's allusion. Why does he say that Coriolanus will be to Rome, as the *Osprey* to the Fish:

——————— He 'll take it
By Sov'reignty of Nature?

Does he mean, that Coriolanus in war is as superior to all other Warriors, as the Eagle, the King of Birds, is to all other Birds? Surely there must be something more significant designed here. In short, I believe, Shakespeare intended to go deeper in his comparison. He has a peculiarity, you know, in thinking; and wherever he is acquainted with Nature, is sure to allude to her most uncommon effects and operations. I am very apt to imagine,

into a consumption, of which he died, Jan 22, 1749, a few weeks after his arrival in London. Mr. Concanen's original Poems, though short, have considerable merit; but much cannot be said of his, "Wexford Wells." He has several Songs in "The Musical Miscellany, 1729, 6 vols;" and was concerned with Mr. Edward Roome and other gentlemen in altering Broome's "Jovial Crew" into a Ballad Opera, in which shape it is now frequently performed.—He was occasionally a writer in "The London Journal;" was the Author of "The Specultists, 1730;" and in 1731 published a Miscellany, called "The Flowerpiece."

* Εἶδος αἰτοῦ ὁ ἁλιαίετος ἐν Θαλάττῃ διαιτώμενος. Schol. Aristoph. ad Aves, ver. 892. Ὁ δὲ ἁλιαίετος καὶ περὶ τὴν Θάλατταν διατρίβει, καὶ τὰ νεκρὰ κόπτει. Aristot. de Animal. lib. 8. ch. 3. It is also mentioned by Oppian in his Halieuticks, l. 1. ver. 425. Pliny, in his Natural History, Dydymus ad Homer. Il. ρ. ver. 674. &c.

therefore, that the Poet meant, Coriolanus would take Rome, by the very opinion and terror of his name; as Fish are taken by the *Osprey*, through an instinctive fear they have of him.

But, that I may not seem to impose an opinion merely chimerical, I will give you the authorities upon which I have adopted it. 'The Fishermen,' says our old Naturalist, William Turner *, 'are used to anoint their baits with Osprey's fat, thinking thereby to make them the more efficacious; because, when that Bird is hovering in the air, all the Fish that are beneath him (the Nature of the Eagle, as it is believed, compelling them to it) turn up their bellies, and, as it were, give him his choice which he will take of them.' Gesner goes a little farther in support of this odd instinct, telling us, 'that, while this Bird flutters in the air, and sometimes, as it were, seems suspended there, he drops a certain quantity of his fat, by the influence whereof the Fish are so affrighted and confounded, that they immediately turn themselves belly upwards; upon which he sowses down perpendicularly, like a stone, and seizes them in his talons †.' — To this, I believe, Shakespeare alludes in this expression of the *Sov'reignty of Nature*. And so much by way of explication.

I do not know whether I shall have occasion to retract any part of these conjectures; but I shall be better determined as you either concur with, or differ from, Sir, your affectionate friend, and very humble servant, LEW. THEOBALD."

* "Piscatores nostrates escis fallendis piscibus destinatis, haliæeti adipem illinunt aut immiscent, putantes hoc argumento escam efficaciorem futuram; quod haliæeto sese in aëre librante, pisces quotquot subsunt (naturâ Aquilæ ad hoc cogente, ut creditur); se resupinent, et ventres albicantes, ceu optionem eligendi illi facientes, exhibeant." De Avibus, p. 196.

† "Volitare per aërem, et in eo veluti pendere videri interdùm, tùm demittere adipis aliquid in Aquam, unde statim pisces attoniti vertantur supini: etiam mox rectà præcipitem ferri instar lapidis, et unum ex illis altero pede adunco suo accipere." Ibid.

LETTER

LETTER II.

For Mr. M. CONCANEN * at Mr. WOODWARDS at the half moon, in Fleetstreet. London.

DEAR SIR, *Newarke, Jan.* 2, 1726-7.

having had no more regard for those papers which I spoke of and promis'd to Mr. Theobald, than just what they deserv'd, I in vain sought for them thro' a number of loose papers that had the same kind of abortive birth. I used it to make one good part of my amusement in reading the English Poets, those of them I mean whose vein flows regularly and constantly, as well as clearly, to trace them to their sources; and observe what *ore*, as well as what slime and gravel they brought down with them. Dryden I observe borrows for want of leasure, and Pope for want of genius: Milton out

*. That Mr. Warburton was an associate with Theobald and Concanen in the attack made on Pope's fame and talents, is indisputable; having been introduced at the weekly meetings; a favour which in this Letter he speaks of in very high terms of complacency and thankfulness.—Mr. Warburton, however, was not at that time, as has been generally supposed, an Attorney; but an assistant to a Relation in a School at Newark, having taken Deacon's orders in 1723.

"This Letter was found, about the year 1750, by Dr. Gawin Knight, First Librarian to the British Museum, in fitting up a house which he had taken in Crane-court, Fleet-street. The house had, for a long time before, been let in lodgings, and in all probability Concanen had lodged there. The original Letter has been many years in my possession, and is here most exactly copied with its several little peculiarities in grammar, spelling, and punctuation. April 30, 1766. M. A."—"The above is copied from an indorsement of Dr. Mark Akenside, as is the Letter, from a copy given by him to ——— ——— esq.—I have carefully retained all the peculiarities above mentioned.—If it contained any thing that might affect the moral character of the writer, tenderness for the dead would forbid its publication. But, that not being the case, and the learned Prelate being now beyond the reach of criticism, there is no reason why this literary curiosity should be longer with-held from the publick:

"Duncan is in his grave;
"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
"Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
"Malice domestick, foreign levy, nothing
"Can touch him further."

of pride, and Addison out of modesty. And now I speak of this latter, that you and Mr. Theobald may see of what kind those Idle collections are, and likewise to give you my notion of what we may safely pronounce an imitation, for it is not I presume the same train of ideas that follow in the same description of an Ancient and a modern, where nature when attended to, always supplys the same stores, which will autorize us to pronounce the latter an imitation, for the most judicious of all poets, Terence, has observed of his own science *Nihil est dictum, quod non sit dictum prius*: For these reasons I say I give myselfe the pleasure of setting down some imitations I observed in the Cato of Addison.

Addison. A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage. *Act 2. Sc. 1.*

Tully. Quod si immortalitas consequeretur præsentis periculi fugam, tamen eo magis ea fugienda esse videretur, quo diuturnior esset servitus. *Philipp. Or.* 10ª.

Addison. Bid him disband his legions
Restore the commonwealth to liberty
Submit his actions to the public censure,
And stand the judgement of a Roman senate,
Bid him do this and Cato is his friend.

Tully. Pacem vult? arma deponat, roget, deprecetur. Neminem equiorem reperiet quam me. *Philipp.* 5ª.

Addison. ——————But what is life?
'Tis not to stalk about and draw fresh air
From time to time————
'Tis to be free. When Liberty is gone,
Life grows insipid and has lost its relish. *Sc. 3.*

Tully. Non enim in spiritu vita est: sed ea nulla est omnino servienti. *Philipp.* 10ª.

Addison. Remember O my friends the laws the rights
The gen'rous plan of power deliver'd down
From age to age by your renowned forefathers.
O never let it perish in your hands. *Act 3. Sc. 5.*

Tully. ——Hanc [libertatem scit] retinete, quæso, Quirites, quam vobis, tanquam hereditatem, majores nostri reliquerunt. *Philipp.* 4ª.

Addison.

Addison. The mistress of the world, the seat of empire,
The nurse of Heros the delight of Gods.
Tully. Roma domus virtutis, imperii dignitatis, domicilium gloriæ, lux orbis terrarum.
de oratore.

'The first half of the 5 Sc. 3 Act. is nothing but a transcript from the 9 book of lucan between the 300 and the 700 line. You see by this specimen the exactness of Mr. Addison's judgement who wanting sentiments worthy the Roman Cato sought for them in Tully and Lucan. When he wou'd give his subject those terrible graces which Dion. Hallicar: complains he could find no where but in Homer, he takes the assistance of our Shakespear, who in his *Julius Cæsar* has painted the conspirators with a pomp and terrour that perfectly astonishes. hear our British Homer.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the Int'rim is
Like a phantasma or a hideous dream,
The Genius and the mortal *Instruments*
Are then in *council,* and the state of Man
like to a little Kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Mr. Addison has thus imitated it:

O think what anxious moments pass between
The birth of plots and their last fatal periods
O 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Filled up with horror all, and big with death.

I have two things to observe on this imitation. 1. the decorum this exact Mr. of propriety has observed. In the Conspiracy of Shakespear's description, the fortunes of Cæsar and the roman Empire were concerned, And the magnificent circumstances of

" The genius and the mortal instruments
" Are then in council.

is exactly proportioned to the dignity of the subject. But this wou'd have been too great an apparatus to the desertion of Syphax and the rape of Sempronius, and therefore Mr. Addison omits it. II. The other thing

thing more worth our notice is, that Mr. A. was so greatly moved and affected with the pomp of Sh:' description, *that instead of copying his author's sentiments, he has before he was aware given us only the marks of his own impressions on the reading him.* For,

" O 'tis a dreadful interval of time
" Filled up with horror all, and big with death.

are but the affections raised by such lively images as these

" ——all the Int'rim is
" Like a phantasma or a hideous dream.
&,
" The state of man—like to a little kingdom suffers then
" The nature of an insurrection.

Again when Mr. Addison would paint the softer passions he has recourse to Lee who certainly had a peculiar genius that way. thus his Juba

" True she is fair. O how divinely fair!

coldly imitates Lee in his Alex:

" Then he wou'd talk: Good Gods how he wou'd talk!

I pronounce the more boldly of this, because Mr. A. in his 39 Spec. expresses his admiration of it. My paper fails me, or I should now offer to Mr. Theobald an objection ag^t. Shakespear's acquaintance with the ancients. As it appears to me of great weight, and as it is necessary he shou'd be prepared to obviate all that occur on that head. But some other opportuuity will presente itselfe. You may now, S^r, justly complain of my ill manners in deferring till now, what shou'd have been first of all acknowledged due to you. which is my thanks for all your favours when in town, particularly for introducing me to the knowledge of those worthy and ingenious Gentlemen * that made up our last night's conversation. I am, Sir, with all esteem your most obliged friend and humble servant, W. WARBURTON."

* Among these, in the Notes on the Dunciad, are enumerated *Theobald, Dennis, Moore, Concanen,* and *Cooke,* as joint Authors of a Letter signed W. A. June 8, 1729.

LETTER

LETTER III.

To Mr. MATTHEW CONCANEN *, Fleet-street.

SIR, *March* 13, 1728-9.

The few passages of Shakespeare, upon which you, by your last, require my thoughts, I have, for some time past, solved to myself; but shall be much better confirmed in my corrections if they have the good luck to be supported by your approbation. But I entreat of you, by all the regards of friendship, that no partiality in opinion, to my attempts upon this beloved Author, may over-sway you to be convinced, contrary to your own private judgment.

Your first question is upon the following passage of Coriolanus, p. 108.

> ——— Thou wast a Soldier
> Even to *Calvus'* wish, not fierce and terrible
> Only in *strokes*, but with thy *grim looks*, and
> The thunder-like percussion of thy *sounds*,
> Thou mad'st thine enemies shake.

Upon C. Marcius being shut into Corioli, where it was feared he would have fallen a sacrifice to numbers, T. Lartius sums up his character, as a Warrior that was terrible in his strokes, in the tone of his voice, and in the grimness of his countenance. But who was this Calvus? I am afraid Greek and Roman History will be at a loss to account for such

* Communicated to "Mist's Journal, March 16, 1727-8," with this introduction: "As I casually met with the following Letter, writ by the Author of 'Shakespeare Restored' to a private friend, I ought to ask pardon for publishing it without a particular leave obtained. But, as the contents are only a continuation of those Criticisms which he has begun to give the Publick upon Shakespeare, the subject entitles the Town to them, and I hope, I shall be the more easily excused this liberty."

The Editor of the Journal subjoins, "If these Corrections strike my Readers as they have done me, they cannot but be pleased with a promise Mr. Theobald has made the Publick, in his Preface to the *Second Edition* of "Double Falshood," that, though *private property* should so far stand in his way, as to prevent him from putting out an Edition of Shakespeare; yet some way or other, if he lives, the Publick shall receive from his hand that Poet's *whole Works* corrected with his best care and ability."

a man,

a man, and such a circumstance joined to signalize him. It is very surprizing that the late learned Editor of Shakespeare should tell us, 'at the beginning of this Play, that the whole History is exactly followed, and many of the principal speeches copied from the Life of Coriolanus in Plutarch; and yet that he should have no suspicion of this passage: for, I dare answer, Calvus was as new a person to him, as he is yet to me. The second Edition in folio (anno 1632) give us this Reading,

Even to *Calves* wish, ——————

But I will be bold to say, that Shakespeare wrote, and therefore so it must for the future be restored:

—————— Thou wast a soldier
Even to *Cato's* wish, &c.

The error probably arose from the similitude in the manuscript of *to* to *lv*; and so this unknown wight Calvus sprung up. But how shall we be sure, may it not be said, that it ought to be restored Cato? I flatter myself, the authorities for this emendation will hardly be disputed. Plutarch, in his Life of Coriolanus, speaking of this Hero, says, "He was a man (that which Cato required in a Warrior) not only dreadful to meet with in the field, by reason of his hand and stroke; but insupportable to an enemy for the very tone and accent of his voice, and the sole terror of his aspect." Again in the Life of Marcus Cato the Censor, Plutarch, describing the warlike temper of that rough Roman, repeats the same sense in terms but little differing, "In engagements," says he, "he would use to strike lustily, with a fierce countenance stare upon his enemies, and with a harsh threatening voice accost them. Nor was he out in his opinion, whilst he taught that such rugged kind of behaviour sometimes does strike the enemy more than the sword itself." — Can we want plainer proof, when the three things

things mentioned in our Poet are particularized in both these passages of Plutarch, and said to be the qualities which Cato thought requisite in a soldier? It is true, Shakespeare is guilty of an anachronism, for Coriolanus died above 250 years before the Elder Cato was born. But I have already excused our Poet on this head, in the beginning of my Appendix to "Shakespeare Restored."—And now to your second Doubt proposed, from the Tempest.

> If I have too austerely punish'd you,
> Your compensation makes amends; for I
> Have given here a *Third* of my own Life,
> Or that for which I live.

Prospero here gives his daughter in marriage to young Ferdinand. But, as you very reasonably ask, why is she only a *third* of his own Life? He had no wife living, nor any other child, to rob her of a share in his affection: so that we may reckon her at least *half* of himself. Nor could he intend that he loved himself twice as much as he did her; for he immediately subjoins, that it was 'she for whom he lived.' The Poet certainly meant, Prospero should say, he has made Ferdinand a full recompence: for he has given him, in his daughter, his very life and heart-strings.

A very minute alteration reconciles it to this sense, and I have no doubt therefore but the Poet wrote,

> ——————————— For I
> Have giv'n you here a *Thread* of my own Life,
> Or that for which I live.

The change will be still more minute, if we allow for the old way of spelling this word *Thrid* from its Saxon derivation; and the error has arisen plainly from a bare transposition of the letters. A like mistake I remember to have observed upon the very same word, in the old play called "Lingua," Act 4, Sc. 6.

> For as a subtle spider, closely sitting,
> In centre of her web, that spreadeth,
> If you but touch the smallest *third*.

For

For it is very evident to the meanest understanding that we must likewise restore it here,

But touch the smallest thrid, or thread.

Nor is there any metaphor more common with Shakespeare, than the *Thread of Life*, the *Web of Life*, &c. To give but a very few instances in a point so well known:

All's Well that Ends Well, p. 435:

The Web of our Life is of a mingled Yarn, good and ill together.

Othello, p. 585:

—— I am glad thy father 's dead;
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old Thread in twain.

1 Hen. VI. p. 6:

——— Had not Churchmen pray'd,
His Thread of Life had not so soon decay'd.

2 Hen. VI. p. 174:

Argo, their Thread of Life is spun.

Hen. V. p. 442:

And let not Bardolfe's vital Thread be cut
With edge of penny Cord, &c.

And so in a great number of passages more, that I could produce were there any occasion.

But I now hasten to obey you in your third instance, from Timon of Athens, p. 26:

Sen. Take the Bonds along with you,
And have the Dates in. Come.

A Senator here, who is a Creditor of Timon, sends his servant to make an importunate demand of the debt, bids him not to take a slight denial, but to carry the bonds, and bring in the money. But why, as you say, have the dates in? Certainly, ever since Bonds were given, the date was put in when the bond was entered into; and these bonds Timon had already given, and the time of their payment was lapsed.

In

In short, the passage has never been understood: and yet, I hope, I have found out its true meaning. Restore it:

Sen. Take the bonds along with you,
And have the Dates in *Compt*,

i. e. take good notice of the dates, for the better computation of the Interest due upon them. It must be obvious to every Reader of Shakespeare, how general it is with him to write *Compt* and *Accompt*, for *Count* and *Account*. So in the very next speech of this Play, where Timon's steward is talking of his Master's carelessness, p. 26:

——————— Takes no accompt
How things go from him, &c.

So in Macbeth, p. 532:

——————— Your Servants ever,
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs in Compt,
To make their audit, &c.

And so in Othello, p. 587:

——————— Oh! ill-star'd wench,
Pale as thy smock! When we shall meet at Compt, &c.

And in an hundred other places.

I come now, to your last question, upon a passage in Troilus and Cressida, which requires an explication, no correction.

P. 114. ——— The dreadful Sagittary
Appals our Numbers.

Mr. Pope, as you observe, thinks, by *Sagittary*, that our Poet means *Teucer*; who, indeed, was famous for his bow. But, when Teucer is not once mentioned by name throughout the whole Play, would Shakespeare decypher him by so dark and precarious a description? I dare be positive, he had no thought of that Archer here. This passage contains a piece of private history, which, perhaps, Mr. Pope never met with, unless he consulted the old Chronicle, containing the Three Destructions of Troy, printed by Caxton in 1471, and Wynken de Werde in 1503; from which Book, as I shall hereafter shew, our Poet obtained this circumstance.

" Beyonde

"Beyonde the royalme of Amazonue came an auncient kynge, wysse and disscreéte, named Epystrophus, and brought a M. knyghtes, and a mervayllouse beste that was called *Sagittarye*, that behynde the myddes was an horse, and to fore, a man; this beste was heery like an horse, and had his eyen rede as a cole, and shotte well with a bowe: *this beste made the Grekes sore afrede, and slew many of them with his bowe.*".

I have thus, with all the brevity I could, dispatched your commands, and shall be always ready, Sir, in this, or any other way, to approve myself your obedient humble servant, LEW. THEOBALD."

LETTER IV.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON * junior, at Newark, in Nottinghamshire.

DEAR SIR, *Wyan's-court, March* 18, 1728-9.

I but just now have received from Mr. Concanen the favour of your *second paper of criticisms*, which you were so kind to leave for me: but it comes attended not only with the pleasure it brings in itself, but with that of an information that you have read over all Shakespeare. You may wonder, doubtless, when I promised to follow you so closely with my troublesome enquiries, that no catalogue of *loci desperati* has yet reached you. It has happened, unluckily, that I have been fatigued with more Law business than the present crisis of my affairs made desirable: and I hope you will forgive an avocation that has been so disagreeable to myself. I wish it may not prove now your misfortune to find me too diligent and importunate.

I will, from this moment, begin to draw out a list of Doubts and Depravations; which you will

* The elder "Rev. William Warburton" was then a Schoolmaster at Newarke. He died in 1729. See the Literary Anecdotes, vol. V. p. 532.

give

give me leave to communicate *de die in diem.* And so, as Hamlet says,

> We 'll e'en to 't like friendly faulconers, fly at any thing, &c.

I cannot but prodigiously admire the happiness of your change of *Sparrow, James,* into *Spare me, James;* and may the same felicity direct you to assist me in another obscure passage, lower in the same page (King John, p. 12):

> *Bast.* Knight—Knight—good Mother: Basilisco like,
> Why I am dub'd, I have it on my shoulder.

Does he mean, think you, by *Basilisco-like,* like a little King; with allusion, perhaps, to his being owned King Richard's natural son? or how else must we conceive it? *Basiliscus,* I think, in the Greek, is equivalent to *Regulus* in the Latin, which not only signifies the Basilisk, but also a little King.

Or may we suppose that Shakespeare wrote the passage thus:

> Knight—Knight—good Mother—Basilisco;—
> 'slight*!
> Why I am dub'd, &c.

But I submit the whole to your consideration. It sticks with me pretty much too, why (at p. 35 of this Play) Constance, addressing herself to Austria, calls him,

> O Lymoges! O Austria!

The Poet has been bold with History, to bring the Duke of Austria into France in right of Arthur's quarrel, because he knew that Austria was an enemy to Richard I. when he was taken prisoner in Germany. He has been as free in making Austria killed by the Bastard; though, in fact, it was the Count of Limoges that the Bastard killed. (N. B. Limoges is a small town in the county of Limosin, in France.) Now it is not very probable that the

* *i. e. God's light,* by way of oath.

Duke

Duke of Austria should assume the title of a Count from a small village in France; and it is plain that Shakespeare means one and the same man by Limoges and Austria, though they are as plainly two in History — *hæret aqua* *. — But I will trouble you with my thoughts on one passage more, before I dismiss King John. Mr. Pope takes notice, in his Appendix, that I think the first Act ends wrong (he means the second); and that some Scene followed which is lost: because otherwise Constantia sits down on the stage, only to rise again, and go off. Mr. Pope agrees, it seems, to be lost, and that it were to be wished the *Restorer* could supply it.

I believe, whether Mr. Pope will thank me, or no, I can venture to do this. Upon looking a little narrowly into the constitution of the Play, I am satisfied that the third Act is to begin with that Scene which has hitherto been accounted the 7th of the second Act; and my reasons for it are these. The match being concluded, in the Scene before that, betwixt the Dauphin and Blanch, a messenger is sent for Lady Constance to King Philip's tent, for her to come to St. Mary's church, to the solemnity. The Princes all go out, as to the marriage; and the Bastard, staying a little behind, to descant on interest and commodity, very properly ends the Act. The next Scene then, in the French King's tent, brings us Salisbury delivering his mes-

* "It is rightly observed, that Limoges and not Austria was the person killed by the Bastard; and I believe what sticks with you in this passage, when you observe the Author's address in this place, is very artful. History, of which he was an exact observer, reclaimed against the change from Limoges to Austria, and, on the other hand, it was necessary to introduce Austria in his place, to raise the character of the Bastard, who is plainly the Hero of the Play, by making him revenge the death of his father. What was to be done in this dilemma? By the most artful address he has here insinuated, that Austria bore the title of Limoges, whereby he avoids a gross violation of History, and served the greater end of raising his hero's character."

[*Note written in the margin by Mr. Warburton.*]

sage

sage to Constantia, who, refusing to go to the solemnity, sits herself down on the floor. The whole train returning from the church to the French King's pavilion, Philip expresses such satisfaction on occasion of the happy solemnity of that day, that Constantia rises from the floor, and joins in the Scene, by entering her protest against their joy, and cursing the business of the day. Thus I conceive the Scenes are fairly continued, and there is no chasm in the action; but a proper interval made, both for Salisbury's coming to Lady Constance, and for the solemnization of the marriage. Besides, as Faulconbridge is evidently the Poet's favourite character, it was very well judged to close the Act with his soliloquy.

But I shall suspend my judgment on this point, till I have the favour of your opinion.

As to your observation on Richard the Second, Act IV. Scene 1,

——— dishonour my fair stars, &c.

give me leave to doubt till I hear further from you. I imagine the Poet might mean, by *stars*, the fair fortunes he was born to, the influence of those stars that governed his nativity: and, I believe, the phrase, poetically, may be dispensed with. You know it is a common phrase with us to say, "I thank my stars." Besides, our Poet in many places appears evidently a Fatist. Othello calls Desdemona "ill-starr'd wench."

The Bastard in Lear says, "he should have been the same, if the maidenlike star in the firmament had shone on his nativity." And in King John, p. 35, you may observe, Shakespeare makes Constantia speak exactly as he here does Aumerle:

Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side,
Been sworn my soldier, bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?

But I submit it to you.

1st Henry IV. Act II. Scene 9:

Falst. I would I were a *weaver*.

I most

I most heartily thank you for your ingenious note on this passage; and I am convinced that your observation is very just.

There is another passage, in which Shakespeare alludes to the weavers being such songsters.

Twelfth Night, p. 201:

But shall we make the Welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouze the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one *weaver?*

This expression, perhaps, shews the fanatical extacies of that set of people. Now, as you have so happily joined Puritanism and Singing together, I will, upon this occasion, propose another passage to your judgment, in which something is certainly corrupt, and I will subjoin the conjectures that I have yet been able to make.

Winter's Tale, p. 305:

——— She hath made me *four-and-twenty* * *nose-gays* for the shearers; three-man songmen all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means and basses; but one Puritan among them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes.

Here Puritanism and Psalmody are again connected. But what can "three-man songmen" mean †? We had imagined it might be,

They 're men, songmen all. —

Or,

They 're main songmen all. —

* "It is possible, this may allude to the King's band of music, which, upon the establishment, were, and are still twenty-four; and, speaking of them, we say, the twenty-four; or, one of the twenty-four. So in France, *Les vingt-quatre*, means only a sneering pun. — The Puritan, perhaps, a particular person among them. — N. B. Generally one amongst them more excels in Hornpipes and Country-dances than the rest, on account of the Balls at Court." L. T.

† "*A three-man songman* means a singer of catches, which was then, and is now, in three parts; and a properer word could not be given to a catch-singer, by which you would denote his bearing a third part, than a *three-man singer*. This explains the passage above." [*Note in the margin by Mr. Warburton.*]

But

But as, since your note, the Weavers have run much in my head, is it probable to thinking, as our Shakespeare says, that he might have wrote,

thrum-men, songmen all;

i. e. Weavers and Songsters.

The thrum, you know, is the end of the Weavers' warp, as they call it. But then, his saying there is but one Puritan among them, I am afraid, much weakens the conjecture. I do but propose it, to awaken a more curious speculation.

Neither leisure, nor my conscience, Sir, will allow me to trespass on you further this time; but I will promise, upon encouragement, to be a troublesome Correspondent.

You will hear, I doubt not, by our friend Concanen, that the *Parnassian war* is like to break out fiercely again. *The Dunciad** is pompously re-printed in quarto, and the publication of it every day expected.

Give me leave, with the truest respect, to subscribe myself, Sir, your most obliged and faithful humble servant, LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER V.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON, at Newark.

DEAR SIR, *Wyan's Court, April* 8, 1729.

Your last most obliging Epistle is come to hand, together with the inclosed explanation of part of Edgar's madness. As you are so good to say I shall see the Book touching these Popish Impostures, I shall with great impatience expect it remitted; and will be very faithful to return it, so soon as I can extract what it will furnish necessary to my Work.

As to the passage in Lear, Act III. Scc. 11:

And quench'd the *steeled* fires.

I had always suspected it of corruption, and had attempted to cure it in this manner:

And quench'd the *stelled* fires,

i. e. stellati, vel stellei ignes. I scarce need to ob-

* See hereafter, p. 230.

serve to you, Sir, that *I ever labour to make the smallest deviations that I can possibly from the text; never to alter at all, where I can by any means explain a passage into sense; nor ever by any emendations to make the Author better when it is probable the text came from his own hands.* And yet, perhaps, I may immediately propose to your judgment the correction of a passage, in which I may seem to have transgressed my own rule. However, it pleases me, till I am better informed.

Where Cleopatra is characterizing Mark Anthony, after his death, to Dolabella, she says, among other fine things:

Anthony, Act V. Sc. 2, p. 100:

——————— For his Bounty,
There was no *Winter* in't. An *Antony* it was,
That grew the more by reaping.

Surely, there is no consonance of ideas betwixt a Winter and an Anthony; nor, I am afraid, any common sense in an Anthony growing by reaping. I shrewdly suspect, our Author wrote:

——————— For his Bounty,
There was no Winter in't. An *Autumne* 'twas,
That grew, &c.

I appeal to you with some diffidence in it; though certainly this restores an uniformity of metaphor, and conveys some meaning in an Autumn still growing by reaping: *nor is the variation from the traces of the letters very great, especially if we consider the old way of spelling the* two words *Antonie and Automne.*—If you shall judge that I have been too bold in this, I will make some amends in communicating another emendation, which, I think verily, I may stand by.

Twelfth Night, Sc. IV. p. 185:

Sir And. ——— O, had I but follow'd the Arts!
Sir Tob. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.
Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?
Sir Tob. Past question; for thou see'st it does not cool my Nature.

I cannot

I cannot enough admire that happy indolence of Mr. Pope, which can acquit him in transmitting us this for sense and argument. The dialogue is of a very light strain here, betwixt two foolish knights; but I would be very glad to know, methinks, why Sir Andrew's hair hanging lank, should, or should not, *cool* Sir Toby's nature. I dare say, I hardly need subjoin my correction to your sagacity.

Sir And. ——— Oh, had I but follow'd the Arts!
Sir Tob. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.
Sir And. Why, would that have mended my Hair?
Sir Tob. Past question; for thou seest it will not *curl by* Nature.

It means no more, I think, than, if Sir Andrew had had art enough in him to tie up his hair, it had not hung so lank as it did by Nature; and what immediately follows, seems to me an unexceptionable confirmation of this.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?
Sir Tob. Excellent; it hangs like Flax on a Distaff.

I cannot help thrusting upon you another emendation, which, as yet, seems to me as sure as the former.

Love's Labour Lost, Act 4, Sc. 4. p. 264:

Dum. O most divine Kate!
Bir. O most prophane coxcomb! *(aside.)*
Dum. By Heav'n, the wonder of a mortal eye!
Bir. By earth she is not; *Corporal*, there you lie. *(aside.)*

Dumaine, one of the lovers in spight of his vow to the contrary (thinking himself alone), breaks out into short soliloquies of admiration on his mistress; and Biron, who stands behind as an eves-dropper, takes pleasure in contradicting his amorous raptures. But Dumaine was a young lord; he had no sort of post in the army, that we hear of; what wit or allusion then can there be in Biron's calling him *corporal?* I make no doubt at present to restore it:

Bir. By earth, she is but *corporal*; there you lie.

Corporal, you know, Shakespeare every where uses for *corporeal*; and then Biron only in flat terms contradicts Dumaine's hyperbolical praises, who calls his mistress divine, and the wonder of a mortal eye. But we have another blunder afterwards, in relation to this Dumaine, which, I think, I can set right too.

P. 301. *Dum.* But what to me, my Love? but what to me?

Kath. A wife, a beard, fair health, and honesty;
With threefold love I wish you all these three.

What *three*, in the name of arithmetick? She wishes him four things, if she wishes him any thing. May we not with certainty correct it?

A wife, a beard (fair Youth), and honesty.

And her calling him *fair youth* seems very well authorized by what she presently subjoins,

Not so, my Lord; a twelvemonth and a day,
I'll mark no words that smooth-faced wooers say.

But whither am I going? I meant to excuse myself in this present from not being able to reply to the contents of your last, but am growing eccentric. The reason is, dear Sir, I have now *a Benefit* upon the anvil*; the solicitation of which breaks in a little upon my application, necessary for that part of my Work; a few days will finish that task, and I shall hope to return to regularity. That I may not wholly, in the mean time, be useless to myself in your assistance, I will fill up the remaining space of my paper with some random, *inquirenda nullo ordine observatâ*.

1st. Anthony and Cleopatra, p. 34;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his Sword PHILIPPAN.

This I presume to be history, and not invention of our Poet: but where may I trace it? or who has

* His "Double Falsehood" was then performing at Drury Lane, where it was acted twelve nights, with considerable applause, and was the last Play in which Mr. Booth appeared.

called

called Anthony's sword, *Philippan?* I was thinking it might possibly be in Cicero's Philippic Orations against Anthony! but how then did Shakespeare come at it?

2d. Much Ado about Nothing, p. 105, and 130:

> And one deformed is one of them: I know him, he wears a Lock.
>
> They say he wears a Key in his ear, and a Lock hanging by it.

As to this Key and Lock, I own, I have not the least glimmering what it can allude to.

3rd. Anthony and Cleopatra:

> Which, like the Courser's hair, hath yet but life,
> And not a serpent's poison.

Where is this old idle notion accounted for?

4th. Romeo and Juliet, p. 274:

> Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes.

Where is this notion of the Naturalists explained?

5th. As You Like it, p. 324:

> Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
> Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.

There is said to be, I think, a stone, called *Bufonites*, found in the heads of some toads, which is reckoned an antidote against their poison. But I should be glad of a good account herein.

6th. 2 Henry VI. p. 161:

> *Cade.* ——————— What is thy Name?
> *Clerk.* Emanuel.
> *Dick.* They used to write it on the top of letters.

In the Popish times, I think, they used to put the sign of the Cross on the top of their Letters: but after that superstition was abolished, with the Reformation succeeding, did the Precisians supply it with writing *Emanuel* on the top of theirs? Or what else is alluded to here *?

* On this passage Mr. Warburton observes, "*i. e.* of letters missive, and such like public acts. See Mabillon's Diplomata." The learned Commentator might have added, "and in private and friendly Correspondence also." See the Letters of Alderman Robert Heyrick and others (who were Shakespeare's contemporaries) in the "History of Leicestershire," vol. II. p. 624.

But

But now it is time, once more, that I should think of releasing you. How can I possibly ever retaliate the vast trouble I am giving you? Nothing makes me so easy as that you are so good to take some pleasure in it. I have taken the liberty (with which I desire you will indulge me) to enrich the letter W. in my List of Subscribers with your name for a sett of my Royal-paper Books *.

I had the pleasure yesterday of drinking your health, with hearty zeal, at your Friend Mr. Burroughs's †, the Master in Chancery.

To conclude, I wish ardently our distance were less: and, as Cleopatra says her Anthony should have every day several greetings, or she would unpeople Egypt; so I regret I cannot every day receive a packet from you, though the expence were a tax of weight upon my pocket. I remain, dear Sir, your most obliged and affectionate humble servant,

LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER VI.

To Mr. MATTHEW CONCANEN, Fleet-street ‡.

"Demitte auriculas, ut iniquæ mentis asellus
Cum gravius dorso subiit onus." HOR. 1 Sat. ix. 20.

SIR, *Hyan's Court, April* 15, 1729.

If we look a little into the conduct and custom of the world, it may not appear so extraordinary as some have thought it, that Mr. Pope, because he cannot be the Fountain of Honour to mankind, should be fond of usurping the Fountain of Infamy, and please himself with dealing out a fund of dirty promotions from that inexhaustible spring. And as

* In the List of Subscribers we find "Rev. Mr. William Warburton, one large, and one demy copy."

† Samuel Burroughs, Esq. who was appointed a Master in Chancery Feb. 17, 1726-7.

‡ Printed in the Daily Journal April 17, 1729.

nothing

nothing yields a more sincere delight than to see the workings of a beneficent mind; I doubt not but every good man is rejoiced to observe this great Prince creating *Dunces upon Dunces*, of his own free-will and motion, with so much alacrity, and all in a due subordination. It is certain, I ought to be very well satisfied with my share of honours in his kingdom of *Dullness*, since the preamble to my patent is, that *he could not find one more fit to wear them.* I would not willingly act like the favourite, whom Shakespeare somewhere describes, who, being made proud by his Prince, advanced his pride against the Power that bred it. But I would rather, like a grateful favourite, lay out my talents in asserting the legality of my Master's title to those dominions, in which he exercises so free a sway, and from whence he so unsparingly dispenses his promotions.

And since I have mentioned Shakespeare (one of the tributaries by conquest made subservient to his Throne), I will attempt to convince unbelievers, by some few instances of his prowess, with what a strength of arm, and fineness of head, he has humbled that proud Adversary to his sceptre. Or (to step out of all metaphor at once) I will attempt to shew with what fidelity he has performed the dull office of an Editor, hardly without aiming to understand his Author himself, or having any ambition that his Readers ever should. Or, where he does aim, to shew that he has such a happy fatality at mistaking, that we are to wish he would not explain the Author into *nonsense*. Give me leave to subjoin some examples, just as they occur to my observation.

I. Much Ado about Nothing, Act III. Sc. 5:

> ——— Sometimes fashioning them like Pharoah's soldiers in the *rechy* painting, sometimes like the God Bel's priests in the old church window, &c.

Mr. Pope is pleased to tell us, that *rechie* signifies *valuable*. But the Poet had no intention here of complimenting the richness, or value, of the painting.

On

On the other hand, he would speak despicably of it, as of a common wall-painting; as he does in another Play of the story of the Prodigal, and the German-hunting in Water-work. We may be pretty sure, therefore, our Author wrote, the *reechy* painting; *i. e.* smoke-dried, exposed to weather, or reeking and steaming with nastiness.

There are two other passages, where, I remember, this word again occurs in our Author.

Coriolanus, Act II. Sc. 4:

> ——— The kitchen-maukin pins
> Her richest lockram 'bout her *reechy* neck, &c.

And Hamlet, Act III. Sc. 11:

> And let him for a pair of *reechy* kisses,
> Or padling in your neck, &c.

Now if *reechy*, in either of these passages, signifies *valuable*, I shall be content to allow Mr. Pope's gloss upon the passage first quoted.

II. Henry VIII. Act I. Sc. 1:

> One sure that promises no *Element*
> In such a business.

Here we are told that *Element* is *Rudiment*, or *Beginning*. But here again the common sense of the passage is explained away. Shakespeare means no more than that, he is one who promises no qualifications, no talents for such a business; or is not in a sphere for it. In these acceptations, I think our Poet generally uses the phrase. So,

Merry Wives of Windsor, Act IV. Sc. 4:

> And such dawbry as this is beyond our *Element*.

Twelfth Night, Act III. Sc. 2:

> What you would, is out of my welkin; I might say *Element*, but the word is over-worn.

And again, Act III. Sc. 9:

> You are idle shallow things, I am not of your *Element*.

In every one of which quotations Mr. Pope's gloss would be out of the way. It would not be amiss, perhaps, that this Commentator should remember, — *A man may be sometimes out of his Element.*

III. King Lear, Act III. Sc. 2:

> Crack Nature's mould, all *Germains* spill at once
> That make ingrateful man.

All relations or kindred elements that compose man; as Mr. Pope expounds it. But, with submission, the text must first be slightly amended, and we shall easily come at a better explication. Read,

> ——— all *Germins* spill at once, &c.

i. e. Germina, Seeds of Matter.

So, again, in Macbeth, Act IV. Sc. 2:

> ——— though the treasure
> Of Nature's *Germins* tumble all together,
> Ev'n till Destruction sicken.

For so it must here likewise be corrected. And, to put this emendation beyond all doubt, I will produce one more passage, where our Author not only uses the same thought again, but the word that ascertains my explication into the bargain.

Winter's Tale, Act IV. Sc. 9:

> Let Nature crush the sides o' th' earth together,
> And marr the seeds within.

IV. King Lear, Act I. Sc. 6:

> ——— Wherefore should I
> Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
> The *Nicety* of nations to deprive me, &c.

I would very willingly know, as Mr. Pope declares against his having made any innovations, from what authority he has adopted this quaint word, *Nicety*: It is in none of the old copies, that ever I have seen; and if he derives it either from Mr. Rowe's Edition, or Mr. Tate's alteration of this Play, he must give me leave to except against it. The old reading (which, I presume, Mr. Pope did not know what to make of),

of), it is true, is corrupted — The *Curiosity* of nations — but out of it I will venture to restore the Poet's genuine word:

The *Courtesy* of nations to deprive me, &c.

Our accurate Editor might have observed, that his Author chuses the very term upon the like occasion, in another of his Plays.

As you like it, Act I. Sc. I:

The *Courtesy* of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first born.

So, in another place, he substitutes it for birthright.

Cymbeline, Act IV. Sc. 8:

——————— aye hopeless.
To have the *Courtesy* your Cradle promis'd.

And, for the more vulgar use of the phrase, I do not doubt but Mr. Pope may have heard, that certain lands and honours are held by *Courtesy of England.*

V. Measure for Measure, Act III. Sc. 4:

——————— Say to thyself,
From their abominable and beastly touches,
I drink, I eat *away* myself, and live.

This a very excellent instance of our Editor's sagacity. I wish heartily he would have obliged us with his physical solution, how a man may *eat away* himself and *live.* Till he does this, I would crave leave to substitute by conjecture:

——————— Say to thyself,
By their abominable and beastly touches,
I drink, I eat, *array* myself, and live.

i. e. I feed myself, and put clothes on my back, by exercising the vile trade of a bawd.

VI. Love's Labour Lost, Act III. Sc. 3:

This *Signior Junio,* giant dwarf, Dan Cupid.

Some Readers, it is probable, would have been glad to know why the Poets call Cupid *Signior Junio.* Has it an allusion to any old tale, or to any character in any old play? No such thing. As there

there is a contrast of terms in giant-dwarf, so I have a great suspicion there should be in these other words, if we could retrieve the true reading. And why might it not have been,

This *Senior-Junior*, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;

i. e. this old young man? I am sure there is a description afterwards of him in this very Play, which will be no bad confirmation of this conjecture:

This was the way to make his godhead wax,
For he hath been *five-thousand years a boy.*

VII. Ibid. Act IV. Sc. 3:

And why indeed Naso, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? The jerks of invention *imitary* is nothing: so doth the hound his master, &c.

Sagacity with a vengeance! What? Neither sound sense, true grammar, right inference, pointing, or meaning? — Then, what is *invention imitary?* Invention and imitation are certainly two distinct things. In short, if Mr. Pope will not merrily call it trifling, I will venture to give light to this very difficult passage. The speech is by a pedant, who frequently throws in a word of Latin amongst his English; and he is here flourishing upon the merit of Invention, beyond that of Imitation, or copying after another.

Correct it thus, and all is plain and intelligible:

And why indeed Naso, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the jerks of invention? — *imitari*, is nothing; so doth the hound his master, &c.

imitari, i. e. to *imitate, copy,* or *follow after.*

VIII. Titus Andronicus, Act III. Sc. 3:

Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,
Writing destruction on the enemies *castle?*

Sagacity again! Unless Mr. Pope means an improvement of the art military, by teaching us that it was ever a custom to hew down *castles* with a battle-axe.

tle-axe. Or how if he should have a mind to tell us, that they wore *castles* formerly upon their heads for defensive armour? There is indeed a passage in Troilus and Cressida, where the word again occurs:

——————————— and, Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a *castle* on thy head.

But, as I cannot, in either case, suppose that a *castle* could be worn on the head, I will venture to read the passage thus:

Writing destruction on the enemies *cask*.

i. e. an helmet, from the French word *casque*. A broken *k* in the manuscript might easily be mistaken for *tl*; and thus, a *castle* was built at once. But I think it would be something easier to split an *helmet* with a battle-axe, than cut down a *castle* with it; and that is one reason which induces me to propose this reading. I had designed to throw in another emendation upon the word *castle;* but I have already transgressed the limits of a letter; and there are two or three topics still behind, that I have an occasion to touch upon.

Mr. Pope's *Dunciad* having lately made its appearance in so pompous a shape *, with *Notes Variorum* (I am sorry the Editor could not spare us this short scrap in a single language); I am very well content to pass over the slander of his wit; but ought not, as I apprehend, to rest silent under that of his malice, in which he would fix a pretended charge of ingratitude upon me—a vice, I hope, of all others, the least ingrafted in my nature. This charge

* "This day is published, in a beautiful Letter in 4to, a complete and correct Edition of the DUNCIAD: with the Prolegomena, Dissertations and Arguments of Martinus Scriblerus, Testimonia Scriptorum, *Notes Variorum*, Index Autorum, Appendix of some curious Pieces, Virgil Restored, or a Specimen for a new Edition of that Poet, a Parallel of Mr. Dryden and Mr. Pope, &c.; wherein the Errors of all the former Editions are corrected, the Omissions supplied, the Names rectified, and the Reasons for their Insertion given; the History of Authors related, and the Anonymous detected; the obscure Passages illustrated, and the Imitations and Allusions to ancient and modern Poets collected; with a Letter to the Publisher, by W. C. Esq. Printed for Lawton Gilliver, against St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet-street." *London Evening Post, April* 12, 1729.

is

is, "that during the space of two years, while Mr. Pope was preparing his Edition of Shakespeare, I, who had then some correspondence with him, and was soliciting favours by letters, did wholly conceal my design (upon that Author) till after his publication."

To one part of this accusation I have replied in a former letter in this paper*. To say I concealed my design, is a slight mistake: for I had no such certain design, till I saw how incorrect an Edition Mr. Pope had given the publick. To the other part, I think, I dare securely charge my memory with all the favours that ever I ventured to ask of Mr. Pope; and I challenge him to produce my letters against me, if he thinks there is any room for it. The first favour that I asked was, when I introduced a Play upon the stage, that he would assist me in a few tickets towards my benefit. In about a month after this request, I received my packet back, with this civil excuse, "that he had been all the while from home, and had not my parcel till it was too late to do any thing with it." This, I confess, induced me, when I put out my Proposals for Æschylus, to solicit Mr. Pope for this second favour, that he would please to recommend *that* my design, if it did not interfere with his own affair of the Odyssey. To this Mr. Pope replied by Letter, "*that he was glad I had undertaken this Work; and should be as glad to promote my interest, notwithstanding his own subscription to the Odyssey: that his own awkwardness, and indeed inability, of soliciting in any kind, made him quite useless to his own interest; but, that he might not be intirely so to mine, he would ask those of his Friends for me, with whom he was familiar enough to ask any thing.*" But, from that day to the publication of my "Shakespeare Restored," (an interval of above two years) I never received one line from Mr. Pope, no intimation of one Subscriber by his interest, not even an order that I should put his own name down in my list. Upon this naked

* The Daily Journal.

fact

fact I submit the censure both of my obligations and ingratitude.

The Publick should not have been troubled with this state of the case, had not these insinuations been industriously propagated at this crisis, both to hurt my interest in my subscription for my "Remarks on Shakespeare," which will now shortly appear in the world; and in that Play which is designed for my benefit on Monday next in the Theatre at Drury-lane *. It is my misfortune, I can boast but of a very scanty interest, and much less merit; and, consequently, both are the more easily to be shocked. I had *no method, but this* †, of appealing to those many, whom I have not the honour of approaching, for their favour; and of humbly hoping it the rather, because all my poor attempts in writing are calculated to entertain, and none *at the expence of any man's character*. I am, Sir, your obedient humble servant, LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER VII.

REV. STYAN THIRLBY to Mr. THEOBALD.

SIR, *Camb. Jesus College, May* 7, 1729.

I received Proposals, and six receipts. I have received that gentleman's subscription-money for whom you filled up a receipt here, which you said you would leave with Dr. Thomas Bentley; but he not being in Cambridge, I gave him one of my six. His name is Peter Wyche, esq. Please to add him to the list, if he be not there already, and Mr. Richard Sterne, and Mr. William Pawson. At last I send you the list of such of my conjectures as I am at present not unwilling to own. I waited some time, in expectation of my *Quarto* ‡, which I wanted to consult about some places; but the chief occasion of the delay has been sickness. If you know any of them to be wrong, either from the authority of editions which I have not seen, or from your much better acquaintance with Shakespear's style, or from the books from

* See before, p. 212. † Through the medium of a Newspaper.
‡ Mr. Pope's Edition.

which

which he took his matter, or from any other way, or if you have better of your own upon the same places, I desire you to suppress them *. If you doubt of any of them upon the force of any objections not mentioned to me when you was here, you will oblige me if you will please to take the trouble to communicate to me those objections. You will wonder perhaps at the shortness of the list, especially having, I suppose, transcribed from the margin of my book †, many things which I fancy you will think as certain as many, if not any, of those here inserted. It is in great measure owing to the weakness and languor attending long illness and confinement to my room, which utterly indisposed, and even disabled me to consider any thing carefully, or to turn over books; and therefore I was forced to pass over such as I thought would require either the one or the other. Perhaps too I have overlooked many through weariness or inadvertency. If God grant me life and better health, possibly I may draw out a much greater number time enough to make an Appendix to your book, and add to them many others which have occurred to me since I saw you, as I think I mentioned in my last. I think it necessary, especially considering the ill condition of my health, and the very great effect it has had upon all the faculties of my mind, to let them lie by me, at least till then, *ut refrigerato inventionis amore*

* "Dr. Jortin tells us, Dr. Thirlby was once resolved to publish Shakespear, and persuaded Jortin to read over that Poet, with a view to mark the passages where he had either imitated Greek and Latin writers, or at least fallen into the same thoughts and expressions. "Many of these allusions, or coincidences," continues Jortin, "appeared; but Thirlby dropped his design, and I mine."—It is much to be lamented that such a design came to nothing when it had got into hands so able. It appears as if Dr. Jortin had a higher opinion of the learning of Shakespear than has been entertained subsequently to the year 1766, when Dr. Farmer published his first Essay on the subject."

Illustrations of Hogarth, 1816, p. 3.

† Of Dr. Thirlby's copy of Shakespear, which he bequeathed, with all his other books and papers, to Sir Edward Walpole, see the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. IV. p. 268.

equinus

æquius velut lector perpendam, if that be possible. But, however that may be, at present I can judge of nothing. I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant, S. THIRLBY.

MR. POPE'S DUODECIMO EDITION, 1728, VOL. I.

P. 52. l. 5. *Each putter out of* five for one.] Perhaps the true reading may be *five for ten*, or *one for five*. It was usual in those times for travellers to put out money, to receive a greater sum if they lived to return. I determine nothing concerning the reading, but the exposition is certain. See Monson's Itinerary (I think that is the title he gives his Travels), part I. p. 198, & seqq. You may borrow it of Mr. Budgell.

P. 73. l. 25. *In all* our *trim.*] In all *her* trim.

P. 98. l. 29. *The one I'll stay, the other stayeth me.*] I read, the one I'll *slay*, the other *slayeth* me.

P. 111. l. 8, 9, 10, 11. *Mine* ear—*prove me.*]

Leg. *Mine—note,*
So—shape;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth (or do) *move me.*
On the first—love thee.

P. 126. l. 13. *They wilfully* exile *themselves from light.*] I read *exiled;* and incline to think Oberon's speech should begin here.

P. 126. l. 26. *Goblin, lead them up and down,*] for *Goblin 'll* lead them up and down.

P. 131. l. 21, 22. } *Dian's bud*, or *Cupid's flower*
Hath such force and blessed power.

I read, Dian's bud *o'er* Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessed power.

P. 131. l. 29, 30. *Titania, musick call, and strike more dead than common sleep. Of all these* fine *the sense.*] *for* ——— dead than common sleep, of all these *five* the sense. The five are, Demetrius, Lysander, Hermia, Helena, and Bottom.

P. 158. l. 31. *Nay, in that you are* astray, *'twere best pound you.*] Leg. Nay, in that you are *a stray*, &c.

P. 283. l. 6. *op*portunity, *for im*portunity.

P. 310. l. 6. Herne, *for* Hugh.

P. 443. 16, 17, 18. *Ant.* What's her name?

Drom. Nell, Sir; but her name is three quarters; that is, an ell and three quarters will not measure her from hip to hip.]—Fol. but her name is three quarters, that's an ell and three quarters, will not, &c. *for* but her name and three quarters, that's an ell and three quarters, will not, &c.

P. 558. l. 14. speeds, *for* speed's.

P. 562. l. 9. Leon. *Peace, I will stop your mouth.*] I see no cause for Leonato to say this. I fancy Benedict says it, and kisses her.

VOL. II.

P. 8. l. 21. *almost* damm.] I think it should be *damn;* and so it is in Rowe's edition. I suppose he alludes to Matth. v. 22. "Whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council; but whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire."

P. 59. l. 14, 15. This comes too near the praising of myself. Therefore no more of it: *here* other things,] for *hear* other things.

P. 65. l. 27. 32. Some men there are—cannot contain their urine for affection. Masterless passion sways it to the mood of what it likes or loaths,] *for* Cannot contain their urine; for Affection, Master (or Mistress) of Passion, sways it to the mood of what it likes or loaths.—Folio and Quarto, *Masters* of Passion.

P. 129. l. 7. *Nath.*] L. *Hol.* for the speech most certainly belongs to the Pedant. Nathaniel, I suppose, is reading the letter to himself.

P. 130. l. 10. *Nath.*] This is a mistake. Almost every word of the speech fathers itself, and upon the Pedant.

P. 139. l. 27. word, *for* wood.

P. 149. l. 6, 7. You care not for me.—

Rosa. Great reason; for past *care* is still past *cure*,] *for* past *cure* is still past *care*.

P. 175. l. 17—2. *Biron.* And what—people sick.] I think this should be struck out, not as an interpolation, but as the author's first draught, afterwards rejected, and wrote over again, which second writing we have below, p. 176. l. 5, & seqq.

P. 296. l. 30, 31. And her with-holds *he* from me. Other more suitors, &c.] *for* And her with-holds from me, *and* other more, &c.—Folio, And her with-holds from me. Other more, &c.

P. 299. l. 27. yes, *for* ours.

P. 317. l. 31. P. 318. l. 1. *for Biano.* In time.

Luc. Mistrust it not.

Biano. I trust.

P. 392. l. 9. help, *for* heaven.

P. 399. l. 8. From lowest place, *whence* virtuous things proceed.] Leg. From lowest place *when*, &c.

P. 399. l. 23, 24. Leg. tomb of honour'd bones indeed. What, &c.

P. 411. l. 4. fell, Leg. fall.

P. 508. l. 28. he*ar*, *for* he*re*.

P. 642. l. 31. h*is*, *for* h*er*.

VOL. III.

P. 12. l. 1—4. And permit *the nicety*—brother.] —Folio and Quarto, The *curiosity*. I read, The *courtesy*.—Vol. II. p. 184. l. 25, 26. The *courtesie* of nations allows you my better in that. You are the first born.

P. [138.] l. 12. *as* she, *for a* she.

P. 138. l. 2, 3. That when—*that* lights, *for and* lights.

P. 207. l. 17. L. Granted. You, my Lord.

P. 350. l. 31. And bless'd and grac'd more than the King himself.—Folio, And bless'd and grac'd, and *did* more than the King,] *for* And bless'd and grac'd *indeed* more than the King.

P. 352.

P. 352. l. 5 to 8. We may meet
At either end in peace; which heav'n so frame!
Or to the, &c. *for*
We may meet,
And either end in peace (which heav'n so frame)
Or, &c.
P. 465. l. 1—4, *for* 1. 4. 3. 2.

VOL. IV.

P. 148. l. 16. And as the butcher takes away the calf, and binds the wretch, and beats it when it *strays,*] for *strives.* If you doubt of the propriety of the word, see vol. II. p. 124. 127. vol. VI. p. 580. 582.

P. 279. l. 26. His soldiers lurking in the *town* about,] *for towns.* See pp. 280, 281.

P. 460. l. 13, 14. He may, my Lord, h' as wherewithall in him; Sparing would shew a worse sin than ill doctrine.] *for* He may, my Lord; h' as wherewithall: in him Sparing, &c.

P. 547. l. 3, 4. To you, my good Lord-mayor, and *you* good brethren, I am much beholden.] *for* ——— And *your* good brethren, I am much beholden.

VOL. V.

P. 73. l. 25. It almost turns my dangerous nature *wild,*] for *mild.*

P. 108. l. 23, 24. Who sensibly outdares his senseless sword, and when it bows, stands up: thou art left, Martius.] *for* Who, sensible, outdoes his senseless sword, and when it bows, stands up. Thou art left, Martius.

P. 110. l. 19. *Thee*] Leg. *You.*

P. 111. l. 22, 23. In arms as sound, as when I woo'd in heart; As merry, as when our nuptial day was done.] *for* In arms as sound as when I woo'd, In heart as merry, &c.

P. 149. l. 15. accusation, for accusations.

P. 197. l. 14, 15. Guess *but* my entertainment with him; if thou stand'st not i' th' state of hanging.] *for* Guess *by* my entertainment with him if thou, &c.

P. 198. l. 2. *for* Than pity note how much.

P. 249. l. 30. heard—folio, heare, *for* are.

P. 257. l. 34, 35, 36. I do know—*and that I am he.*] *for* and that one am I.—Perhaps the figure of one was used for the word, which being once mistaken for I, the other change would naturally follow. Some perhaps may think this more likely to be the true reading: "Unshaked of motion, and I am he." I doubt not but there may be as bad verses found in Shakespear: but I am not fond of increasing the number of them, and I prefer the former reading. I should be glad to know what you think of the matter.

P. 338. l. 13. a fear, *for* afear'd. I find in the margin of my book that you are for the old reading, and interpret it a coward. If you have any examples to support that exposition, be so kind as to send them me. In the mean time I cannot but think *afear'd* is the true reading.

P. 361. l. 12, 13. When the best hint was given him, he *o'erlook'd*, or did it from his teeth.]—Folio, not *l*ook't, *for* not *t*ook't.

P. 383. l. 7. discattering.—Folio, discandering. Possibly Shakespear wrote disca*ndy*ing. *Sed nihil statuo.* If you please, and it be worth while, consider a little of it; for I have objections against it, and let me know your opinion of it; and whether Shakespear ever uses the word *discatter*.

P. 390. l. 5. 8. 23. eros, *for* soldier.

P. 398. l. 23. do*l*ts, *for* doits.

P. 409. l. 3. Menas, *for* Mæcenas.

P. 411. l. 23, 24. Her life in Rome would be eternal in our triumph.] What if we should read, "Would be eternalling our triumph."

P. 415. l. 19. Antony, *for* Autumn.

P. 519. l. 3. swell'd, *for* well'd.

VOL. VI.

P. 44. l. 17. the, *for* their.

P. 69. l. 32, 33. And *go* to dust that is a little gilt, more land than *gilt* o'erdusted.] *for* And *give* to dust that is a little gilt, more land than *gold* o'erdusted.

P. 97. l. 19, 20. male-*varlet*, *for* male-*harlot*.

P. 103. l. 23, 24. Del. *Dio* and *Cre*.

P. 142. l. 7, 8. As you value your *trust*, Leonatus.] *for* As you value your *trusty* Leonatus.

P. 200. l. 13—18. Why—threat us? Play judge and executioner all himself? For we do fear *no* law.] *for* threat us, Play judge and executioner all himself, For we do fear *the* law?—Finding in the margin of my book, *Mr. Theobald is dubious*, I have considered this over and over as attentively as my disordered head would give me leave, but can see no cause to change my mind. I should be glad to know your objections. See at the bottom.

P. 216. l. 10. Our Britain's *hearts* dye flying, not our men.] *for* Our Britain's *harts*. And what if we should read *her* for *our*, which is just now come into my head. I think I should rather have wrote *her*, and rather incline to think that Shakespear did; but as it is very uncertain, and of no consequence, I would not have it mentioned.

P. 249. l. 25. Pursued my humour, not pursuing *his*, for *him*.

P. 425. l. 25—29. That monster custom, who all sense doth eat, Of habit's devil, is angel yet in this, &c.] *for* Who all sense doth eat Of habits evil, &c.

P. 451. l. 3. other Christians.]—Folio, their even Christian.—Quarto, 1605, and 1611, their even Christen—which is the true reading.—Spelman, Glossar. p. 194: *Emne Christen*. Frater in Christo Saxonicum, quod male intelligentes even Christian proferunt: atque ita editur in oratione Henrici VIII. ad parliamentum an. regn. 37. sed recte in LL. Edouardi Confes. ca. 36. *fratrem suum—quod Angli dicunt—*

dicunt emne Lyfren—I believe that learned Antiquary is mistaken in making *even* a corruption of emne; for *even* or eȝen, and emne, are Saxon words of the same signification.

Concerning vol. VI. p. 200. l. 13—18. I can put you out of doubt; for the folio edition has *the*, though the pointing indeed is as in Mr. Pope's edition. S. THIRLBY.

LETTER VIII.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Wyan's Court, May* 20, 1729.

Since the pleasure of your last (for not answering to which sooner I will attempt no apology, as you have given me so free an indulgence;) I have received your pamphlet on the Priest's pretended Dispossessions, which I have read over with much satisfaction. I will make some few extracts from it, and carefully return it by the carrier. I am much in debt for the many beautiful conjectures and hints your Epistles afford; and as you have befriended me with your aid in my doubts about The Tempest; this (without further interruption) shall give you the list of those passages in which I want light, and to which I have endeavoured to give some, upon the Midsummer Night's Dream.

P. 80. I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow,
——————— with the g lden head.

As all the subsequent lines of this beautiful adjuration are in rhyme, I have suspected this couplet should be so too; but, as I cannot tell what change to make, perhaps the Poet might not begin his chime till the next two verses.

Ibid. Your eyes are Loadstars.

Does he mean, there is the same attractive force in your eyes, as in the Loadstone? *Loadstar*, I suppose, is a term of his own.

P. 81.

P. 81. Emptying our bosoms of their counsels *swell'd*,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet,
And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends, and *strange companions.*

As this whole Scene betwixt Hermia, Helena, and Lysander, is strictly in rhyme, I cannot but think these two couplets deviate through a corruption: and I therefore have attempted to restore them to metre, thus:

Emptying our bosoms of their counsels *sweet;*
There my Lysander and myself shall meet,
And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends, and *stranger companies.*

For this manner of use of the word *stranger*, I have frequent authorities from our Poet, which I need not at present trouble you with.

P. 83. I could play *Ercles* rarely, or *a part to tear a cat in.*

What does this odd expression allude to? I confess, I have hardly formed any idea from it. And yet it is not minted by our Shakespeare, I find: for in an old play called the 'Isle of Gulls,' written by John Day, we have this speech, after a ranting bumbast line:

* * * Fye upon't, mere fustian: I had rather hear two good baudy jeasts, than a whole play of such *teare-cat* thunder-claps.

Ibid & 84. 2. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's Mother.
* * * * * * * * * * * *
2. You, Pyramus's father: myself, Thisby's Father.

Here seems to me a double forgetfulness of our Poet. There are no Father and Mother of Thisbe, or Father of Pyramus, introduced, when the interlude comes to be represented. But there are Wall and Moonshine, of whom there is not the least mention in this Scene.

P. 88. The Ox hath therefore stretched his yoke in vain.

This

This whole description of the disorder in the Seasons, I think you told me, seemed a copy from Ovid, but I have forgot from what episode.

Ibid. The *nine-men's-morris* is all filled with mud.

I do not know what is meant by the *nine-men's-morris*.

Ibid. And on old Hyem's *chin* and icy crown
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer-buds
Is as in mockry set.

The Editions agree in this reading; and it staggered me to hear of a chaplet, or garland, on the *chin*; I therefore conjectured it should be,

And on old Hyem's chill and icy crown.

But, upon looking into Paschalius de Coronis, I find many instances of the antients having chaplets on their necks, as well as temples; so that, if we may suppose Hyem is represented here as an old man, bending his chin towards his breast, then a chaplet round his neck may properly enough be said to be on his chin. So I am much in doubt about my first conjecture.

P. 93. Then *for* the third part of a minute hence
Some to kill cankers, &c.

The Fairies here are appointed their respective tasks: but are these tasks to continue only for the third part of a minute? I have little doubt but Shakespeare wrote:

Then *'fore* the third part of a minute, hence.

i. e. As soon as your roundel and fairy-song are dispatched, then, in a trice, before the third part of a minute, get you gone to do so and so.

P. 95. Near to this lack-love, this kill-courtesie.

This verse, you will observe, as Ben Jonson says, is broke loose from its fellows, and wants to be tied up. And the other lines of Puck may easily be reduced to seven syllables, this shoots out into ten.

I fancy the Poet wrote thus:

Near to this *kill-courtesie.*

And

And this being a term somewhat uncommon, might not the players explain it by this additional gloss — this *Lack-love?*

P. 103. Enter Pease-blossom, Cobweb, Moth, Mustardseed, and four Fairies.

I only quote this to shew you Mr. Pope's application to the old Books, and art of multiplying eight out of four. In the two Quarto Editions (printed anno 1600), Titania calls in four Fairies by their names—Pease-blossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustardseed;—and then it is marked — Enter four Fairies. — But, before I dismiss these wights, I should be glad to know why in this Scene, and in another p. 118, Bottom should address himself to Pease-blossom, Cobweb, and Mustardseed, and not say one syllable either of, or to, poor Moth.

P. 104. And forth my *Minnock* comes.

This word I can neither trace, nor account for.

P. 105. And at our Stamp here.

I am afraid, this is corrupt; I own, I do not understand it. Perhaps, — And at our *stump* here — pointing to the stump of some tree, over which the frighted rusticks fell.

P. 110. Two of the first *Life*, Coats in Heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned but with one crest.

Our modern Editors have an admirable trick of passing over unintelligible nonsense and fancying they comprehend it. — What idea could Mr. Pope have of—"Two of the first Life?"—I believe, I may venture to give you an emendation of this passage, that you will readily acquiesce in.

Two of the first, *like* Coats in Heraldry,
Due but to One.

One, two, &c. of the first, second, &c. are terms peculiar in Heraldry to distinguish the Quartering of Coats. So in Ben Jonson's Staple of News, Act 4, Sc. 4.

——— He

——————————— He bears,
In a field Azure, a Sun proper, beamy,
Twelve of the *Second.*

And again,

She bears (an't please you,) Argent, three leeks Vert,
In canton Or, and tassell'd of the *First.*

P. 111. Thou canst *compel*, no more than she *entreat*,
Thy threats have no more strength, than her weak *praise.*

Sure, the sense and opposition of terms, aimed at in both lines, require that we should read — her weak *pray'rs.*

P. 113. You *Minimus*, of hind'ring knotgrass made.

This is a little out of my reach. Is Minimus any ways a term of art? I cannot think Shakespeare so rude in Grammar as to call a woman *Minimus.*

P. 115. They wilfully exile themselves.

I have a suspicion it should be *exil'd;* — and please to consider whether Oberon's Speech should not more naturally begin at this couplet.

P. 120. Dian's Bud, *or* Cupid's Flow'r,
Hath such force and blessed power,

Oberon here is disenchanting his Queen, but this was not to be done with Cupid's Flower, which, in p. 90, he calls Love in Idleness, the juice of which was to cause a doating passion for the object first seen; and he says in the same page, he must take the charm off with another herb, which we may imagine is Dian's Bud. Should we not read, think you:

Dian's Bud *o'er* Cupid's Flow'r
Hath ———————————

Ibid. Titania, musick call, and strike more dead
Than common sleep. Of all these *fine* the sense.

This, I am afraid, is corrupt both in the text and the pointing. Would musick, that was to strike them into a deeper sleep than ordinary, contribute to *fine*, or *refine* their senses? May we not rather think this was our Poet's true reading?

Titania,

Titania, Musick call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep of all these *five* the sense.

i. e. of Demetrius, Lysander, Hermia, Helena, and Bottom, who all lay asleep upon the stage.

P. 121. Then, my Queen, in silence *sad*.

Why sad? Fairies, as we imagine, are pleased to trip after the night's shade. For that reason, and for bettering the rhyme a little, I am willing to think it should be—in silence *fade*, i. e. vanish; in which sense our Poet perpetually employs this word.

P. 121. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete.

Does not the Poet forget the truth of fable a little here? Hippolita was just brought into the country of the Amazons by Theseus, and how could she have been in Crete with Hercules and Cadmus?

Ibid. ———————— They bay'd the Bear.

Should it not be *Boar*? The Erymathian Boar, you know, is famous among the Herculean Labours.

I imagined this letter, dear Sir, might have run through the Midsummer Night's Dream; but I have a full page for you still behind, which I propose to trouble you with by the very next post; and I shall make out the remainder of my Letter in desiring your judgment on some occasional passages, that either stick with me, or that I have ventured to tamper with. Believe me, with a true zeal and respect, Sir, your most obliged humble servant,

L. THEOBALD.

LETTER IX.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Wyan's Court, May 27,* 1729.

According to the proposition in my last, I here proceed to trouble you with the remainder of my observations on Midsummer Night's Dream; and then will fill up the measure of my letter with some random

random enquiries, on which I much want your ingenious assistance and judgment.

P. 122. *Thes.* Good-morrow, Friends; Saint Valentine is past.

I wonder Mr. Pope did not substitute here some modern reading, to cure this signal anachronism: and yet, if I should think fit to take notice of it, I doubt not but he will say, "it might have slept but for this *Great Restorer!*"—though I shall make no scruple to give it as my opinion, that our Poet was as well aware, as we are now, that Theseus might be a little earlier in time than St. Valentine.

P. 124. It shall be call'd Bottom's Dream, because it hath no Bottom.

Ben Jonson, and Beaumont and Fletcher (as I shall have occasion to observe) have frequent girds at passages in our Author; and I am in doubt whether Beaumont towards the conclusion of the Beggar's Bush is not flurting at this place in our Poet:

——————— We have a course;
The Spirit of Bottom is grown bottomless.

There is no such character as Bottom in the Beggar's Bush; so that, unless some mystery in cant-language lie hid under the expression, I cannot imagine what it can allude to, if not a raillery on the passage before us. But, perhaps, you may give me better light.

Ibid. And I will sing it in the latter end of a play before the Duke: peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it *at her* death.

At her death!—At whose? In all Bottom's speech there is not the least mention of any she-creature, to whom this relative can be coupled. I make not the least scruple but Bottom, for the sake of a jest, and to render his *voluntary*, as we may call it, the more gracious and extraordinary, said,

——————— I shall sing it *after* death.

He, you know, as Pyramus, is killed upon the scene; and so might promise to rise again at the conclusion

conclusion of the interlude, and give the Duke his Dream by way of song. If this conjecture be right, the source of the corruption is very obvious. The *f* in *after* being sunk by the vulgar pronunciation, the copyist might write it from the sound — *a'ter;* which the wise Editors not understanding, concluded two words were falsely got together, so splitting them, and clapping in an *h* produced the present reading — *at her.*

P. 125. You must say Paragon; a Paramour is (God bless us!) a thing of *nought.*

I suspect it should be,

——————— a thing of *naught.*

i. e. a naughty thing, little better than downright bawdy. So Ophelia to Hamlet, when he talks a little grossly to her, says,

You're *naught,* you're *naught,* my Lord.

Ibid. For the short and the long is, our play is *preferred.*

The Poet could not forget himself so much, as to make this blunder. It is plain, till p. 128, Theseus had not made choice of any play, and then fixes on Pyramus. I have therefore suspected, that the change of a single letter is requisite here, to set matters right:

——————— Our Play is *proffered.*

i. e. put into the catalogue of such out of which the Duke was to chuse; unless we may allow that *preferred* here will signify, put up among the rest, for the Duke's liking; as we say, "prefer a petition," *i. e.* lodge one in order to get an answer to it.

And so we come to the end of the Fourth Act: but here, Sir, I would beg you to examine one point for me. It seems very probable to me that the fifth Act should begin at the fourth Scene of the fourth Act; or else that a change of the Scenery should be there marked, from the Wood to Athens.

My

My reasons are these: Bottom wakes in the wood, and, finding he was left by his fellow comedians, seems to have no farther business there. — Quince, Flute, Snout, and Starveling, had been horribly frighted out of the wood; and they should hardly venture back thither in quest of their companion: — Besides, if they did venture to come back again, their first speech is very absurd and improper; and rather seems to imply, they were at home in expectation of his return.—And again, unless Bottom was come to Athens, how could he tell them any news of their interlude being *proffer'd*, or *preferred*; — I think my suspicions have some weight; and I am more sure you will be able to clear them up to me.

P. 126. And grows to something of great *constancy*.

Does not *constancy* here mean *consistency*? Or how otherwise may we explain this expression?

P. 127. There is a brief how many sports are *rife*.

One of the old Quartos which I have, printed in 1600, reads, "how many sports are *ripe*;" and so I think we ought to correct it; *i. e.* here is the list of all the entertainments that are *(ripe* or) *ready* to be performed before your Grace. I do not see that *rife* will in any kind answer this sense.

P. 129. Enter *Philomon*.

This is a character never heard of till this instant, and certainly we must correct it—Enter *Philostrate;* who, as you may observe, in the very preceding page, is sent out by Theseus to introduce the players, and then returns to tell him the prologue is ready.

Ibid. Our true intent is all for your delight,
We are not here that you should here repent you,
The Actors are at hand.

Considering that the whole glee of this prologue lies in the gross and ignorant Proloeutor making flat nonsense of it, by making the rests all at false places,

I can

I can but wonder that Mr. Pope did not see the pointing should be thus regulated:

Our true intent is: — All for your delight
We are not here:—that you should here repent you,
The actors are at hand.

P. 130. This grizly beast, which Lion hight by name.

All the rest of this speech is in alternate rhyme; but no rhyme remains to *name*: we must therefore either conclude that an intermediate line is lost here; or else I suspect an accidental transposition in the words, which, set right, may restore it to a triplet.

This grizly Beast, which by name Lion hight,
——————— coming first by night,
——————— or rather did affright,

P. 130. That I, one *Flute* by name, present a Wall.

Here is a small mistake here, that neither sagacity, nor collation with the old copies, could direct Mr. Pope to set right. It is plain, from p. 83, that Flute played Thisbe. Indeed both the old Quartos, in 1600, propagate this error; but the first and second Editions in Folio read, as it surely ought to be:

That I, one *Snout* by name. ———

P. 132. Here come two noble beasts in, a *Man* and a *Lion*.

I do not think the jest here is either complete, or right. It is differently pointed in several of the old copies, which, I suspect, may lead us to the true reading: *viz.*

Here come two noble beasts, in a *Man* and a *Lion*.

But here the text is wrong; immediately, upon Theseus saying this, enter *Lion* and *Moonshine*. — I can therefore scarce doubt but our Author wrote:

Here come two noble beasts, in a *Moon* and a *Lion*.

the one having a crescent and lanthorn before him and representing the man in the Moon; the other in a Lion's hide.

P. 135.

P. 135. *Dem.* And thus she *means: videlicet.*

Surely, our Poet wrote:

And thus she *moans*, &c.

All Thisbe's subsequent speech being a lamentation for Pyramus; and besides, it is said just above:

Here she comes, and her *Passion* ends the play.

Which, by the way, I think should be spoken by Philostrate, and not by Theseus; for the former, as we find by p. 128, had seen the interlude rehearsed, and consequently knew how it ended.

P. 135. These lily *Lips*, this cherry *nose*, &c.

All Thisbe's lamentation runs in metre and versification.

The first and second rhyme.
The third rhymes to the sixth.
The fourth and fifth rhyme.
The sixth rhymes to the third.

But this versification is, in the single instance here quoted, transgressed. There must be therefore, I imagine, a small innovation, by some accident or other, upon the text. I would restore it thus:

These lily *Brows*,
This cherry nose, &c.

Now black brows being a beauty, lily brows are as ridiculous as a cherry nose, green eyes, or cowslip cheeks.

Ibid. *Lay* them in gore, &c.

Would it not be better:

Lave them in gore, &c.

Here, Sir, I conclude this part of my task, and have room left to trouble you but with very few queries farther at present. But I will continue my rule, that no paper shall be lost.

Merry Wives, p. 212:

Shall. The Luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old Coat.

This has been a most inveterate passage to me, and so still continues. I propound it to you as a riddle,

riddle, and I wish most fervently you may have the luck to solve it; to which end too, I will gladly communicate such hints, if they may possibly give any light. Justice Shallow, in this Play, is supposed to be Sir *Thomas Lucy*, who persecuted Shakespeare for deer-stealing. The Lucys, as we find by Dugdale's Warwickshire, quartered 12 fishes called *Luces* in their arms; and of Luces, Gesner tells us, there is a marine and a fresh-water species. I was thinking that if in Heraldry the fresh-water Luce might signify a younger branch, and the sea Luce a head of a family, and Falstaff were to say this to Shallow, it might carry a good deal of concealed satire; but then, as Sir Hugh interposes his dialogue, and as there is no reply made to this supposed satire, I am obliged to disapprove my own conjecture.

I can have room but for one more; and that shall be out of Hamlet, p. 228:

> Haste me to know, that I with wings as swift
> As *Meditation*, or the *Thoughts* of Love, &c.

Here is either, I suspect, a most barbarous tautology, or a great mistake in terms. *Thought*, indeed, is swift; but *Meditation* is not so. That is, I take it, a deliberate action of the soul, by which we weigh and ponder our first simple ideas, and so form a judgment upon them.

I imagine our Author wrote,

> As *Mediation*, or the *Thoughts* of Love.

So a tautology will be quite removed; and a beauty, in my poor opinion, added to the thought.

I wish the paper would further comply with my inclination: but it shall, in yielding me the scope to confess myself, dear Sir,

Your most sincerely obliged humble servant,

LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER X.

To Mr. WARBURTON, at Newark.

DEAR SIR, *Thursday, 29 May*, 1729.

I have received the pleasure of your last, and very zealously embrace the encouragement you give me of corresponding; which I shall always be fond of continuing, so long as you indulge me in it, and I am capable of desiring self-improvement. I entirely come into your thoughts, that this epistolary intercourse should be kept up with all the negligence of conversation; a studied elegance of style would here be affectation, and an impediment in its consequence. Therefore, to proceed in your own method, I shall first trouble you with my thoughts on your observations, and then subjoin my own fresh enquiries.

As to your explanation of the *Basilisco-like*, there can be no dispute but it is very ingenious. I am only afraid, as you say on another of mine, lest it should be thought too refined. *It carries an allusion in a single word, without the thought being any further prosecuted; consequently must be very dark to the person spoken to, as well as to the whole audience.*

The difficulty of Limoges and Austria is sufficiently cleared up to me.

And I am no less indebted for your reconciling me to *three-man Songmen*, as it now stands in our Author. It was my own thought once, that it meant one that could sing all the three parts in any musical composition; but I was staggered in this by Mr. Galliard's opinion, that the word could hardly bear that idea: yet I am convinced it may, in spite of his technical judgment.

And now to come to some short remarks upon the new passages transmitted to me.

Tempest,

Tempest, p. 6:

If you can command these elements to silence, and work the Peace of the present, we will not hand, &c.

You propose — of the *Prease*; but *Prease*, or *Press*, I am afraid, signifies only a Crowd, not a Tumult.—I have all along read and understood the passage thus:

——————— the peace o' the present,

i. e. on the Present. That is, if you can command silence, and appease these elements *on the instant, at a word's speaking*, what need we be at such labour in working a ship?

We split, we split, &c.

These two lines, I conceive, were designed to be spoken as by the ship's crew, who make a confused clamour within, on their apprehensions of sinking.

Prosp. ——————— Master of a *full poor* Cell.

These two, I confess, taken as adjectives, have such a contrariety in their sense, that the expression approaches very near to a blunder. But I have always understood the first of them to be adverbially coupled to the other with an hyphen;

——————— Master of a full-poor * Cell.

As to the next,

Like one who having into Truth, &c.

here you propose to substitute — *injured Truth* — as a cure for the sense. I will tell you how I have read and conceived it; and then submit it to you, whether there needs any recourse to that change:

——————————— Like one
Who having into Truth, by telling 't oft,
Made such a Sinner of his Memory,
To credit his own Lie.

i. e. says Prospero,

My brother has behaved so like a common Liar that tells his false stories so often over, till he de-

* Perpauperis, perexiguæ Cellulæ. And the French, I remember, express themselves in the very same manner, *fort-de-malade, fortiter*, &c.

ceives

ceives even his own memory, and credits his own Lie into a Truth;

that is, believes his own Lie to be true; as Antonio acted the outward face and deputation of power so long, till he began to imagine himself the real Duke.

Our Hint of Woe ——

which you would correct to—*Stint*. But we ought, perhaps, to remember, that, in many passages, our Author uses *Hint*, for *Argument, Theme, Cue*, &c.; and then, perhaps, a change may not be so necessary.

I very readily embrace your—antient *Moral* for *Morsel;* it carries probability, and heightens the Wit.—But now to,

Each Putter-out of *five* for *one*.

I have not been without a conjecture something like yours here. You say, it seems to level at money advanced and contributed at 20 *per cent.* for promotion of discoveries in the West Indies, But then should not the text be,

Each Putter-out of *one* for *five?*

Morison, I remember, in his Travels, tells us, he put money into the hands of friends before both his expeditions, to receive so much more if he lived to return. And he speaks of this method as of a thing usually done by Travellers of that time.

But, if you will give me leave, I will subjoin my construction of what I really think our Author meant by this passage.

Each Putter-out of five for one, &c.

i. e. each Voyager, or Traveller.

(So in Two Gentlemen of Verona, p. 150.

Put forth their Sons to seek Preferment out.)

And his context seems to be this: — When we were boys, who would believe there were dewlapt Mountaineers, or men with their heads in their breasts, which now every *five* Travellers, that put out,

out, bring us vouchers of, for *one* that pretends to dispute the veracity? —And it is not improbable, I think, that our Author here might be paying either an oblique compliment, or throwing out a sarcasm, on Sir Walter Raleigh, who in his Travels (which were printed along with Hackluyt's Voyages in the year 1600) tells us of a nation, called *Ewaipanons*, (bless us from the hard name!) whose heads appear not above their shoulders: "*which* (as our Traveller very gravely subjoins) *though it may be thought a mere fable, yet for mine own part I am resolved it is true, because every Child in the Provinces of Arcamaia and Canuri affirm the same.*"

This is my conjecture of the passage; which is in the balance, till it meets your sanction, or refutation.

——————— Grind their joints
With dry convulsions. ———————

I like very well the substitution of your epithet—*wry convulsions.* I must own, I cannot tell physically, whether convulsions ever do arise from any dry cause; if they do, there seems some consonance of idea preserved in *dry* and *grind.* Here the Doctors must come in to our aid.

I shall be very impatient for your explanation of the Scene you mention in Lear, if you can afford me a Letter *extra* upon that subject.

But now, dear Sir, it is time I should think of your dismission for the present; which shall be, after subjoining my list of those places that are dark to me in the Tempest.

P. 10. To trash for overtopping.

Does *trash*, by any county dialect, signify *lop, cut off?*

P. 12. When I have decked the sea.

Does he mean "shed tears into the sea from the deck of the ship," or what else?

P. 13.

P. 13. Now I arise: Sit still.

I have conjectured — *Now, Ariel:* — calling to his Spirit, meaning he is ready for him, as his daughter is going to sleep.

P. 15. *Prosp.* What is the time o'th' day?
Ari. Past the mid season.
Prosp. At least two glasses: the time.

As Prospero, by his asking what it was o'clock, seems evidently not to know; methinks the division of these speeches is wrong. I would digest them:

Prosp. What is the time o'th' day?
Ari. ——— Past the mid season
At least two glasses.
Prosp. ——— The time twixt, &c.

P. 19. *Mir.* Abhorred Slave! &c.

Does not this speech seem more properly to belong to Prospero?

P. 22. And his brave Son.

Sure this is a forgetfulness of our Poet. Nobody was lost in the wreck; that is manifest from several passages: and yet we have no such character in the Dramatis Personæ as the Duke of Milan's Son.

P. 32. ——— Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake.

I have not the least glimmering of conception why this is said, or how it depends on the rest.

Ibid. Bandied be they and melt,

savours of the obscure.

P. 35. Like a foul Bumbard.

Does he mean a Cup so called, or a navigable Vessel? I remember again in Henry VIII. p. 94,

And here you lie baiting of Bombards, when ye should do service.

i. e. as I presume, *tipling*. And, as *Bombard* is here used, I think there is a vehicle in the University, which they call "a Gun of Ale."

P. 37. I will not take too much for him.

Does he mean, "I should think no price that was offered me too much?"

P. 38.

P. 38. I afraid of him?

He is not charged with any such fear.

P. 39. Young Scamels.

I think we have found out this, but shall be glad of your opinion.

P. 42. No woman's face remember. ———

Has not Miranda forgot herself a little? In the first Act, p. 9. she remembers to have had four or five women attendants.

P. 49. Praise in departing.

What does this mean? Suspend your commendations, till you have more cause from the consequences.

P. 53. Go bring the Rabble.

Does he mean, the Rabble of menial Spirits under direction? for Ariel is not yet sent to bring Stephano, Trinculo, Caliban, &c.

P. 54. ——————— A Corollary.

Does this ever signify a Surplus?

P. 59. Now, Jerkin, you are like to lose your Hair.

Does this allude to its being torn down from an hair-line, when Stephen steals it?

P. 63. Thou'rt pincht for't now.

I suspect the pointing wrong here; and would change it:

Thou'rt pincht for't now, Sebastian, flesh and blood.

As in Lear, p. 445.

The good-jers shall devour them, *flesh and fell*,
Ere they shall make us weep.

Ibid. Where the Bee sucks, there suck I.

Ariel, as a refined spiritual essence, had no occasion for food.—Perhaps, "there *lurk* I." The two subsequent verses seem to countenance this.

P 65. Of whose soft grace.

I have imagined the context might better bear, of whose *sought* grace, *i. e.* "though you have not sought her aid, I have, and found it."

P. 66. Playing at chess.

May it not reasonably be asked, where they got their chess-board?

P. 68.

P. 68. ——————at pickt leisure
(which shall be shortly) single I'll—

I think it should rather be thus:

——————— at pickt leisure
(which shall be shortly singled) I'll—

P. 69. Liquor that hath gilded them
Of their understanding.

Does he mean, that has made them ruddy, or *gelded* them of their understanding?

And now, dear Sir, you see I have but bare room to subscribe myself your most obliged and affectionate friend, LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER XI.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Wyan's Court, Oct.* 25, 1729.

I received yours of the 23d instant, and embrace the favour with the sincerest pleasure imaginable. The cessation of my correspondence was indeed occasioned by the hope of seeing you in town, from the letter which you mention; and by the intervention of the summer months, which have obliged me to be too much a flyer: but I am now pitched on my own ground again, and shall settle.

A new Edition of the Dunciad has for some weeks been threatened; but the sword is yet only kept over our heads. — I am *as much surprized as you*, at the silence of some whom *we take to be injured*. For myself, you know, I have purposed to reply only in Shakespeare.—And let that name, like a charm, bring me back to business. As it would ask too deep a research into my papers, for the present post, to take up the affair methodically as we left it; be pleased to let me begin with a voluntary, and propose a single doubt to you, with a conjecture upon it, the proof of which, I imagine, will take up the whole limits of this Epistle.

Taming

Taming of the Shrew, p. 8:

My Lord, we must have a Shoulder of Mutton for a Property, and a little Vinegar to make our Devil roar.

Our Poet, I think, seems to forget himself. Mutton, indeed, is used in the Interlude; which, being over-roasted, Petruchio throws from the table. But then there is no Devil in the Drama. Or, if there were, or that Shakespeare designed a fling at the Old Plays, in which, as we shall see, Devils were so frequent, yet what can he allude to, by

Vinegar to make a Devil roar?

I confess I am at a fault; and, if I should run upon the wrong scent, I cannot help it. We'll start some game, if we miss that in chace. I would scarce venture to trust any body but Mr. Warburton with the conjecture that I am going to make; because it is a little peremptory, and only depends on the stress of parallel passages for its authority. Granting our Poet only intended a *Spear*, as I hinted, might he not have wrote,

—— and a little *wooden dagger* to make our Devil roar?

The difference of *wooden dagger* and *vinegar*, seems at first glance a little startling. But then, if we may call pronunciation into our aid, (*Vin*, and *Wood'n*; — *egar*, and *dagger*) the difference is not so considerable. And again, may not error have arisen from contraction in the written copies and the current hand of those times, and so *w'n (wooden)* been mistaken for *vin*, and *d'gar (dagger)* for *egar*?

Ne sævi, magne Sacerdos, may I not fairly say? And yet take my parallel authorities; and you may wish, perhaps, I had been right, though you should be forced to determine against me. — In the first place I am to remind you, that the Old Plays (especially in the times of Popery, whilst spirits, and witchcraft, and exorcising, held their own) are generally furnished with the character of a Devil, and Buffoon, or arch fool (called *Vice*), who was equipped with a long coat, a cap and asses ears, and a lath-dagger; and who used to skip on the Devil's back,

back, and lay on him with a vengeance, *ad captandum populum*, and set a certain quantity of barren spectators on the grin with his *Arlequinades**.

Proofs: I shall begin with a quotation or two from your own pamphlet of "Popish Impostures;" (which I have, as you ordered, delivered to our Friend Concanen.)

> I. It was a pretty part in the old Church Plays, when the nimble *Vice* was to skip nimbly up like a jack-an apes into the Devil's neck, and ride the Devil a-cockhorse, and belabour him with his *Wooden Dagger* till he made him *roar*; whereat the people would laugh, to see the Devil so Vice-haunted.
>
> Her Devils, be sure, be some of those old Vice-haunted, casheer'd, *wooden-beaten* Devils, that were wont to frequent the stages, &c. who are so scared with the idea of a *Vice* and a *dagger*, as they durst never since look a paper-Vice in the face.
>
> Cap. 19, p. 114, 5.

Again,

> This was well *roar'd* of a young Devil, for a Prælu.lium to the Play. Cap. 14, p. 72.

But to fetch some testimonies from the Stage itself:

II. Ben Jonson's Staple of News, p. 165, 8vo.

> There was no Play without a *Fool* and a *Devil* in't. He would carry away the *Vice* on his back, quick to Hell, &c.

III. And afterwards, p. 187:

> But here is never a Friend to carry him away. Besides, he has never a *Wooden Dagger!* I'd not

* Dr. Warburton, in his own Edition, had not forgotten these ideas. "When the acting the mysteries of the Old and New Testament was in vogue, at the representation of the mystery of the Passion, Judas and the Devil made a part. And the Devil, wherever he came, was always to suffer some disgrace, to make the people laugh: as here, the buffoonery was to apply the gall and vinegar to make him roar. And the Passion being that, of all the mysteries, which was most frequently represented, vinegar became at length the standing implement to torment the Devil; and was used for this purpose even after the mysteries ceased, and the moralities came in vogue; where the Devil continued to have a considerable part. The mention of it here, was to ridicule so absurd a circumstance in these old farces."

give

give a rush for a *Vice* that has not a *wooden dagger*, to snap at every body he meets.

IV. Ben Jonson's Devil 's an Ass, p. 254, 8vo.

Iniq. What is he calls upon me, and would seem to lack a *Vice?*
Ere his words be half spoken, I am with him in a trice.
Here, there, and every where, as the cat is with the mice:
True, *vetus Iniquitas.* Lack'st thou cards, friends, or dice?
I will teach thee cheat, child, to cog, lie, and swagger,
And ever and anon to be drawing forth thy *Dagger.*

V. And again, p. 256:

When ev'ry great man had his *Vice* stand by him,
In his long coat, shaking his *wooden dagger.*

And now to our own Author, who will, at least, I conceive, be explained in these testimonies.

VI. King Henry V. p. 448:

Bardolph and Nim had ten times more valour than this *roaring Devil* i'th' old Play, every one may pare his nails with a *wooden dagger.*

VII. And Twelfth Night, p. 241:

I am gone, Sir; and anon, Sir,
I'll be with you again;
In a trice, like to the old *Vice,*
Your need to sustain.
Who, with *Dagger of Lath,* in his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah ha! to the *Devil,*
Like a mad lad, *pare thy nails,* Dad, &c.

And, next, give me leave to throw in a passage, that, I flatter myself, has never yet been understood by common Readers, nor will be but by the aid of these testimonies.

VIII. 2 Henry IV. p. 328, where Falstaff is characterizing Justice Shallow:

And

> And now is this *Vice's Dagger* become a Squire, and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt, &c.

i. e. Shallow was as impertinent a machine, as the wooden dagger in the hand of a common Buffoon.

IX. And so in Hamlet, p. 277:

> ——————A *Vice* of Kings.

I have a great suspicion the Poet does not mean barely a vicious, execrable King; but one as much the disgrace and mockery of the kingly rank, as the Vice, or Buffoon, was of any character he supported.

X. And may I venture to suspect that another passage (the reading of which has been justly suspected, and ingeniously attempted to be amended) may admit an explication and allowance of being genuine, from the above quotations?

Richard III. p. 341:

> Thus, like the formal Vice, Iniquity,
> I moralize two meanings in one word.

It is not impossible but *Vice* may not be the quality, but person here; the Vice, or Buffoon, personating Iniquity; and then a formality of behaviour was essentially a necessary disguise. In Ben Jonson's Devil 's an Ass, for example, *Iniquity* is the very *Vice* that wants employment on earth. And to this let me add, that, when the Stage increased in refinements, the Buffoon's droll characters were changed into personated qualities, such as Iniquity, Usury, Vanity, Prodigality, &c. of which, perhaps, this speech in Ben Jonson's Staple of News, p. 187, may be some confirmation:

> That was the old way, gossip, when *Iniquity* came in like hocus-pocus, in a jugler's jerkin, with false skirts, like the Knave of Clubs. But now they are attir'd like men and women o'the time, the Vices male and female. *Prodigality* like a young Heir, and his mistress *Money* prankt up like a prime lady, &c.

Sed ἐπέχω, as the grave Dons say. — I have laid myself open to you without reserve, and willingly submit

submit to your determination, whether I have not put in for the Asses Ears, and a slash of the Wooden Dagger into the bargain. But, dear Sir, in the Appendix of your next, give me your conception of this odd passage in Troilus, p. 351, for I want a voucher to my own judgment of it:

> Here's Agamemnon, an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails, but he hath not so much brain as ear-wax.

Your most faithfully obliged humble servant,

LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER XII.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Wyan's Court, Nov.* 6, 1729.

I have received the pleasure of yours of the 3d instant, which I ardently expected two posts before. I entirely agree with you in keeping our method of going through with the Plays, in order to which rule I will begin to accommodate myself on Saturday next): not that I may the sooner get rid of a correspondence which I can never account troublesome; but that I may the sooner assist myself with your ingenious remarks. As to your complaint of my silence with regard to the observations you favour me with, I beg you to excuse me. It has been partly because I generally come into your remarks; and, if in any I remain doubtful, I had determined, when we had quite run through, by way of postscript, to communicate my objections, and be more fully informed. Did I enter upon that part at this juncture, I am afraid it would too much interrupt our progress. As to *Tonson's Greek Plutarch*, I have yet seen no advertisement of it, nor do I believe it is published. I thank you for the friendly hint concerning

concerning my subscription. I shall be very proud of the encouragement of any friends, that think fit, when I am published. *You may be sure I should be very glad, for many reasons, it were quite out of my hands; and I have some too, why I am not willing to precipitate.* I have obtained the honour of His Royal Highness's name now lately: and my Lady Delawarr has befriended me with such a list of Quality as were well worth waiting for. I know you will not be displeased, if I should tell you in your ear, perhaps I may venture to join the *Text* to my *Remarks*. But of that more a little time hence.

Now to a little business *en passant*. I am mightily struck with the happiness of your guess about OLD FEAST Antients, and hope much it will stand of authority.—As to Agamemnon and his *quails*, you imagine, you say, it may be a contraction of *quarrels*, or a corruption from *squalls*. I own I have conceived a different notion of the Poet's phrase, which I shall venture to submit to you. Thersites, you know, is all through the Play as scurrilous and scandalous in his observations upon the Greeks as one could wish. He abuses Menelaus for a stupid cuckold; and with the same freedom, I suspect, he means, by saying the brother is a great lover of *quails*, that he is a notable whoremaster, or, as we have it in another vulgar idiom, a *mutton-monger*.

Apropòs, in the Two Gentlemen of Verona (the Play upon which I am next to advance my queries), in that ridiculous scene betwixt Proteus and Speed, we meet with this expression:

> Ay, Sir; I, a lost mutton, gave your Letter to her, a LAC'D mutton.

Cotgrave, who has given us, I think, the best antique French Dictionary, explains the *laced mutton* by, *une garse, putain, fille de joye*; so that *mutton* has been a metaphor of old standing for *that game*. But what as to *quails*? The facetious Rabelais, in the

the Prologue to the 4th book, when speaking of *Cailles coiphées mignonnement chantans*, "coifed quails singing wantonly;" Motteux, I find, has translated this, "coated quails and laced mutton waggishly singing." Again, honest Cotgrave expounds *caille coiffée*, a woman. Here is a little authority for my suspicion of Shakespeare's meaning; and I can throw in one testimony from a contemporary Poet with him, by whom *quail* is metaphorically used for a girl of the game. Ford, in his Love's Sacrifice, brings in a debauchée thus muttering against a superannuated mistress: "By this light, I have toiled more with this carrion HEN, than with ten QUAILS, scarce grown into their first feathers."

Sed quid plura? I must rest it here, as the men at Bar say; and, if the cause want further proof, I must e'en submit to the nonsuit. But, to fill up the measure of my present epistle, as you urge me to the liberty of objecting, I will call out an old point already canvassed, but in which we have on neither side as yet agreed.

I troubled you, you may remember, with my queries and solutions of this passage in King John:

> Knight, knight, good mother, Basilisco like
> Why I am dubb'd.

You gave me, it is true, a most ingenious explication; which, I think, I informed you before, I thought most elegant, but *plus recherchée*. You replied, I remember, "you stood by your explication." And now give me leave to rejoin, that I suspect we have been both deceived in our notions. I begin once more to fancy, that by chance, as Dryden says, εὕρηκα, the mighty secret 's found.

In the first place then the passage must be pointed and distinguished, as the first folio edition in some measure leads the way:

> Knight, knight, good mother, Basilisco like.
> What! I am dubb'd;

Whether

Whether our late Editor had any conceit of one being dubbed Basilisco-like, or whether he had any understanding of this passage, I do not pretend to determine: but I think I may venture to say, he did not understand it, unless he knew the following piece of Stage-history; to the knowledge of which I presume that he will have the modesty to plead, *Not guilty.* The truth is, the Bastard's words carry a concealed piece of satire on an old drama that made its appearance in those times, and was printed in 1599, called "Soliman and Perseda." In this piece there is the character of a bragging cowardly knight, called Basilisco. Now his character of assumed valour is so blown and seen through, that Piston, a Buffoon-servant in the Play, jumps upon his back, and will not disengage him, till he makes Basilisco swear upon his dudgeon dagger, to the contents, and in the terms he dictates to him.

As you scarce have this Old Play, it is necessary to give you a bit of quotation.

Bas. O I swear, I swear,
Pist. By the contents of this blade,
Bas. By the contents of this blade,
Pist. I the aforesaid Basilisco,
Bas. I the aforesaid Basilisco,
Knight, good fellow, knight, knight—
Pist. Knave, good fellow, knave, knave.

Now it seems clear to me that our Poet, sneering at this Play, makes the Bastard, when Lady Falconbridge calls him *knave*, throw off that reproach, by humourously laying claim to his new dignity of knighthood; as Basilisco proudly insists on his title of *knight* in the passage above quoted.

The Play is an extremely ridiculous one; and I suppose exploded with a vengeance in the representation, which might make this circumstance so well known, as to become the object of a stage-sarcasm.

And now, Sir, you have my information—*et sub judice lis est.*

I agree

I agree with you, Cymbeline is a most corrupt Play; and I have a great number of corrections upon it: you say, you have 30 stable ones in store. I wish earnestly I could be favoured with them, if possible, by next post; which would in no kind break in on my measures, if it does not intrude on your conveniency. You bring back to my mind the time of a love-correspondence; and the expectation of every fresh Letter from you is the joy of a mistress to me. But when I am growing wanton it is time I should break off abruptly, though not without confessing myself, as I ought, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate and obliged humble servant,

LEW. THEOBALD.

P. S. Am I deceived, or may I hint, that I think the hand-writing is widened in your last?

LETTER XIII.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Wyan's Court, Nov.* 11, 1729.

According to promise in my last, I am now preparing to return into order, which will bring me to my inquirenda upon The Two Gentlemen of Verona. As this Play neither furnishes a number of doubts, nor of corrections, if both together do not fill up my sheet, I will beg leave to keep on with part of the Merry Wives.

P. 142. The Degradation.

Can Mr. Pope pretend, notwithstanding what he says in his Preface, that this degradation is not a chasm in the context, however poor the matter?

Ibid. Nay, give me not the boots.

If we may believe *Cotgrave*, this phrase is equivalent to—don't sell me a bargain. *Bailler foin en corne;* to give one the boots; to sell him a bargain.

P. 144. Indeed a sheep doth often stray.

Where is Mr. Pope's ear for an hexameter, or his diligence in collating? Both the old Folios read:

Indeed a sheep doth *very* often stray.

P. 148. The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.

Luc. Indeed, I *bid* the base for Proteus.

Can *bid the base* be either true in sense, or in language? *Base* in the first line, it is plain, is an antithesis to *mean*, both musical terms; but as Julietta is sharp with her ....., she, I think, turns the base in the second line to another sense; viz. that she, indeed, for Proteus' sake endures base, scurvy usage. I fancy, therefore, we should read:

Indeed, I *bide* the base for Proteus.

As in Love's Labour Lost, p. 226:

And *bide* the penance of each three years day.

P. 150. Put forth their sons to seek preferment out.

I have not forgot here to insert your ingenious hint concerning voyages at that time being in vogue for the discovery of the West Indies, &c. But can you forgive me if this term, *put forth*, should for a while carry me out of my latitude? It drives me with a full wind back upon this passage in the Tempest, p. 49:

Each *putter-out* of five for one.

You have formerly favoured me with your conjectures upon this place; but, as I have since a little improved my discoveries, if you will excuse the digression, I will copy the note that I have designed there by way of explanation:

[*Each putter-out of five, &c.* I freely confess I always understood this passage thus; that every *five* travellers (or putters-out) did bring authentick confirmation of these strange stories, for *one* that pretended to dispute the truth of them. But two learned and ingenious Friends (to whom already in my prolegomena I have made general acknowledgments) have since better instructed me: therefore I with pleasure retract my comment. Upon communicating

cating my sense of the place to the Rev. Mr. Warburton, he informed me, that "This was a fine piece of concealed satire on the Voyagers of that time, who had just discovered a new world; and, as was very natural, grew most extravagant in displaying the wonders of it. That, particularly, by

Each putter-out of five for one,

is meant the Adventurers in the Discovery of the West Indies, who had for the money they advanced, and contributed, twenty *per cent.*"

Dr. Thirlby does not a little assist this explanation by his concurrence, and a fine, though easy, alteration of the text:

Each putter-out of one for five.

The Doctor is so modest as to determine nothing concerning this reading, though to me it appears as clear as the explication is certain; that it was usual in those times for travellers to put out money to receive a greater sum if they lived to return; and, for proof, he refers to Morison's Itinerary, part I, p. 198, et seq. I cannot make better amends for my own former want of sagacity, or return my friends better thanks for the light they have given me upon this passage, than by subjoining a testimony from a poet contemporary with our Author, that will put their explanation past all dispute, as well as vouch for that conjectural transposition of the text, in which Dr. Thirlby is pleased to be so diffident. See Ben Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour, Act. II. Scene 3, in this speech of his most singular and vain-glorious Knt. Puntarvolo.

"I do intend, this year of jubilee coming on, to travel: and, because I will not altogether go upon expence, I am determined to put forth some five thousand pound, to be paid me, *five* for *one*, upon the return of myself, my wife, and my dog, from the Turk's Court in Constantinople. If all, or either of us miscarry in the journey, 'tis gone; if we be successful, why, there will be *five and twenty* thousand pound to entertain time withal."

And quote from the same Play, p. 217; and vide pp. 214, 254.

If he was to be paid *five* for *one*, it is obvious, he was a putter-out of *one* for *five*, as I think we ought to read in our Shakespeare: unless, to save the transposition we should dispense with the change only of a single Letter, some Readers should prefer this conjecture:

Each putter-out *on* five for one, &c.

I cannot help observing that Ben Jonson, to heighten the ridicule of these projecting voyagers, makes Puntarvolo's wife averse to accompanying him: and so he is inforced to put out his venture on the return of himself, his dog, and his cat. It may not be amiss, perhaps, to add a short observation on the different conduct of both our Poets. *Shakespeare, out of a particular deference to Sir Walter Raleigh, only sneers these adventurous voyagers obliquely, and, as it were, en passant:* The surly Ben, who would be tied up by no such scrupulous regards, dresses up the fashion in the most glaring colours of comic humour, or rather brings down his satire to the level of farcical ridicule.]

Sed nunc redeo tandèm in viam, unde discessi.

P. 151. Attends the Emperor in his royal court.

Is not this a forgetfulness in our Poet? Valentine is with the Duke of Milan at his court. But then was not this Duke a substitute of the Emperor in the Milanese?

P. 159. For it is the unkindest *tide* that ever any man tied.

I do not understand this. Is *tide* any where the appellation of a dog? *Tyke*, I know, in Yorkshire, signifies a dog, or cur. And so in Lear, p. 414:

Or bob-tail *tike*, or trundle-tail.

P. 161. *Thur.* And how quote you my folly?
Val. I quote it in your *jerkin.*

Does

Does Valentine simply mean here, in the ridiculous fashion of your clothes, or is a conundrum lost here, and are we to read?

I quote it in your *jerking*,

i. e. in your pert and foolish vein of flirting at me. But the matter is very trivial.

P. 163. *Thur.* Madam, my Lord your Father would speak with you.

How does Thurio know this? I suspect rather a servant should come in and say it, and that it is not quoted in the old books.

P. 168. To leave my Julia, shall I be, &c.

This, in the first folio Edition, stands rightly pointed, thus:

To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, &c.

P. 170. The more thou damm'st it up, &c.

You inform me, I remember, that we ought to read, *damp'st it up*. But may not the text stand as it does, upon the authority of this other line in this very play, p. 146:

The fire that 's closest kept, burns most of all.

P. 176. What Letter is this same? &c.

What? Was Valentine to climb up to his mistress's tower, in order to carry her off, and does he carry a Letter to her from himself at the same time.

P. 180. *Speed.* What news with your *mastership*?
Launce. With my *mastership*? Why it is at sea.
Speed. Well, your old vice still, mistake the word.

Mr. Pope is a pleasant gentleman to let this pass him without any suspicion. But how does Launce mistake the word? Speeds asks him about his mastership, and he replies to it *literatim*. But then how was his mastership at sea and on shore too? But the addition of a letter and an apostrophe will make him mistake the word, and set the jest right, thus:

Launce. With my *master's ship*? why it is at sea.

P. 186.

P. 186. For practising to steal away a lady,
An *heir*, and *niece* allied unto the duke.

What, was this lady niece to the duke, and allied to him too? I will never believe Shakespeare would have expressed himself thus. I am confident we ought to read,

An heir *, and *near* allied unto the duke.

As in Romeo, p. 126:

This gentleman, the Prince's *near* allie;

and several other passages that I need not trouble you with.

P. 190. He loved her out of all *nick*:

I am not acquainted with this expression; but I suppose it means in other phrases familiar with our Author, out of all count, out of all cesse, *i. e.* infinitely, eternally.

P. 194. I was sent to deliver him as a present, &c.

Does not the Poet forget himself here? We find by the next page that he had lost the dog which was sent for a present, and meant in the lieu of it to give his own.

P. 199. Her eyes as grey as grass,
Annon potiùs, glass?

P. 206. Verona shall not hold thee.

This threat is to Sir Thurio, who is a Milanese, and the person threatening is now too in Milan. I am afraid Shakespeare here again a little forgets himself.

You see, Sir, by the help of a digression from the Tempest, I have made shift to spend as much time in Verona as my paper will well give me leave. The Merry Wives will be more full of corruption and entertainment. By the way, I remember you hint in one of yours, that in that play a rank piece of indelicacy is done away into as rank nonsense, through the ignorance of the Editors. I suppose, for infor-

* An heiress.

mation

mation sake, without breach of modesty, both I may demand and you communicate this secret. I rest in hopes of being happy by the post to-morrow; and shall not fail on Saturday at farthest to renew my trouble to you, who am, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate and obliged humble servant,

LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER XIV.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Nov.* 15, 1729.

By my last, which I hope has reached you, and which contains my inquiries on The Two Gentlemen of Verona, you will find I am come into the order you desired: and will endeavour to pursue it, though I should make an excursion, now and then, by the bye. I beg you will spare encomiums on the care and correctness of my Epistles, and likewise excuses for the supposed carelessness of your own. As you are so complaisant to indulge me in this laborious correspondence, it will be for our mutual ease *peritura parcere chartæ*. Yours on Cymbeline is come to hand; and as Mr. Bishop (another kind labourer in the vineyard) was with me, you cannot imagine the pleasure we shared to find in how many places your emendations jump literally with ours. While our thoughts are warm upon this Play, I thought proper to let you know at once where I agree, and where for present reasons I dissent. And so, to work:

P. 5. You do not meet a man but frowns, &c.

The correction of *brows* we had made with you; in the subsequent lines I had gone still farther, whether with absolute necessity, I submit to you, thus:

Heavens:

——————— Heavens: *they are* courtiers,
Still seem as does the King's.

Still is authorized by both the old folios, and why departed from I cannot imagine; to say, their brows were courtiers, in conformity with the king's, I think, is not very hard; and may seem grounded on Alexander's courtiers affecting to be wry-neck'd.

P. 6. I do extend him, Sir.

I am sorry to confess I had reconciled this to myself; because you say it is so nonsensical that any Editor but Pope must blush at it. Thus I had solved it. Though you think, Sir, I speak so fairly of him, I assure you I extend him barely within the list and compass of his own praise and merit; crush him together in my applauses rather than display him fully.

P. 9. A *yare* age.

I thank you for this most ingenious emendation. I know *yare* signifies quick, nimble, dextrous; and I hope, as an epithet, it may be allowed in your sense of *sudden, precipitated.* I had guessed, *meer, hoar;* but the *ductus literarum,* to say nothing more, determines me on your side.

P. 12. She 's a good *sign.*

Your conjecture is again ingenious. But I will tell you how I had satisfied myself in the point. You know, certain *constellations,* which are refulgent, are called *signs;* and *ensigns,* and *ornaments* of nobility, are likewise by our Poet, called *signs.* So in Macbeth, p. 200:

But *signs* of nobleness, like *stars,* shall *shine* on all deservers.

Sub judice lis est.

P. ..... The diminution of *space.*

Your observation is perfectly right on this passage; yet, I fancy, it may be understood as it is. I understand *of* here as the prepositions *by* or *from;* and then the diminution made *by* space, or from the distance, will be right. So, infra, p. 49:

Consider,

Consider,—When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is *place* which lessens and sets off.

P. 14. *Are* wonderfully to extend him,

You think it should be, *aids*:—I do not yet see a reason for any change. I understand it thus:—that his banishment and the approbation of those that lament his divorce, *are* circumstances that must wonderfully extend him in opinion. As Jachimo says in the speech immediately preceding,

Wherein he *must be* weigh'd rather by her value, &c.

P. 16. I could *not* believe she excell'd many.

You say del. *not*: I say it should be *but*, i. e. *at most* believe.

P. 17. You are *a friend.*

This, as you say, I have long since observed should be *afraid.*

P. 23. These, as you hint, I have already seen in print.

P. 30. Of the divorce he 'd make.

This we had settled exactly as you accurately observe.

P. 32. May *ope* the raven's eye.

This, your former Letter to me takes notice, should be restored to the rejected reading, *bear*. I think it either should be *bore*, or *bare*, *i. e.* make bare. Though the raven be a night-bird, it does not prey during that whole season, but slumbers towards morning, and is disturbed by the first approach of dawn. Now making *bare* the eye seems to me peculiarly proper; as most birds, and many quadrupeds, have a membrane for nictation, called περιοφθάλμιον, wherewith they can at pleasure cover their eyes, though their eyelids be open; and with this membrane they often defend their eyes from too strong a light, and draw it over the pupil, when they do not shut down the eyelid at all.

P. 34.

P. 34. His goodness forespent on.

Your emendation here, I presume, is occasioned by the false print in Mr. Pope. The old Editions have it,

> And towards himself, his goodness forespent on us,
> We must, &c.

i. e. towards him, on account of the obligations we have formerly received from him.

P. 35. Fools *are* not mad folks.——If you'll be *patient.*

Cure for *are* we had long ago determined:—as to *patient*, your alteration to *prudent* is certainly ingenious, and logically requisite, if we might tie Shakespeare so strictly: but I conceive by, *If you 'll be patient*, Imogen means, if you will be easy, and not torture me with your impertinent solicitations.

P. 37. *Or* look upon the Romans.

Surely, you say, this should be *not.* I have long since cured it with a less change.

> *Ere* look upon the Romans.

P. 39. The foul opinion you had of her *poor* honour.

You very justly observe it should be, *prov'd* honour; but Mr. Pope's negligence obliged you here to exert yourself. The old folios read rightly,

> ——————*pure* honour.

P. 40. Was as another nature *dumb.*

This we had stumbled at, but your emendation is indeed ingenious, and restores us true sense. But by changing *was* into *has*, is there not a transgression in the tenses? must not, *outwent* her, then be, *outgone* her? The sense I always conceived to be, that the carver had done Dian so excellently, that it seemed another piece of Nature, only that it was dumb: nay, that he had outgone Nature as to the form and symmetry, only that breath and motion were wanting. But the words, I fear, are corrupt.

As to your occasional passage from Anthony, I cannot readily accede to your correction. I cure it thus:

> Was beastly *dumb'd* by him.

i. e.

i. e. silenced by his superior noise. This is not the only passage in which our Poet has coined a verb out of the adjective *dumb*. So in his Pericles, speak-of a young lady's transcendant talents:

Deep clerks she *dumbs*, &c.

P. 42. Should *from* encounter guard.

You advise *for*; I understood this thus: that Posthumus means, Jachimo met with no opposition but what he expected should oppose: and what she should guard from the attack, or encounter, of any man but her husband.

P. 48. *But* have a fog in them.

As you interpret this, it is certain *but* ought, to make sense, to be changed into *that*. I have conjectured it should be read thus:

I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues, but have a fog in *ken*,
That I cannot look through.

i. e. do not talk of considering, man; I neither see present events, nor consequences, but am in a mist of fortune, and resolved to go on upon the project I have determined. His use of *ken*, in this sense, I prove by authorities.

P. 50. They think they 're mine.

The pointing, as you observe, I had cured; and, as for your change of *wherein* to *within*, it gives such sense and elegance too, that I cannot but approve it.

P. 55. Now if you could wear a mind.

A *mine*, certainly more significant.

P. 65. Defering——commends——and her face——I had observed.

P. 73. ——————Being scarce made up
I mean to man, &c.

This, I think, is a very hard place; pray, Sir, weigh it for me once more. I am not convinced that Bel. is speaking of Guid. I rather suspect it a description

description of what Cloten formerly was, and in answer to what Arv. says of *his being so fell.* Ay, (says he) he was so fell; and, being then scarce at man's estate, he HAD no apprehension of roaring terrors, or of any thing that could check him with fears.—But then how does the inference come to be built upon this? For defect of judgment is oft the cause of fear.—I think I should have said the mere contrary. Cloten was defective in judgment, and therefore did not fear.—I have guessed, For *th' effect* of judgment is oft the cause of fear. I submit the passage to your consideration.

P. 75. Marish, I think, much improves the phrase.

P. 76. What coast thy sluggish care.

I am charmed with your emendation of Carrack; and wish heartily it may be true, as *harbour* seems to countenance it. But you will give me leave to distrust, be it but for better conviction. I am afraid the Poet's thought is from the custom at sea of letting down a plummet with tallow and pitch, to find more certainly by the colour of the soil they pluck up, whether they are making such a particular coast; and then *sluggish care* stands in the place of this *soil* that is to be so fathomed for. Besides, you know, melancholy both forms cares, and is attended with them.

P. 77. Winter-gown.

A most excellent emendation.

P. 81. *Wary* gods.

Not to be disputed.

P. 83. 'Ploy'd.

An improvement of the thought. I wish I could remember another instance of his cutting short this word.

P. 92. Poor luck.

Exceedingly well guessed.

P. 100. One sand another, &c.

This I had observed.

P. 101. '*Faming* the shrine seems necessary as to the sense. I doubt a little about the cutting off.

P. 104.

P. 104. Think that you are upon a mock.
Clear to demonstration.

P. 105. Hasting our wrath.
As clear.

P. 85. And make them *dreaded* to the doer's *shrift.*

Dreaded I had a great while ago corrected; but retained the word *thrift;* and thus explained the thought to myself. Some are cut off for the first fault; others permitted to aggravate one crime with more, which not only make them dreaded by the world, but turn to the thrift, *i. e.* advantage of the doers. When the wicked are permitted to go on unpunished, they often reap temporal benefits from the effects of their crimes. I cannot be positive which of them is right: But I know that here I must conclude myself, dear Sir,

Your ever obliged faithful servant,

LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER XV.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Sat. Nov.* 15, 1729.

Ecce! iterum Crispinus.

I do not know how I can possibly ever requite the vast trouble I give you, not to mention the charge of this correspondence. This comes, attended with another of six pages, in reply to yours on Cymbeline. As it is impossible either of us can take copies of our own Letters, I hope you do me the favour to lay by mine; because, when the evidence comes to be summed up, a collation of them with yours will be of vast service to me, upon several points that I shall not be able to keep in memory. — But now to the Merry Wives:

P. 212. Which is daughter to Master *Thomas* Page.

Our

Our Poet, I think, is a little contradictory to himself in Mr. Page's Christian name; *infra*, p. 232, his wife calls him *George*.

P. 215. I combat challenge of this Latin bilboe.

Pistol calls Sir Hugh, Mountain-foreigner; but by Latin bilboe I presume he means Slender, who in size, he would intimate, is as thin as a plate of that metal which is called *laten*, a sort of tinsel, I think.

P. 217. Upon Alhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas.

Sure Simple is a little out in his reckoning. Allhallowmas is almost five weeks *after* Michaelmas. But is it designed Simple should appear thus ignorant, to keep up character? The simplest creatures generally are very precise in the knowledge of festivals, and how the seasons run. I suspect it should be a fortnight afore *Martlemas*; *i. e.* from the 1st to the 11th November, eleven days inclusive.

P. 219. The women have so cry'd and shriek'd at it, *that it past*.

So again, in Troilus, p. 277, And Paris so chaft, and all the rest so laughed, *that it past*.—What does he mean by this expression? that they bep—ed themselves?

P. 221. sub finem. She discourses, she *carves*.

What does he mean? that Mrs. Ford shewed a liking to him, by helping him at table?

P. 222. She is a region in Guiana.

This is not in the first rude sketch of this Comedy, which is in quarto, in 1619. If the tradition be true of this Play being wrote at Queen Elizabeth's command, perhaps it may furnish this conjecture, that it was wrote towards the end of the year 1596, or the beginning of 1597. The mention of Guiana, then so lately discovered to the English, was a very happy compliment to Sir Walter Raleigh, who did not begin his expedition for South America till 1595, and returned from it in 1596, with an advantageous

vantageous account of the great wealth of Guiana. Such an address of the Poet was likely, I imagine, to have most impression on the people; when the intelligence of such a golden country was freshest in their minds, and gave them expectations of immense gain.

Will you pardon a small digression, by way of relief? Because, too, the note is designed to settle, as near as I can, the time of bringing on another of his Plays. Besides, I mentioned, in a late Letter to you, in a note upon the Tempest, something in relation to our Poet's regard for Sir Walter Raleigh. The note I am going to subjoin is upon that topic likewise.

Twelfth Night:

P. 221. Taunt him with the *licence of ink*; if thou *thou'st* him some
Thrice, it shall not be amiss.

There is no doubt, I think, but this passage is one of those in which our Author intended to shew his respect for Sir Walter, and a detestation of the virulence of his prosecutors. The words quoted seem to me directly levelled at the Attorney General Coke, who, in the trial of Sir Walter, attacked him with all the following indecent expressions: "All that Hell was by thy instigation, *thou* Viper: for I *thou* thee, *thou* Traytor." (Here, by the bye, are the Poet's three *thou's*.)—"You are an odious man."—"Is he base? I return it into thy throat, on his behalfe."—"O damnable Atheist!"—"Thou art a Monster; thou hast an English face, but a Spanish heart."—"Thou hast a Spanish heart, and thyself art a Spider of Hell."—"Go to, I will lay thee on thy back for the confident'st Traytor that ever came at a bar."—"I will prove you the notoriousest Traytor that ever came to bar."—Is not here all the licence of tongue, which the Poet satirically prescribes to St. Andrew's ink? And how mean an opinion Shakespeare had of these petulant invectives,

tives, is pretty evident from his close of this speech. —"Let there be *gall* enough in thy ink, though thou write it with a *goose*-pen, no matter."—A keener lash at the Attorney for a fool than all the contumelies he threw at the Prisoner. This trial of Sir Walter was on the 17th of November, 1603; so this Play, I think, could not be earlier than that period (unless it may be objected these speeches might be interpolations occasionally thrown in): how soon it might follow that great man's misfortune I am not able to determine. But I have some reason to believe it was performed the very next year, from another passage in the very scene preceding this.

> *Oliv.* There lies your way, due West.
> *Viol.* Then, Westward-hoe.

I have a strong suspicion that Shakespeare is here alluding to the title of a successful Play, that started about that time, written by Webster and Decker, called Westward-hoe. The first printed copy of this Play that I have seen does not bear date till 1607; but the Play had made its appearance upon the stage at least three seasons earlier, as it is very obvious to conjecture. In the first Act, Birdlime, a bawd, says to a married woman whom she wanted to seduce,

> You are too nice and peevish; how long will you hold out, think you, not so long as *Ostend?*

And again, towards the end of the fourth Act,

> The Book of the Siege of *Ostend*, writ by one that dropt in the action, will never sell so well, &c.

For, I presume the affair of Ostend to be a recent circumstance, and in every body's mouth at the time this Play was brought on, or the Poet might as well have talked of the Siege of Troy. Now we very well know, that in August 1604, this strong town, after a remarkable siege of three years, and in which above 120,000 men were killed on both sides, was taken by Spinola. But to put this matter

matter still farther out of dispute, Eastward-hoe, by Chapman, Jonson, and Marston, was printed in 1605, and in the Prologue to that we find mention made of Decker's Westward-hoe. This, I think, as I above hinted, pins down the first appearance of Twelfth Night to the year 1604.

If you can pardon this digression, and acquit me of pedantry and impertinence, I shall, with great pleasure, return to order.

P. 222. Falstaff will learn the *honour* of the age,
French thrift——

Mr. Pope pretends to have collated the old quarto edition of this Play; and yet there it is, as it most certainly ought to be restored—the *humour* of this age. *Honour* for *humour*, you know, I have remarked, likewise has got into Cymbeline, p. 74.

Shakespeare, I think, again alludes to the thrift of his own times in Much ado about Nothing, p. 66:

The *fashion* of the world is to *avoid cost*, and you encounter it.

P. 223. I will possess him with *jealousies*, for this revolt of *mine* is dangerous.

This is sense; but I doubt whether the Poet's meaning. The old quarto in 1619, and the first folio in 1623, have it *jallowes* and *yallowness* (though our moderns have changed this into *jealousies)*; for which reason I suspect we should read,

For this revolt of *mine* [or *mien*] is dangerous.

Ford (says Nym) I will incense to poison Sir John; I will work him up to *yellowness*; for the *change* of *complexion* is a symptom of being dangerous. Whether this or the other reading be best, I absolutely submit to your discernment.

I remember this *change* of *complexion* is remarked on in Much Ado about Nothing, p. 126, where Benedict comes to challenge Count Claudio.

Pedr. As I am an honest man, he looks pale: art thou sick, or angry?

Pedr. By this light, he changes more and more: I think he be angry indeed.

P. 226. *Ballow me* some paper.

I suppose the Editors have thought this a designed corruption of the English, for *borrow me*, &c.; but, as Dr. Caius is a Frenchman, and generally speaks half *French*, half English, I am persuaded the Poet meant it should be, *baillez moi* some paper; *i. e. fetch, bring me.*

Ibid. sub fin. What the good-jer'.

I want to know the original and meaning of this expression, which occurs so often in our Author.

P. 228. Though Love use Reason for his *Presician.*

I do not clearly understand this. Should it not be *Physician?* Reason, you know, is said to be the Cure of Love.

P. 229. Why I'll exhibit a Bill in the Parliament, for the *putting down of men.*

What! the whole species, Mrs. Page, *unius ob noxam?* Do not be so unreasonable in your anger. But it is a false charge against you. I am persuaded, a short monosyllable is dropped out, which would qualify the matter; read, *for the putting down of* fat *men.* Mrs. Ford, at the bottom of this very page, says, "I shall think the worse of *fat* men, as long as I have an eye," &c.

And in the old quarto Mrs. Page, so soon as she has read the Letter, says,

Well, I shall trust *fat* men the worse, while I live, for his sake.

Ibid. These Knights will hack; and so thou should'st not alter the article of thy gentry.

Davus sum, non Oedipus.

This is a riddle, which, without assistance, I believe I should never expound to Domesday.

P. 230. But they do no more adhere, and keep *place* together.

Annon rectius—pace; the 100th Psalm being slow, and Green-sleeves a rapid tune?

P. 232. I will not believe such a *Cataian* *, &c.

* Cathaia. WARBURTON, MS.

This

This word, I suppose, has a reference to something that would explain its meaning.

P. 234. Will you go, *an-heires?*

I have guessed; but how right, I dare not say,

Will you go, *myn-heers?*

Ibid. And stand so firmly on his wife's *frailty*, &c.

No, sure; Page stood tightly to the opinion of her honesty. Should it not be rather *fealty?*

But, as a Scene ends here, so shall my Letter. Yet, if I have not reason to think I plague you beyond all reason, I will say with Cleopatra —

" Who's born that post, when I forget to send to Warburton, shall die a beggar."

Dear Sir, your most obliged, and affectionate humble servant, LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER XVI.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Nov.* 18, 1729.

How just was the observation of Publius Syrus, *Discipulus est prioris posterior dies!* Could I, with the same ease, convince the publick, as you, of this truth, how willingly would they indulge in a lapse of time beyond the period promised!

It was but last post, among my doubts upon the Merry Wives, I troubled you with an enquiry about a *Cataian.* And being since obliged, upon another view, to consult the English History, I think, by chance I have met with a solution.

I will give it you first; and so go on with the remainder of that Play.

P. 232. I will not believe such a Cataian, though the Priest o' th' town commended him for a true man.

I once thought *Cataian* and *Bezonian* to be mere fictitious cant-words, that could not be accounted for;

but timely discoveries have since convinced me to the contrary. As to the explanation of *Cataian*, we are to know, that in the 17th year of Queen Elizabeth, anno 1575, Martin Frobisher (who was afterwards knighted by the Admiral, the Lord Charles Howard, for his services against the Spanish Armada) being furnished with his complement of Adventurers, set out with two barques and a pinnace upon his Voyage for the Discovery of a Passage to *Cataia* by the North-west Seas. When he had sailed 60 degrees North-west beyond Friesland, he went on shore, but found the land peopled with savages; and one of his company brought from thence a piece of black stone, like a sea-coal, which being assayed by the goldsmiths, was found, for its size and quantity, to be very rich in that ore.

Upon this encouragement, Frobisher again, in 1577, set out on his second Voyage for *Cataia*, by the North-west seas; and, entering the Streights, and landing 30 leagues beyond a neck of land, which he had called *Queen Elizabeth's Foreland*, met with a great store of this black stone, and freighted his ship and bark with it. Again, 1578, his project was so risen in credit, that he sets out on a third Voyage, with 15 sail of good ships, manned, victualled, and otherwise well-appointed. After many attempts, and sundry times being put back by islands of ice, in the Streights, he recovered his port, anchored at the islands called by the Queen *Meta incognita*, and freighted his ships with the like black stone, or gold ore, out of the mines.—This is the last attempt of his for making this Voyage that I find marked in History; and it seems obvious to presume, that, either from the difficulties in performing it, the ores falling short of the expected value, and the adventurers of their expected gains, the project fell so low in repute, that a *Cataian* became a bye-word for one that promised more than ever he could make good, and therefore not to be believed.

P. ....

P. ..... The world's mine oyster, which I with sword will open.

I would observe to you, that the old quarto here subjoins a line, that, in my opinion, ought not to be lost;

I will retort the sum in equipage.

This makes Pistol first bluster in his fustian manner, and then, very naturally, in the same strain, renew his suit upon promise of recompence. Besides, it admirably marks our Poet's exactness in keeping up his character. Pistol, in Henry V. p. 390, renews the same peculiar dialect;

To retort the solus in thy bowels.

P. 235. Three reprieves for you and your *coach*-fellow Nim.

Why, *coach*-fellow? Sir John only kept horses. I fancy it should be either *yoke*-fellow, as, p. 233, they are called, a *yoak* of his discarded men; or, rather, *couch*-fellow, *i. e.* your *chum*. *Couch*, you know, is perpetually used by our Poet for *bed*.

P. 244, 245. Pardon Guest-justice, &c.

But first, Mr. Guest —

The Host is neither here at home, nor Shallow his guest, as I find by any other passages. The first, I think, should be restored from the old quarto:

Pardon, bully Justice; a word, Monsieur Mockwater.

And the other,

But first, Mr. Justice —

P. 245. Thou shalt woo her. *Cry'd Game*, said I well?

This is very obscure to me. We have guessed, Thou shalt woo her, *try'd Game*, &c. *i. e.* you *experienced Cock of the Game*; or, *red Game;* a bird of the partridge species: but neither of the conjectures give me any satisfaction.

Ibid. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby.

Had Mr. Pope either duly collated the first folio edition, or were he a master of his own assertion in his Preface, p. 3. "that, had all the speeches been printed

printed without the very names of the persons, I believe one might have applied them *with certainty* to every speaker," he had discovered that these are the words of Dr. Caius.

P. 248, 249. Give me thy hand, Celestial, so. Boys of art, &c.

This may be improved from the old quarto, with a small amendment in the pointing; thus:

Give me thy hand, Terrestrial; so;—Give me thy hand, Celestial; so. Boys, &c.

P. 250. All my neighbours shall *cry aim.*

This is an expression which, *adhuc expiscare nequeo:* and yet I am certain it is genuine: not only because it frequently recurs in our Poet, but likewise in Beaumont and Fletcher, and other his contemporary stage-writers.

P. 252. I think I shall drink in *pipe-wine* first with him.

Why in *pipe-wine?* What 's the conceit here? I see, there 's an allusion to *pipe* and *dance; sed ultrà non video.*

P. 255. *Mrs. Ford.* 'Tis not so, I hope.

The old quarto has it thus:

Mrs. Ford. Speak louder: 'Tis not so, I hope.

She archly wishes Mrs. Page to raise her voice, that Sir John may over-hear all that is said.

So, *infra,* p. 270:

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly:—speak louder.

P. 256. I 'll warrant we 'll unkennel the fox. Let me stop this way first.

The first folio edition adds,

So now *uncape.*

This, I suppose, is a term in fox-hunting; but I am wholly unacquainted with it.

P. 257, 258. *Mrs. Page.* Heard you that?
Mrs. Ford. You use me well, Mr. Ford, do you?
Ford. Ay, ay, I do so.

Mrs.

Mrs. Page.—Heav'n make you better than your thoughts.

The old quarto, and first folio, serve to illustrate and rectify these speeches.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?
Mrs. Ford.—I, I, peace.—You use me well, Mr. Ford, do you?
Ford. Ay, ay, I do so.
Mrs. Ford.—Heav'n make you good.

P. 259. If *opportunity* and humblest suit, &c.

Anne Page is advising Fenton to solicit her father's consent.

Dr. Thirlby imagines, that the Author, with more propriety, wrote,

If *importunity* and humblest suit.

P. 263. As they would have drown'd a *blind* bitch's puppies.

Are puppies ever drowned to chuse, for coming from a *blind* bitch? As I know, in horses, a colt from a *blind* stallion much lessens its value.

Or, should it not rather be,

As they would have drown'd a bitch's *blind* puppies?

So in Two Gentlemen of Verona, p. 194:

One that I sav'd from drowning, when three or four of his *blind* brothers and sisters went to it!

And Othello, p. 344.

P. 275. If I cry out thus upon no *trial*, never trust me when I *open* again.

What a dab at collating is our Editor!

The first folio has it rightly:

If I cry out thus upon no *trayle*, &c.

This is the hunting-term, and answers to *open*.

So in Hamlet, p. 238:

Or else this brain of mine hunts not the *trail* of policy, &c.

And

And again, p. 290:

How chearfully on the false *trail* they *cry*, &c.

P. 276. ——— thy honour stands
In him that was of late an heretick,
As firm *of* faith.

First folio, *rectiùs, ut puto,*

As firm *as* faith.

P. 277. *Mrs. Ford.* Marry, this is our device,
That Falstaffe at that oak shall meet with us.
Page. Well, let it not be doubted, but he 'll come.
And in *this shape*, when you have, &c.

In what *shape*, in the name of Mystery? Herne the Keeper's shape is described in a foregoing speech; but is here the least intimation given, what *shape* Falstaffe was to assume? Now, Sir, judge whether this passage does not absolutely require to be supplied from the old quarto, that Page may have some reason for saying what he does.

Take Mrs. Page's speech from thence:

Let us alone for that. Hear my device.
Oft have you heard, since Herne the Hunter dy'd,
The women, to affright their little children,
Say that he walks in shape of a great stag.
Now, for that Falstaffe hath been so deceiv'd
As that he dares not venture to the house,
We 'll send him word to meet us in the field,
Disguis'd like Herne, with *huge Horns on his head.*

P. 278. With some *diffused* song;

i. e. wild, uncouth, obsolete, I suppose. How to explain it from its derivative, I do not well know. But we again meet it in Henry V. p. 467.

To swearing, and stern looks, *diffused* attire, &c.

And again, in Lear, p. 368:

And can my speech *diffuse;*

which Mr. Pope has, without any authority, changed to *disuse;* Richard III. p. 298.

P. 278.

P. 278. *Mrs. Page.* My Nan shall be the Queen of all the Fairies,
Finely attired in a robe of white.
Mr. Page. That silk will I go buy, and in that *time*
Shall Mr. Slender steal my Nan away, &c.

Surely Mr. Page never designed Slender should steal his daughter, whilst he went to buy the silk for her: it was not yet night; and Mrs. Anne was to be at the head of the Fairies, and from thence stolen. In short, I am persuaded, that Page, hearing how his wife designed their daughter should be dressed, meaning to take advantage thereof to bring about his own plot, would say,

——————— and in that *tire*
Shall Mr. Slender, &c.

i. e. attire, dress, habit.

P. 279. Send *quickly* to Sir John, to know his mind.

Here have all the Editors, in their sagacity, shrunk a Messenger into an adverb. We must restore, Send *Quickly* to Sir John; and accordingly, in p. 282, she coming to him, he says to her,

Now! whence come you?
Quick. From the two parties, forsooth.

P. 280. *Simp.* May I be so bold to say so, Sir?
HOST. Ay, Sir; like who more bold.

Both the quarto, 1619, and the first folio, give the last line to Falstaffe, who, it is plain, is all along answering Simple.

P. 284. There is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, *chance*, or death.

I much suspect the word *chance* here; what great *idea* does it convey? By Quickly's answer, I have been inclined to suspect, it might be *chains*.

P. 291. Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives?
See you these husbands? Do not these fair *oaks*
Become the forest better than the town?

I am glad to end with a passage which gives me just

just occasion to cry out, *Editores, stultum pecus!* What! does Mrs. Page bid Sir John look upon the husbands, and then call them *oaks* that better become the forest than the town? *Crede mihi, planè cæcutium.*

Take it from me thus:

Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives?
See you these, husbands? Do not these fair *yoaks*
Become the forest, &c.

After she has spoken to Sir John, she addresses herself to her own husband and Mr. Ford, and asks them how they like the *yoaks* of horns on Falstaffe's head, and whether they do not suit the forest better than the town.

I missed the pleasure of a Letter from you yesterday; but Wednesday will come to the comfort of, dear Sir, your most obliged and affectionate humble servant, LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER XVII.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Thursday, Nov. 20, 1729.*

All compliments apart, I proceed to acquaint you that yours of the 17th instant is arrived, by the close of which I am left in the sweet expectation of having another to-morrow evening. Upon the most obliging encouragement given me, you may depend nothing but the most pressing interposition of hated business shall break into my promised uninterrupted correspondence.

Your ingenious exposition of *bid the base*, I am extremely pleased with, if that be the term for your country sport mentioned. I remember it very well as a school-play, which we called *Prison-base;* and it is to this very sport, I suppose, our Author again alludes in Cymbeline, p. 87:

——— Lads

——————— Lads more like to run
The country BASE, than to commit such slaughter.

Anthony, as you observe, is very fruitful in error, and it is a joy to me that you have hoarded up such a crop of emendations upon it. I am like an avaricious husbandman, that want my harvest in, perhaps, before its season. *Verbum sat sapienti.*

I chuse rather to rest in an anxious suspense, than venture upon too unreasonable a request. Unless your own convenience fully meet my desires, please to be a master of your own order in detailing your corrections to me. *Apropòs* to Anthony; I thank you for your designed confirmation of the passage I had restored. Plutarch takes notice of Sextus Pompeius's flirt; but, I suppose, did not know how to transfuse the ambiguous joke in Carinæ. The Edition you put me in hopes of seeing of Paterculus, amended by you, I heartily rejoice in; and if, when this affair is off my hands, I can repay the least part of my debt, by a careful perusal of that Author to pick holes, I shall embrace the task with great satisfaction. Your quotation I had; I was directed to it by Germanus on this hemistic of Virgil (Æn. viii 361) *lautis mugire carinis;* the Commentator there tells the story, and refers us to Hor. Epist. l. 1. Ep. vii. 48. for this street being again mentioned:

Atque foro nimiùm distare *Carina*,
Jam grandis natu queritur.

In return of your favour, there is another passage, if you may chance not to have observed it (which Germanus, I presume, had forgot to alledge) where your story is again told;—as it may serve in the tail of a note to your passage of Paterculus, I will here subjoin it. See "Additamentum Virorum Illustrium ex Libris antiquis manu descriptis," subjoined to Aurelius Victor de Viris Illustr. cap. 84. Sextus Pompeius.—"Pace factâ epulatus in navi cum Antonio et Cæsare, non invenustè ait. Hæ sunt meæ CARINÆ: quià Romæ in CARINIS DOMUM EJUS Antonius TENEBAT." Appian, who likewise relates the

the historical circumstance of these three great Potentates supping on board the galley, makes not the least mention of Pompey's satirical speech: but Dion Cassius in his 48th book is very express to my purpose. The Greek passage is not very short, so I would not trouble you with it. But if either that, or quotations out of several other classics, where *Carinæ et Pompeiana domus* are to be met with together, will be of any service to you, I will transmit them with the utmost cheerfulness.

I am mightily pleased you concur with me in admiring our Poet's thought concerning Orpheus's Lute. We are not to wonder much that it is not marked by Mr. Pope for its excellence, since he is so little an *Aristarchus* in this province, that, to use a conundrum of Ben Jonson's, he is rather *a stark ass*. I own I was so charmed with it, that in my Orestes (with repetition of an Act of which, I think, I once troubled you) I could not forbear employing it with some little alteration.

That hero, being conveyed by magic into Circe's enchanted bower, and rapt with the pleasures of the place and the harmony with which he was entertained, thus expresses himself:

> This seems that verdant, never-fading soil,
> Where heroes triumph in their glories past'd;
> And lovers burn with unabating fires.
> Ev'n thought, the parent of distress or joy,
> Is tun'd to comfort, and drinks in delight.
> Musick!—O sweet as Orpheus' harp new-strung
> With the fair tresses of the maid he lov'd.

I have no other way of apologizing for this plagiarism, but in confessing it. But how shall I excuse myself for plaguing you with my own poor stuff, when the business of Shakespeare was depending?

This is not *Measure for Measure*, which now calls upon us.

P. 302. Like the *testimonious* pirate.

I do not know what Mr. Pope means by this fine word in both his editions; or whether it is mere chance-

chance-medley. Both the old folios, I am sure, have it,—*sanctimonious*.

P. 303. *Lucio.* A French *crown* more.

I cannot but think some conceit is intended here, beyond what the words, simply taken, convey.—There is, I know, a mealy white scurf, growing on the legs of horses, which is called the *crown* scab: and I think, if I remember right, there are certain venereal eruptions dignified by the title of *a French crown*. Does he allude, think you, to this? I know our Author somewhere else, though I cannot this moment recollect the place, jokes upon French crowns being bald; which, perhaps, may help to clear up this place.

P. 304. Well, what has he *done*?
Clown. A woman.

Downright indecency; nor had I quoted it, but to shew our Editor's care and sagacity, now while it is in my mind, upon another cleanly passage in our Poet, Titus Andronicus, p. 161:

Demet. Villain, what hast thou done?
Aar. That which thou canst not undoe.
Chir. Thou hast undone our mother.
Dem. And *therein*, hellish dog, thou hast undone.....

Therein—Wherein, in the name of reasoning?—Why, in undoing her. We do not get a great deal of ground by this replication, that the poor empress is merely being undone?

There is an old quarto of this Play, printed in the year 1611, which Mr. Pope pretends to have collated. In this we have a reading, which, I believe, you will determine with me must be restored for sense-sake, and which the Editor, I dare say, did not stifle out of pure modesty:

Chir. Thou hast undone our Mother.
[*Aar.* Villain, I have *done* thy mother.]
Demet. And *therein*, hellish dog, thou hast undone.

P. 305.

P. 305. What's to do here, Thomas Tapster?

Does not the Poet here a little forget himself? The Clown afterwards, upon examination, p. 318, says his name is Pompey Bum: and Pompey he is continually called by Lucio, p. 342, 343.

P. 306. Whether it be the fault and *glimpse* of newness.

In one of yours, you are of opinion, it should be *limpse*. You will give me leave to object, that I am afraid the word cannot be defended by any authority; and then to observe, that I believe the text, as it is, may be explained into sense. A glimpse, you know, is a short, obscure, glimmering light. And Claudio seems to think that the Deputy's severity against him is from the fault of newness; and the *little insight* he has in his duty, from being so *fresh in the office*. Thus I understand the *glimpse* of newness. Glimpse, you know, is a word of our Author's, both in the genuine and metaphorical acceptation. Hamlet, p. 226, revisit'st thus the *glimpses* of the moon. And Troilus, p. 272 (nearer to the sense of the place now before us):

There is no man hath a virtue, that he hath not a *glimpse* of.

P. 308. So long, that *nineteen* zodiacs have gone round.

The Duke, in the scene immediately following, says,

Which for these *fourteen* years we have let *slip*.

I doubt not but you have observed this discordance of reckoning, and that both places must be restored either to 19, or 14. We have let *sap*, I think should rather be *sleep*; so infra, p. 323:

The law hath not been dead, tho' it hath *slept*.

Ibid. Now 't is *awake*, &c.

So, p. 306:

But this new Governor *awakes* me all th' inrolled penalties.

Ibid. Now puts the *drowsy* and neglected act *freshly* on me.

But, in short, is the alteration worth proposing?

P. 313.

P. 313. The jury passing on the Pris'ner's life,
May in the *sworn twelve*, &c.

So in the Merchant of Venice, p. 207:

In christening, thou shalt have two godfathers,
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had *ten* more,
To bring thee to the gallows.

Though the scene of one of these Plays is in Vienna, and the other in Venice, it is evident the Poet keeps still at home, and has his mind full upon English juries.

As I should be loth to accuse him of absurdities, I think I may let this liberty of his pass unobserved.

P. 316. This will last out a night in Russia,
When nights are longest there.

I am not geographer enough to know what night they have in Russia: in some parts of it, I think, the sun does but just dip, and rises again to view.

P. 322. Well, believe this.

This, *well*, &c. is not the style in which inferiors address the great: it is too familiar. The fault is only in the pointing, and Isabella will speak with much more solemnity and propriety.—"Well believe this," &c. *i. e.* be most assured, &c.

P. 324. She speaks, and 't is such sense,
That my sense *bleeds* with it.

I cannot imagine why, if the Editor at all looked into the old folio, he has departed from the reading there, which to me seems perfectly the right—that my sense *bends* with it; *i. e.* her arguments are so convincing, that she makes a convert of me, and obliges me to think as she does.

P. 340. His unjust *kindness*, that in all reason should
have quenched her love.

Sagacity of Editors!—What was this *kindness*? Why, though Angelo was contracted to her, yet, she having lost her dowry by a wreck, he falls off from his bargain, leaves her in her tears, and dries not one of them with

with his comfort. This, as the Editor would persuade us, is kindness.

But the first folio again happily bids us read:

——————— his unjust *unkindness*, &c.

The remainder of this Play shall salute you by next post.

I am, dear Sir, your most obliged and affectionate humble servant, LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER XVIII.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Nov.* 27, 1729.

The sudden interposition of a theatrical affair has obliged me two posts to be in arrear to my purpose; but I will endeavour to fill up the gap with doubled application. I have enjoyed the pleasure of two valuable Epistles from you on Monday last, and one yester evening, with your observations on Anthony; to which nothing more at present, for fear of swelling the correspondence, and retarding the point in view. Wherefore, to proceed with Measure for Measure.

I will only barely mention, first, that I do not know by what accident it has happened, in your reply to Merry Wives, you are totally silent on the obscure "cried game" in p. 245.

One other word, if you please, by the bye. The interpretation of obscure places, as we go along, I would not burthen you with. What are really so to me, you know, are part of the subject matter of my queries.

If you occasionally observe any imitations from the Classics, I shall take it as a favour that you will be so good to intimate them.

Measure for Measure, p. 331:

Else let my brother die,
If not a feodary but only he
Owe and succeed *by** weakness.

* First Folio, *thy*.

This

This passage, which is a little dark to me, I had by chance slipt over. I do not know what he means here by *Foedary*; the Officer so called in Law, I think, has no relation to the sense here required.

P. 341. *Clown.* 'T was never merry world, &c.

There is something in this speech a little too obscure for me: and something connective wanting betwixt the two periods, to make clear sense; or something, at least, wanting in my faculty of comprehension.

P. 342. Free from all faults, as *faults from* seeming free!

Certainly here is a casual transposition of two words, which destroys the Duke's meaning. Should it not be,

——— as from faults seeming free!

P. 344. And he is a motion *generative*, that 's infallible

This may be sense; and Lucio, perhaps, means, that though Angelo have the organs of generation, yet that he makes no more use of them than if he were an inanimate puppet. But I rather think this was our Author's reading: and he is a motion *ungenerative*, &c. because Lucio again, at p. 346, calls him, this *ungenitured* agent, &c.

P. 347. ——— I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the *sea*,
In special business from his Holiness.

His being lately come from *sea* is, I think, a very idle circumstance here. The third line seems to determine that the Poet wrote,

——— late come from the *See*,

i. e. the see of Rome.

P. 349. How may likeness made in crimes,
Making practise on the times,
To draw, &c.

I am afraid both sense and syntax are wanting here. Then, what is likeness made in crimes? Or,

on what can this infinitive, *to draw*, depend? I have so little notion what the drift of the passage should be, that I am at a loss how to set about the cure of it.

P. 353. *Abhor.* Sir, it is a mystery.
Clown. Proof.
Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief.
Clown. If it be too little for your thief, your true man, &c.

This is a very notable passage, as it stands; but I suspect it is notably corrupted. What, does the Clown ask proof how the Hangman's trade is a mystery, and so soon as ever Abhorson advances the thesis to prove it, the Clown takes the argument out of his mouth, and perverts the very tenor of it? To allow the text right thus, I cannot see any great humour in it. I rather imagine that the Poet intended a regular syllogism, and that therefore both the speeches and the words are shuffled and misplaced.

Thus I have ventured to cure it:

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.
Clown. Proof.
Abhor. Every true man's apparell fits your thief, Clown. If it be *too little* for your *true man*, your *thief* thinks it *big* enough; if it be *too big* for your *true man*, your *thief* thinks it *little* enough, so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Ibid. If you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me *yours*.

The old books have it, you shall find me *y'are*. It is plain, the apostrophe is the only corruption, and that we ought to restore it *yare*, *i. e.* dexterous in the office of hanging you.

P. 357. Oh, Death 's a great disguiser, and you may add to it; shave the head, and tie the beard, &c.

But would *tieing* the beard have such an effect to disguise the features of a man?

I am persuaded it should be,

Shave the head, and TIRE the beard, &c.

P. 366.

P. 366. Yet I 'm advised to do it, he says to *vailfull* purpose.

I do not know how Mr. Pope understood this; but surely it should be,

——— t' *availfull* purpose.

P. 372. In this I 'll be *impartial:* be you judge
Of your own cause.

Surely this Duke had odd notions of impartiality, to commit the decision of a cause to the person accused of being criminal. He talks much more rationally in this affair, when he speaks in the character of the Friar, p. 376:

The Duke 's *unjust,*
Thus to retort your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth,
Who here you come t' accuse.

Sure, it should be,

——— In this I will be *partial.*

P. 376. Stand like the *forfeits* in a *Barber's* shop,
As much in mock as mark.

I have no notion what these *forfeits* are; but, I am sure, the allusion is most absurd in the Duke's mouth; it is a mere *Poeta loquitur*: as again Hamlet, when dying, talks of Death as of a Serjeant arresting him.

P. 377. Shew your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd *an hour.*

Is this, *an hour,* do you think, genuine? I much suspect it.

P. 380. For Angelo, his act did not o'ertake his bad intent,
And must be *buried* but as an intent
That perish'd by the way: Thoughts are no *subjects* to which qualities are adjoin'd?

What does she mean by *buried?* forgot, buried in silence? And how is *subjects* to be understood, as with the Philosophers?

And so ends the First Volume with me.

I will proceed to fill up the remainder of my paper with the Comedy of Errors.

There are many things I set right in this Play by collation with the old folio, many of which I need not trouble you with.

P. 7. A *doubtful* warrant of immediate death.

It plainly appears by the context that they were certain of immediate death: I rather think therefore the Poet wrote,

A *dreadful* warrant, &c.

Ibid. Of Corinth that, of EPIDAURUS this.

I strongly suspect this a corruption from EPIDAMNUS: and I think the Abbess's speech, in p. 58, seems to warrant my suspicion:

By men of EPIDAMNUM he and I, and the twin Dromio, all were taken up, &c.

P. 8. For ere the ships could meet by *twice five leagues.*

I cannot tell how to be satisfied with this passage. Ægeon and his wife were lashed to two several masts, expecting wreck; and, floating with the stream, as soon as it was morning, they saw two vessels making amain to them, and yet these vessels were no less than ten leagues from each other. This seems a very wild story to me, that am but a fresh-water sailor.

P. 9. Now trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes would, they may not disannul.

The pointing is certainly wrong in the last line, and the order of the verses too, perhaps, is to be disputed. Will the verb *disannul* answer properly to all these substantives? How might he be said to disannull his crown, in shewing pity?

What if we should regulate the lines thus?

Now trust me, were it not against our laws,
(Which princes, would they, may not disannull,)
Against my crown, &c.

P. 10. Till that I 'll view the manners of the town,
Within this hour it will be dinner time,
Peruse the traders.

Here is a like transposition, which, Mr. Pope might have observed, is set right by the first folio edition.

Within

Within this hour ——————
Till that I 'll view ——————
Peruse the traders ——————

P. 16. Now, Sir, I will present you with a passage, that will give you some employment in conjecture to rectify. After this couplet,

—————— Yet the gold bides still
That others touch, and often touching will.

The first folio edition adds:

Wear *Where* gold, and no man that hath a name,
But *By* Falsehood and corruption doth it shame.

P. 20. Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed,
I live *distain'd*, thou undishonour'd.

Surely, this cannot be our Poet's meaning; if they both of them were true to wedlock, why should she be *stained*, and yet he *undishonoured*? It must either be, I live *unstained;* or else, with a disjunction, *dis-stained.*

P.... We talk with goblins, *owls*, and elvish sprights, &c.

They might fancy they talked with goblins, and sprights, but why with *owls*, in the name of Nonsense? I make no doubt but we must read, with goblins, *ouphes*, and elvish sprights.

So, in the Merry Wives, p. 289:

Strew good luck, *ouphes*, on every sacred room,

And

Like urchins, *ouphes*, and fairies, green and white, &c.

P. 24. I think thou art an ass.
E. Dro. Marry, so it *doth* appear
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.
I should kick, being kick'd,

Certainly, this is cross-purpose reasoning. It appears Dromio is an ass, by his making no resistance, because an ass, being kicked, kicks again.

I would read,

Marry, so it *doth n't* appear.

P. 27.

P. 27. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet,
And, in despight of MIRTH, mean to be merry.

In despight of what mirth? We do not find that it was any joke, or matter of mirth, to be shut out of doors by his wife. May we not restore it,

And, in despight of WRATH, mean to be merry.

His passion is plain enough all through this scene; and again, at p. 45, he confesses how angry he was:

And did not I in RAGE depart from thence?

As this puts an end to a scene, so it must close this Letter. On Saturday, God willing, I will pursue the remainder of this Play, and attack Much Ado about Nothing.

Believe me, dear Sir, with the greatest sincerity and gratitude, unalterably, your affectionate and obliged friend and humble servant, LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER XIX.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Nov.* 29, 1729.

This, as I promised, shall trouble you with the remainder of my queries on the Comedy of Errors.

P. 28. And may it be, that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? Shall, *Antiphòlis*,
Ev'n in the spring of Love, thy Love-springs rot?
Shall *Love in buildings* grow so *ruinate?*

I doubt not but you have observed that this scene, for 52 lines running, is strictly in alternate rhyme; saving that it is broke in the second and fourth verses of these two first couplets. Sure this must then be through the fault of the Editions. Besides, what conceit could our Editors have of *Love in buildings* growing ruinate? Sure, they did not dream of Love made under an old wall! I have ventured to supply the passage two ways, and shall be glad to know which of them you approve for me.

(It

(It is certain, I think, a monosyllable has dropped from the tail of the second line.)

And may it be, that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? Shall, Antipholis, *thus**,
Ev'n in the spring of Love, thy Love-springs rot?
Shall Love, in building, grow so *ruinous*† ?

* Or, *hate?* † *ruinate?*

P. 31. *S. Ant.* What 's her name?
S. Dro. Nell, Sir; but her name *is* three quarters, &c.

This is a very odd and intricate passage, and has given me much trouble. I hope, it has given you a stop. I can at last make some sense of it; I won't be certain I have hit upon the Poet's meaning; but, if I have not, I believe, it will be past my discovery.

S. Dro. NEL, Sir;—but her name‡ *and* three quarters (*i. e. an ell* and three quarters) will not measure her from hip to hip.

Ibid. In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war against her *hair.*

Is there any equivocal joke here aimed at betwixt *hair* and *heir?* You know the stir about that time in France, to exclude Navarre from the Crown; and that Queen Elizabeth sent forces in aid of his cause.

P. 38. ——— one that *countermands*
The passages of Allies ———

In one of yours, last season, I remember you proposed we should read here *countermines;* but, if you please to observe, rhyme seems designed here by the Poet; and therefore I suspect it should be *commands.* What is meant, a little lower in this speech, of hounds *running counter,* and *drawing the foot,* I am too raw a sportsman to guess at.

P. 39. *Adr.* As if Time were in debt, how fondly dost thou *reason?*
S. Dro. Time is a very bankrout, and owes more than he's worth.

‡ *Nell, i. e.* an *ell.* Mr. Pope will call this restoring lost puns.

It

It is evident from the subsequent passages that rhyme was here intended by the Poet. Here is an assertion that Time owes more than he is worth, yet no explanation in what respect. I only quote this instance, to the praise of our Editor; for, in the first *folio* edition, we have both the rhyme and the reason,

——— and owes more than he's worth *to season.*

P. 40. What, have you got the picture of Old Adam new apparell'd?

Antipholis is alone, and reasoning with himself, when Dromio enters to him, and asks this question. I suspect two short monosyllables are slipped out, or else I cannot tell what to make of this passage. I would restore—

What, have you got *rid of* the picture of Old Adam new apparell'd?

i. e. of the bailiff. Adam, you know, went naked; which the vulgar call, *in his buff.* The bailiffs went array'd formerly in coats of buff: so that this additional buff, I presume, he means by the *new apparel* of Adam.

P. 41. Nay, she is worse; she's the Devil's dam, &c. &c. &c. make me a light wench.

The odd stuff contained in the place of these &c. &c. I do not know what to make of.

P. 44. I am an ass, indeed, you may prove it by my long *ears.*

How, by his long *ears?* All the tenor of the following speech would make us rather believe, it was by his patient bearing, or beating.

Ibid. Respect your end, or rather prophesie like the parrot.

First folio,

Or rather *the* prophesie, &c.

I do not at all understand either reading.

P. 50.

P. 50. It was the *copy* of our conference.

By *copy*, I suppose, we are to understand here the old word *copie* (*à copiâ*), *i. e.* the fullness of our conference, all the subject of our talk.

As in Hall's Chronicle, in Henry V. p. 8, b. "If you vanquish the Numidians, you shall have *copie* of beasts," *i. e.* plenty of them.

P. 60. *Thirty-three* years have I been gone in travel.

It seems very evident to me that there is a mistake in the reckoning, and that we ought to read,

Twenty-five years have I, &c.

My proofs of this are these. In p. 8, Ægeon says,

> My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care, at EIGHTEEN years became inquisitive, &c.

And again, at p. 57:

> But SEVEN years since, in Syracusa-bay, thou know'st we parted.

So that if the son left his father at 18 years old, and the father found him again in seven years after, we may safely infer, I think, it was but 25 years past since his mother was in travel of him.

I should hint to you, there are other characteristics of time to be observed in this Play; but I question whether they will either confirm, or impeach, this conjecture. See p. 27. l. 6:

> Your long experience, &c.

P. 28. l. 22, 23:

> Ev'n in the spring of Love, &c.

P. 53. l. 8:

> Long since thy husband, &c.

P. 54. l. 7:

> Ev'n for the service that long since, &c.

P. 57. l. 36:

> I tell thee, Syracusan; twenty years, &c.

And

And now to (a favourite of mine) Much Ado about Nothing.

P. 63. Enter Leonato, *Innogen*, Hero, &c.

Innogen, being mentioned even from the first quarto editions downwards in two entrances of this Play, it seems as if the Poet had in his first plan designed such a character, which, on a survey of it, he found would be superfluous to receive, the name ought therefore to be expung'd; there being no mention of her in the Play, no one speech addressed to her, nor one syllable spoken by her. Neither is there any one passage, from which we have any reason to determine Hero's mother to be there. And, besides, if Innogen were on the stage, as the printed copies suppose, the person, who comes as a guest to her house, must certainly have paid his compliments to her as well as to the daughter.

P. 64. It is so indeed, he is no less than a stuft man: but for the stuffing well, we are all mortal.

It seems past dispute with me, that the pointing of the latter part of this sentence should be thus rectified:

But for the stuffing, - - - Well, we are all mortal.

Our Poet seems to use the word *stuffing* here much as Plautus does, Mostell. Act I. Sc. 3:

Non vestem amatores mulieris amant, sed vestis fartum.

P. 70. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me, and he that hits me, let him be clapt on the shoulder, and called *Adam*.

Aiming at a cat in this position, I suppose, was a custom, like that Shrove-tide one, which I have heard of in some Counties, of hanging a cock in an earthen jug cross a street, and throwing at it; and he that broke the pitcher, and fetched down the cock, was entitled to it. But why should the man that did this be called ADAM? — Mr. Bishop conjectured for me, that it should be A DAB (or dabster). *Sed minùs proba mihi videtur hæc conjectura.*

I will

I will venture to propose another guess to you, that I think bids fairer at the Poet's meaning. We had to do with the picture of Old Adam, you know, in the last Play; now, I believe, our affair is with one of more modern extraction.—In an old Comedy, called Law Tricks, written by John Day, and printed in quarto, 1608, I find this speech:

> I have heard old Adam was an honest man and a good gardener, loved lettuce well, sallads and cabbage reasonably well, yet no tobacco.

Again:

> ADAM BELL, a substantial outlaw, and a passing good ARCHER, &c.

How much Archery was in vogue needs no mention; and it may be presumed this *Adam Bell* was such a proficient in the science, that his skill might bring his name into a proverb. But, I think, I ought to endeavour at a nearer acquaintance with him; and then the conjecture will have more authority. Perhaps, I may find some notice of him in Ascham's Toxophilus.

There is some forgetfulness in certain speeches, or intricacy in the scenery, of this *Adam*. I know not easily how to reconcile the contradictions: for example, p. 71:

> *Pedr.* No child but Hero, she 's his only heir.
> Dost thou affect her, Claudio?
> *Claud.* O my Lord, &c.

How comes Pedro to ask this question, when the affair has been so amply talked of before.

> P. 69. *Claud.* That I love her, I feel.
> *Pedr.* That she is worthy, I know.

And again, what are we to determine of the following passage?

> P. 71. I know we shall have revelling to-night.
> I will assume thy part in some disguise,
> And tell fair Hero, &c.

Where is this spoken? Antonio immediately comes in with Leonato, and tells him that a servant of

of his had overheard the Prince and Claudio concerting this business in an alley near Antonio's orchard; see p. 72: and afterwards, at p. 74, Borachio tells John the Bastard he had overheard them, from behind an arras in Leonato's house, laying the same scheme. And yet it is plain from Pedro's very first words in the fourth Scene, that Claudio had not yet been in Leonato's house; nor does ..... the stage till after this conference betwixt the Prince and him; nor are we to imagine that they held the same conference in two distinct places.

P. 170. Shame, that they wanted cunning in excess,
Hath broke their hearts. ——

What! did shame, that they were not the *cunning'st men alive*, prove the cause of their deaths? I dare say our Author means that extremity of shame had killed them, because they were not wise enough not to have banished Alcibiades.

I read, therefore,

Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess
Hath, &c.

P. 172. Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave; on faults forgiven.

On what faults forgiven? or why was Neptune to weep for Timon's faults forgiven? The Poet had no such stuff in his head.

Alcibiades's whole speech, you will observe, is in breaks, betwixt his Reflexions on Timon, and his Addresses to the Athenians. I make no scruple to point, and explain it thus:

Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave. — On, faults forgiven. —

i. e. bidding the Senators lead the way, and promising to use them with mercy.

I am, dear Sir, most affectionately, your obliged humble servant, LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER XX.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Wyan's Court, Dec.* 4, 1729.

I have received none from you since the three confessed in my last, *viz.* 29th of November. I hope, no miscarriage of the post.

I now proceed where my last left off.

P. 94. To listen to our *purpose.*

What purpose? The old quarto reads as I think we ought to restore it:

To listen our *propose.*

i. e. hearken to our conversation.

So, above, in this very speech:

Proposing with the Prince and Claudio;

i. e. conversing with. So in Othello, p. 326, wherein the *toged Couns'lers* (for so I read that passage) can *propose* as masterly as he.

And, besides, Hero repeats the very same thing, in other words, in the next page (95):

Close by the ground *to hear our conference.*

P. 96. But she would spell him backward; if fair-fac'd,
She'd swear the gentleman should be her sister; &c.

Some of our Poet's modern Editors pretend he never imitates any passages in the Antients.

Methinks, this is so very like a remarkable description in Lucretius, iv. 1154, &c. that I cannot help suspecting Shakespeare had it in view:

Nigra, μελίχροος est: immunda & fœtida, ἄκοσμος·
Cæsia, παλλάδιον· nervosa & lignea, δορκάς·
Parvola, pumilio, χαρίτων μία, tota merum sal:
Magna atque immanis, κατάπληξις, plenaque honoris; &c.

The only difference is, that the Latin Poet's characteristics turn upon praise; our Countryman's, upon the hinge of derogation.

P. 99.

P. 99. She shall be buried with her face upwards.

What is there any ways particular in this? are not all men and women buried so? Sure the Poet means, in opposition to the general rule, with her *heels* upwards, or face *downwards*.

P. 104. Thou should rather ask if it were possible any villainy should be so RICH? for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

If this be not mock-reasoning, I ought to submit to own myself very dull: for I cannot reconcile it to the sense that seems required.

Should we not rather read?

If it were possible any villainy should be so CHEAP?

And Conrade's preceding question, I think, warrants this answer:

Is it possible that any villainy should be so DEAR?

P. 105. *Conr.* Masters, masters.

2d Watch. You'll be made to bring *deformed* forth, I warrant you.

Conr. Masters, never speak, we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

I am confident something is wrong in the placing of part of these speeches. I allow, the Poet meant nonsense; but not nonsense without humour, as the Editors here thrust it upon him, and poor Conrade. I am persuaded you will approve my regulation of the place.

Conr. Masters, Masters ——

2d Wa. You'll be made to bring, &c.

Conr. Masters ———

2d Wa. Never speak: — We charge you, &c.

P. 116. Your daughter here the PRINCESS (left for dead)
Let her awhile, &c.

But how comes Hero to start up a Princess here? We have no intimation of her father being a Prince; and this is the first and only time she is complimented with this dignity. The remotion of a single letter, and the parenthesis will bring her to her own rank, and the place to its true meaning.

Your

Your daughter here the PRINCES left for dead;
Let her, &c.

i. e. Pedro Prince of Arragon; and his bastard brother, who is likewise called a Prince.

So again, p. 115:

• To burn the error that these *Princes* hold
Against her maiden honour.

And p. . . . there is some strange misprision in the *Princes*. And p. 129, I thank you, *Princes*, for, &c.

P. 120. Write down, master Gentleman Conrade; Masters, do you serve God? Masters, it is proved already, &c.

It is plain, by Mr. Pope's list, he has never seen the quarto, in 1600, of this Play; or, if he has, I will soon make it plain that he never has collated it.

The Town-clerk here asks a question, and never stays for an answer to it. But the quarto supplies this defect; and adds something very humourous, and in character:

To. Cl. Write down, master Gentleman Conrade. Masters, do you serve God?

Both. Yea, Sir, we hope.

To. Cl. Write down, that they hope they serve God: and write God first: for God defend but God should go before such villains.—Masters, it is proved, &c.

P. 122. If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard,
And *hallow, wag*, cry hem, when, &c.

Mr. Rowe is the first authority that I can find for this reading. But what is the intention of it? If a man will *halloo* and *whoop*, and *fidget* and *wriggle* about, to shew his pleasure, when he should groan?

The old quarto, and the first and second folio editions all read,

And *sorrow, wagge*, cry, &c.

But we do not get much by this reading neither; yet, I think, by a slight alteration, it will lead us to the true one:

And *sorrow wage*, cry hem, &c.

i. e. combat with, strive against sorrow.

So

So Lear, p. 397:

To *wage*, against the enmity o' th' air,
Necessity's *strong pinch*.

And so, Othello, p. 335:

Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,
To wake and *wage a danger* profitless.

P. 124. Canst thou so *daffe* me?

Is not Mr. Pope's explanation wrong here? *daffe* and *doffe* I take to be synonymous; and that the old man means,

Canst thou shake me off so?

P. 125. And speak *of* half a dozen dang'rous words.

Certainly; and *speak off* half, &c.

So Twelfth Night, p. 229:

A terrible oath with a swaggering accent sharply *twang'd off*, &c.

P. 132. To have no man come over me? Why, shall I always keep *below* stairs?

Should not this be, *above* stairs?

P. 136. *Ant.* That eye my daughter lent her.

It is evident to demonstration that *Leonato* must speak this; for Hero, his daughter, worked up Beatrice to be in love with Benedick.

P. 137. *Leon.* This same is she, and I do give you her.

Now it is as evident that this must be spoke by *Antonio:* for, in the preceding page, Leonato says to him,

——————— You know your office, brother;
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio.

P. 137. *Claud.* Another *Hero?*
Hero. Nothing certainer.
One Hero dy'd, but I do live;
And surely as I live I am a maid.

How is this made out? One Hero died, and she lives; but how is she another Hero.

The old quarto solves the difficulty, and makes the last line reasonable.

One Hero dy'd DEFIL'D; but I do live,
And surely, &c.

P. 138.

P. 138. *Beat.* I would NOT deny you, but by this good day I yield upon good perswasion.

Mock-reasoning again. I read,

I would YET deny you, but, &c.

P. 138. *Leon.* Peace, I will stop your mouth.

What, does Leonato mean,

Nay, pray niece, don't keep up this obstinacy of professions, for I have proofs to stop your mouth?

I have a great suspicion it should be,

Bene. Peace, I will stop your mouth.

For else, with what propriety does Pedro immediately reply, but upon seeing such an evidence of fondness,

How do'st thou, Benedick, the married man?

The like expression for it, I remember we have in Troilus, p. 318:

Cress. ——————— Stop my mouth.

Troil. And shall, albeit sweet musick issues thence, &c.

And so I end this Play, Sir, I hope, *con la bocca dolce.*

Now to the Merchant of Venice. —

P. 156. ——— (for when did Friendship take
A breed of *barren* metal of his Friend?)

A breed of metal, as Mr. Pope rightly observes, may signify money at usury; but then will *barren* metal *breed?* I rather think the Poet wrote,

A breed of BEARING metal.

i. e. producing an increase, by usury, or interest. Consonant to this, you know, the Latins explained interest thus: *fœnus, fœtum accepti;* and the Greeks called it τόκος. Both which expressions take in our Poet's idea of a *breed.* See Nonius Marcellus in v. *Fœnus* & *Mutuum;* and Gronovius de Sestertio, 4to, p. 414.

P. 158. And hedg'd me by his WIT to yield myself.

Sure the father shewed rather *whim* and extravagance, than any grain of *wit,* in this compelled disposition of his daughter: for it guarded against no inconveniences, as the consent of trustees might

have done; only tied her down to a sworn obedience. I would read,

And hedg'd me by his WILL.

So p. 149:

So is the will of a living daughter curb'd by the WILL of a dead father.

And p. 149 (falsely so marked):

You should refuse to perform your father's WILL.

And again:

——— unless I be obtain'd by the manner of my father's WILL.

P. 160. Turn upon your right hand at the next turning; but at the next turning of all, on your left, &c.

I think, I remember, somewhere in Terence, the arch-direction of a slave, who wants to puzzle his inquirer, perfectly like this—*Sed non occurrit mihi locus.*

P. 162. As my father shall *specifie.*

Considering Lancelot is here upon his game, and knocking all words out of joint, Mr. Bishop imagines this should be,

As my father shall *spicifie.*

Just as he a little after says, shall *fruitifie* unto you—(*fruit* and *spice*).

But is it of moment enough to mention?

Ibid. *You* have the *Grace of God*, Sir, and *he* hath *enough.*

Now here, indeed, methinks, this is a little too serious for Launcelot: and he delivers the proverb more justly than the Poet intended. It would be very satirical both to his old and new master, with relation both to their *religion* and *circumstances*, if we might imagine a small transposition in the words,

He hath the *Grace of God*, Sir, and *you* have *enough.*

For Launcelot to say the Jew, whom he thought a Devil, had the grace of God; or that Bassanio had enough, whom he knew to be a borrower, is very droll.

droll. And then there is much humour too in the ironical reply of Bassanio:

Thou speak'st it well.

Or, as we read it,

Thou spli'st it well.

P. 175. That may be meant. Of the full multitude that chuse by show, &c.

Oh, the diligence of these Editors! Both the old quarto and first folio edition read,

Of the FOOL-multitude.

P. 177. Bassanio lord, Love!

Mr. Pope certainly conceives—*Bassanio lord*, to stand for *Lord Bassanio*.—I take the liberty to alter the pointing:

Bassanio,—Lord Love! if, &c.

P. ..... As ever knapt ginger.

I do not well know what this expression alludes to. Is it the breaking ginger in pieces to put into possets, as I presume was then the custom; and which seems to be hinted at in Measure for Measure, p. 358, Ginger was not much in request; for the old women were all dead. But I had not troubled you with this trifling passage, but to be informed, exactly, what is meant by a *race*, or *raze* of ginger.—Its seeming derivation from *radix*, or *radice*, of the Italians, makes me think they meant as we do, a little *root* of ginger.

And so in Winter's Tale, p. 305:

A *race*, or two, of ginger; but that I may beg.

But how are we then to understand 1 Henry IV. p. 198:

I have a gammon of bacon, and two *razes* of ginger to be delivered as far as Charing-cross.

What, would any body send two little roots of ginger from Canterbury to London by the carrier? Sure, this is worse than coals to Newcastle.

P. 183. Thus ornament is but the *gilded shore*
To a most *dang'rous sea*; the *beauteous scarf*
Veiling an *Indian beauty*; in a word,

The seeming truth which cunning TIMES put on
T' entrap the wisest. ———

These very fine lines, I own, puzzle me. The Poet is haranguing, with some scope, of the deception of exterior beauty, from the *fucus*, and false hair, &c. But pray, a word or two on the text. There is a glaring contrast betwixt *gilded shore*, and *dang'rous sea;* but is there the same betwixt *beauteous scarf*, and *Indian beauty?* I suspect both the pointing and the text wrong; but after I have submitted my emendation, I shall, with the greatest pleasure, retract it, if (as it is very possible) you shall explain it to me without any alteration. Thus I at present:

Thus ornament is but the gilded shore
To a most dang'rous sea: the beauteous scarf
Veiling an *Indian*. — Beauty's, in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning DAMES* put on
T' entrap the wisest.

I am, dear Sir, your most affectionate bounden servant, LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER XXI.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Wyan's Court, Dec. 6*, 1729.

I have just received the unspeakable satisfaction of two of yours, and read them with a pleasure answering my best expectations. General thanks premised, I will only interrupt the business in hand with two or three words arising from part of their contents; and so fall into order. I am strangely delighted with *Stephano* and *Staffilato;* and will for that reason lay out with my best diligence to trace

* OR TIRES, OR TRIMS.

whence

whence our Author derived his Play, the fable of it I mean. I have already thrown in a note on the nice preservation of the three unities. As you have stepped back to the Tempest, I will beg leave to take one passage of the *Merry Wives* in my way, which I had forgot to trouble you with; p. 235 *Go, a short knife and a thong, to your manor of Pickt-hatch.*

I find this place often mentioned in Ben Jonson; and sometimes joined with the Spittle. I suppose it was somewhere in the suburbs of this great town, or the Borough; but what was done there, to which our Author alludes in the knife and thong, I am utterly a stranger to.—And now as to Adam *Bell* or *Dell*. I am afraid, I must yet grow better acquainted with him. I not only remembered that remarkable story you mention of the Swiss Cantons' enfranchisement, but had lately read it. Your memory does not much deceive you in the name of the person to whom this revolution was owing. It was *Tell* (or *Tellius*); and I wish he were full to our purpose; but it happens a little unluckily, that his Christian name was *William*; and so we are again at seek for *Adam*. Moreri gives us the story with all its particulars. Vide Tell (William) &c.—And next, as to my doubts on the additional couplet in the 16th page of the Comedy of Errors. I am sorry I expressed myself so unhappily as to leave it a question whether I was desiring your assistance for my own information, or putting you upon a fruitless task. Pray, dear Sir, excuse me in your opinion from all attempts of this sort, or of using any such trifling reserve with you. Believe me, I had toiled myself into the very abyss of dullness upon this passage, and met with no ground. Your discovery is, I think, happy and satisfactory. I only observe the third line halts for want of a syllable, and in the second methinks a disjunctive would be better than a copulative. Shall I understand it right in reading thus?

Yet

——— Yet the gold bides still,
That others touch:—BUT often touching will
Wear gold: and [so] no man that hath a name,
But falsehood, &c.

And now to pursue my inquiries on the Merchant of Venice:

P. 186. But who comes here? Lorenzo and his INFIDEL?

P. 187. Nerissa, cheer yon STRANGER.—Bid HER welcome.

How comes it to pass, that there is no more notice taken of Jessica, and that Bassanio and Portia take no notice of her at all? Was she still in the habit of a boy, and appeared as Lorenzo's page? that there might be no occasion of taking notice of her, and hearing her story, which could not be so properly done if Bassanio had a letter to deliver of such consequence, and that required so much haste; and much less, if Bassanio had read it. But then again, if she was in man's cloaths, how comes Gratiano to say to Nerissa—bid her welcome, without intimating at least that she was a woman in man's apparel? And again is it not a little odd, in p. 188 Jessica mixes herself in discourse about the Jew her father's desire of revenge on Antonio, and still not one civil word is addressed to her by *Bassanio* or Portia?

P. 191. The Duke cannot deny the course of law;
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, *if* it be deny'd,
Will much impeach the justice of the State,
Since that, &c.

I suspect, the pointing and text are slightly depraved in this passage; and may be thus set right:

The Duke cannot deny the course of law,
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice. If it be deny'd
'Twill much impeach the justice of the State:
Since that, &c.

P. 192.

P. 192. This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore no more of it: HERE other things,
Lorenzo, &c.

Here again is a small depravation; thus, I think, to be rectified:

——————— HEAR other things.

And then it runs exactly like this passage in Hamlet, p. 262:

——————Ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—
There is a Play, &c.

Ibid. And use thou all th' endeavour of a man,
In speed to MANTUA.

Thus all the old copies, and thus all the modern Editors implicitly after them; though it is evident to any diligent reader, that we must restore,

In speed to PADUA:

For it was there, and not at Mantua, that Bellario lived. So, p. 199:

A messenger, with Letters from the DOCTOR,
New come from PADUA.

And again,

Came you from PADUA, from BELLARIO?

And p. 218:

It comes from PADUA, from Bellario.

P. 197. Cannot contain their urine for affection.
Masterless passion sways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loaths.

Both the old quartos and the old folio have it:

Masters of passion. ————————

which seems to countenance another reading, if you think any change is necessary. Besides, doth affection sway our passions; or passion our affections?—If the former, I presume we should read:

——————— their urine. For affection,
MISTRESS of passion, sways *it* to the mood, &c.

i. e. as I conceive it, sympathy, or antipathy, sways our passion to like, or dislike.

P. 200. Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To CARELESS ruin.

Here

Here Mr. Pope's eyes were deficient; for the old books read much more pertinently:

To CURELESS ruin.

P. 202. A Daniel, come to judgment! yea, a Daniel.

There is no fault in sense here; I think the pointing is not exactly as the Poet designed it. I like it better,

A Daniel! Come to judgment:—yea, a Daniel!

For this reading not only extols the advocate, but expresses the Jew's impatience for a sentence. And when Gratiano comes to retort the Jew's words with him, he cries,

A second Daniel! a Daniel, Jew!—A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel! I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

P. 204. Repent NOT you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt.

Sure this generosity of Antonio is of a very extravagant cast.

Do not be sorry for the loss of me, and I shall not be sorry to die for you.

I think the old quarto exhibits the much better reading:

Repent BUT you, &c.

Id est, do you but only be sorry that you shall lose a friend by my death, and that is all the recompence I desire for dying for you.

P. 206. So please my lord the duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for, &c.

Dr. Thirlby, by a change of the subsequent lines, gives Antonio a much more generous way of thinking. I will submit his reading to you:

To quit THEIR fine OF one half of his goods;
I am content TO let HIM have the other
In use, to render it upon his death
Unto the gentleman that stole his daughter.

P. 208. There 's more than THIS depends upon the value.

More

More than what? More than the ring depends on the value of it? Either I do not conceive the passage so clearly as I ought, or, methinks, we should read:

There 's more depends *on this than is* the value.

P. 217. I once did lend my body for his WEALTH, &c.

I think it should be,

——————— for his WEAL.

As in King John, p. 57:

Than whereupon our WEAL, on you depending,
Counts it your WEAL, &c.

P. 219. Or go to bed, now being two hours to-day.

The old quarto, though the difference is minute, seems to give us the truer pointing:

Or go to bed now, being, &c.

And here, dear Sir, conclude my inquiries upon this fine Play. The next in order, I do not know whether we may not pronounce the very worst in the whole set. And it is no less corrupt throughout in the text, than it is vicious in the composition. But the badness of the coin shall not affright me from bringing it to the touchstone. *Video, quod mihi egomet contrivi, exedendum esse;* as Dr. Bentley says of *Johannes Antiochensis**. When this part of my labour is over, the rest will be diversion: and I pride myself much in the crop that you tell me you have in reserve. The small remainder of this sheet shall not enter upon Love's Labour Lost, but with leave I will trouble you with two or three eccentric inquiries on Troilus.

P. 290. The purpose is perspicuous ev'n as substance,
Whose grossness little characters sum up,
And in the publication make no strain:
But that Achilles, &c.

This is very strange stuff to me, however the wise Editors have solved it to themselves. That little characters, or particles, sum up the grossness of any

* See Bentley's Epistola ad Joannem Millium, subjoined to his Historia Chronica Joannis Malalæ. Oxford, 1691, 8vo.

substance,

substance, I conceive; but how they make no strain in the publication, is a little harder than algebra to me. Yet, by the transposition of two stops, I think, we may come at clear sense:

The purpose is perspicuous ev'n as substance,
Whose grossness little characters sum up:
And, in the publication, make no strain,
But that Achilles, &c.

i. e. the aim and purpose of this duel is as visible as gross substance can be; and make no doubt, when it comes to be proclaimed, but that Achilles, dull as he is, will discover the drift of it.

P. 335. The secrets of neighbour Pandar, &c.

I do not know what authority Mr. Pope has for this reading. The first folio reads,

The secrets of Nature.

What, if we should read,

The secret'st things of Nature:

i. e. the occult parts of Nature, or the mysteries of Nature, as the Poet elsewhere expresses it: All 's Well that ends Well, p. 168.

Hath not in Nature's mystery more science
Than I have in this ring.

So there is some allusion to this, I think, in this speech of Hamlet, p. 232:

There are more things in heav'n and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

But I am very much of opinion, I shall obtain a very satisfactory exposition from your sagacity.

P. 345. Not *Neoptolemus* so mirable.

Does not our good Poet forget himself here in the truth of story? He cannot by this Neoptolemus mean Pyrrhus the son of Achilles; for he, from our own Poet's words, was not yet come to the Trojan wars; consequently had no eclat in arms to make him so mirable. P. 326:

But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
When Fame shall in his island sound her trump, &c.

And was there any other Neoptolemus?

P. 343.

P. 343. ——— So glib of tongue
They give a COASTING welcome ere it comes.

What is intended here by *coasting*? I know this is spoken of a vessel either saluting a coast, or being saluted from a shore; but this allusion seems too remote, and the metaphor too obscure, as there is no single syllable of a ship in the context. I have substituted, if you like it,

They give ACCOSTING welcome ere it comes.

i. e. they are ready to caress every man, even before he makes the address.

I am, dearest Sir, your affectionate and eternally obliged humble servant, LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER XXII.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Wyan's Court, Dec.* 11, 1729.

I have received the pleasure of yours of the 8th instant; and rejoice much in the breach of your promise, or resolution, with regard to your fine explanation upon Othello; as I do likewise in your rescuing me from the doubts I had of that fine passage in the Merchant of Venice about ornament and external beauty. I shall now, without farther preface, proceed to trouble you with my inquiries and attempts upon Love's Labour Lost.—By the bye, I am a little staggered even about the title not answering, as I conceive, the catastrophe. The four gallants set out with protestations against giving way to Love; they all happen to be caught in the snare; and their respective mistresses, upon preliminaries settled, agree to make them happy in their suits at a year's end: so that to me, as yet, *Love's Labour* seems to be *Not Lost*.

P. 225. ——— to study where I well may dine,
When I to FAST expressly am *forbid*.

Upon

Upon weighing the context with all the strictness and accuracy that I am capable of, I cannot but think the Author's meaning is lost in a slight corruption of the text; and that we ought to restore him to sense, and the deduction he aims at, one of these two ways,

When I to FEAST expressly am FORBID;

or (you know he loves to play with similar words),

When I to FAST expressly am FORE-BID;

sub judice lis est.

P. 226. Why should I joy in an abortive BIRTH?
At Christmas I no more desire a rose,
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled SHOWS,
But like of each thing that in season grows.

From p. 224, at this line,

O these are barren tasks, &c.

all the subsequent lines are strictly in rhyme, either continued by couplets, alternate, or in triplets. But by the triplet that takes place here, you will observe *birth* is quite destitute of a rhyme to it. I have ventured to imagine the third line should be read thus:

Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled EARTH;

the ground being at that season new-clad with such a diversity of flowers.

P. 224. When I was wont to think no harm all night.

By the way, does not this seem an imitation, or translation rather may I call it, of this Latin proverbial saying, *Qui benè dormit, nihil mali cogitat?*

P. 227. *Long.* To fright them hence with that dread penalty;
A dang'rous Law against GENTILITY.

To the second verse, I think, the name of *Biron* ought certainly to be prefixed; who makes the observation, and then continues to read another article out of the paper.

So, on the contrary, at this line a little lower,

Bir. This article, my liege, yourself must break;

the name of Biron ought to be expunged, as unnecessary;

cessary; he going on to address himself to the King, immediately after he has read out the article. But how are we to understand the word GENTILITY here? Does it mean against gentleness, manners, and humanity? It cannot mean against the rank of GENTRY only; for women of all ranks were by the law indifferently proscribed the Court. I once guessed, it should be,—A dangerous law against GARRULITY; all women having so much of that unhappy faculty.

P. 228. I am the LAST that will LAST keep his oath.

I think, I take our Author's meaning in this passage, but is not his English a little perplexed?

P. 228. ——————————— shall relate
In high-born words the worth of many a Knight:
From tawny Spain lost in the world's debate,

I correct the pointing of this passage thus:

——————————— shall relate
In high-born words the worth of many a Knight
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.

Ibid. *Dull.* Which is the DUKE'S own person?
Bir. This fellow; what would'st?

Here, and in several other places, DUKE has obtained erroneously for KING; but then how politely has Mr. Pope's negligence made Biron answer! Nobody but he needs be told, we should point it thus:

This, fellow; what would'st?

Ibid. A high hope for a low HEAVEN.

Unpardonable stupidity! Because *God* is mentioned just before, these Editors concluded HEAVEN must be lugged in after him. I am persuaded you will read with me,

A high hope for a low HAVING.

Shakespeare uses this as a substantive not less than a hundred times.

P. 234. Boy, I do love that country-girl that I took in the park with the RATIONAL hind Costard.

From Armado's self-sufficiency, and contempt for Costard,

Costard, should not this rather be,

The IRRATIONAL hind, &c.

Or, as *hind* signifies both a *rustic* and a *stag*, does he mean, think you, to consider Costard as a mere animal, and so call him, with regard to his form as a man, the RATIONAL BRUTE?

P. 235. Enter Costard, Dull, *Jaquenetta*, AND MAID.

Marvellous accuracy indeed! Jaquenetta is the maid, or country wench, as the Dramatis Personæ styles her, and no other maid enters. It therefore should be, if the additional words are at all necessary, *Jaquenetta*, A MAID; *i. e.* a servant maid.

Ibid. She is allowed for the DAY-WOMAN.

I do not know this term.

Ibid. *Maid.* Fair weather after you! Come, JAQUENETTA, come.

Hence, I suppose, Mr. Pope derived his mistake of making the Maid and Jaquenetta two persons. But I will venture to solve this difficulty to him, by restoring as it ought to be:

Jaq. Fair weather after you!

DULL. Come, Jaquenetta, come.

For *Dull*, you observe, in his very first speech, tells us, he has the charge of THIS damsel, and is to keep her at the park.

P. 236. The FIRST and SECOND cause will not serve my turn.

I remember you were so good to say, you had something remarkable for me *in petto*, concerning our Author's so very frequently alluding to DUELLING. Ben Jonson, I remember, mentions it as a thing then in vogue of quarreling by theory, from Caranza's book DE DUELLO *. I presume, our Author either had the original, or some translation of this tract; which furnished him both with *terms* and raillery upon the *subject*.

P. 238. The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd youth;
Of all that Virtue love, for Virtue lov'd.
Most power to do most harm, &c.

* See "Every Man in his Humour," Act I. Scene 5.

There

There is something here very cramp, and obscure to me; and I cannot make out the context with any satisfaction.

P. 239. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him, as I have heard a *Truth;*
Biron they call him.

I read,

——— as I have heard, a YOUTH—

As, again, the same corruption has obtained at p. 301:

A wife, a beard, fair HEALTH.

But the passage I have communicated, and you approved my emendation.

P. 241. For here he doth demand to have repaid
An hundred thousand crowns, and not DEMANDS
One payment of an hundred thousand crowns,
To have his title live in AQUITAIN.

Sure, by the degradation of the right word here, I am very dull, or Mr. Pope has made stark nonsense. Aquitain was pledged to Navarre's father for security of 200,000 crowns. The French King pretends to have paid half the debt; but demands that back again, instead of remembering to pay as much more, in full discharge of the debt, and redeeming Aquitain from Navarre's mortgage. This to me is plainly our Poet's meaning.

P. 245. Sigh a note and sing a note, sometimes through the throat: if you swallow'd Love with singing, love sometime through the nose, as if you snufft up Love with smelling Love, &c.

The bad pointing strangely confuses the sense here. I rectify it thus:

Sigh a note, and sing a note; sometimes through the throat, as if you swallowed Love with singing LOVE; sometime through the nose, as if you snuffed up Love with smelling Love; &c.

P. 246. *Arm.* How hast thou *purchased* this experience?

Moth. By my PEN of observation.

We

We have conjectured here, either, PAIN, KEN, or PENNY.

P. 249; and infra, p. 256:

My sweet ounce of man's flesh, my IN-CONY Jew.

What monster of a word is this? Sure, Costard does not pretend to any skill in the French, and mean *inconnu*. I suspect something more intricate, or obsolete.

Ibid. What 's the price of this incle? A penny.—No, I'll give you a remuneration: Why? it carries its remuneration: why? it is a fairer name than a French crown.

I cannot be persuaded all is sound here according to the Poet's intention.

I will venture at some few changes in the pointing; and, I think, we shall come at his sense.

What 's the price of this incle? A penny.—No, I'll give you a remuneration.—Why, it carries it.—Remuneration!—Why, it is a fairer word than a French crown.

P. 250. A very beadle to an HUMOROUS sigh.

Annon rectiùs, AMOROUS sigh? Though I remember, in Romeo, Mercutio, calling for him, cries,

Lover, HUMOURS, madman.

Fortè HUMOROUS madman, *i. e.* governed by . . . . . and odd humour of your Love-passion.

P. ..... And I to be a *Corporal* of his FIELD,
And wear his colours like a tumbler's HOOP?

To be a Corporal of a Field. Is not this a very peculiar phrase? And then is a tumbler's *hoop* ever garnished with ribbands, or adorned with any diversity of colours? I confess, I neither remember, nor know.

P. 253. —— Boyet, you can carve:
Break up this CAPON.

i. e. open the Letter. I suppose, as among the French, *poullet* is both a *chicken* and a *love-letter*. So in Westward-hoe, a letter is called a wild-fowl, Act II. Sc. 2:

At

At the skirt of that sheet in black work is wrought his name: BREAK not UP the WILD-FOWL till anon, and feed upon him in private.

But, dear Sir, as the remainder on this Play will come into Saturday's packet, I will now conclude myself, your most affectionate and entirely obliged humble servant, LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER XXIII.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Wyan's Court, Dec.* 13, 1729.

This pursues, and I hope will conclude, my inquiries on Love's Labour Lost.

P. 256. Then will she get the *upshot by cleaving the pin.*

I easily see, obscenity is the drift here: but what does the phrase mean, or how hold up the allusion to archery?

P. 257. He is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts, &c.

The latter parts of this period I can neither reconcile to sense, nor grammar.

P. 258. The allusion holds in the *Exchange.*

This puzzles me.

P. 259. A good CLUSTER of conceit in a turf of earth.

The first folio edition reads better in my opinion —a good LUSTER [or, lustre]; which sorts better with the metaphors that follow.

P. 260. Or rather as Horace says in his: What! my soul! verses!

Does this allude to the *Nescio quid meditans nugarum*, and, *dulcissime rerum*, in Horace's Serm. I. ix? Or is Holophernes going to quote Horace, and stops short on seeing the verses in Nathaniel's hand, thus?

Or rather as Horace says in his —— What! my soul! verses?

P. 260. Let me supervise the CANGENET.

I believe there is no such word. I read, CANZONET, from the Italian, *canzonetto*, a little song.

Ibid. Ay, Sir, from one Monsieur Biron, one of the *strange* Queen's lords.

When, in the name of exactness, did Biron commence one of the Queen's train?

You will read with me, I doubt not:

From one Monsieur Biron TO one of the STRANGER-Queen's LADIES.

This is the very fact; and is confirmed in words in the next page:

And here he hath framed a letter to a SEQUENT of the STRANGER Queen's.

P. 261. DULL. Sir Holophernes, this Biron, &c.

Sure this speech is quite out of character for *Dull*. It is evident to me, that after Nathaniel has consulted the subscription of the letter, he goes on to tell Sir Holophernes who Biron *is*, and then delivers the paper to send to the King: or, perhaps, at "Trip and go my sweet," &c. Sir Holophernes is to speak and deliver the letter; else why does Sir Nathaniel say immediately,

Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, &c.

Ibid. Where if (being REPAST) it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace.

But what? was Sir Nathaniel to go to a gentleman's house to dinner, and say grace only after meat? Our chaplains now-a-days crave a blessing, as well as return thanks.

I have suspected a small transposition of letters here, and read, I do not know how rightly,

Where if, being A PRIEST, it shall, &c.

P. 263. Why he comes in like a PERJUR'D.

I read with the first folio,

——————— like a PERJURE.

And so in our Poet's old sketch of King John, in two parts, called his "Troublesome Reign":

But now, black-spotted PERJURE as he is.

P. ....

P. .... My true love's *fasting* pain.

What, does he mean, wanting his mistress? Or, should it be, *fest'ring* pain.

P. ..... To see a king transformed to a GNAT.

How to a *gnat*? With what sense . . . . . ? I have suspected—to a QUAT. There is, I think, such an old word; though indeed, I know neither how to derive, nor explain it. But in Othello, p. 41.

I 've rub'd this GNAT almost to sense, &c.

The old quarto reads QUAT.

And in All's Well that Ends Well, p. 113, the Clown talks of a QUATCH-buttock.

P. 267. Not you *by* me, but I betray'd TO you.

Certainly, BY.

P. 269. Is ebony like her? O WORD divine!

As certainly, WOOD.

Ibid. Black is the *badge* of hell:

The *hue* of dungeons, and the SCHOOL of night.

The *badge*, and *hue*, is to me plain sense; but for the *school of night*, I willingly give it up to the sagacious Editors. I make no scruple of reading,

——————— and the STOLE of night.

i. e. the black mantle, as he in many other places expresses it.

Ibid. For native blood is counted painting now.

I suppose, dismounting the verse, his sentiment is—for painting is now counted native blood; otherwise I can make nothing of the context.

P. 270. Have at you then affections. Men at arms.

I read:

Have at you then. Affection's men at arms.

i. e. Love's soldiers. As, p. 272:

Saint Cupid then, and soldiers to the field.

P. 271. Of beauty's tutors.

Annon potiùs, beauteous tutors?

Ibid. When the suspicious head of THEFT is stopt.

I rather think, of THRIFT; *i. e.* of the thriving, watchful miser, whose care of his pelf will hardly let him venture to sleep.

P. 271. And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods,
Make heaven drowsy, &c.

I am satisfied these are very fine lines, but I do not full understand them.

P. 273, 4. NAT. Laus Deo, BENE intelligo.
Hol. BOME BOON for BOON PRESCIAN; a little scratch, 't will serve.

I very well remember, without present reference, your ingenious conjecture on this passage.

I will tell you how I had read it, with very slight variation of the text:

Nat. Laus Deo, BONE intelligo.
Hol. BONE.—BONE for BENE. PRISCIAN a little scratcht. 'T will serve.

Alluding to, *Diminuis Prisciani Caput.*

P. 274. The LAST of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth if I.

But, if it be but for information sake, is not the *last* and the *fifth* the same vowel?

I suspect that we should read,

The THIRD of the five vowels.

And Holophernes's reply seems a confirmation of this:

I will repeat them, a, e, I.

Ibid. The sheep; the other two concludes it OUT.

Wonderful sagacity!—I read:

———— concludes it O, U.

Quasi, Oh! you;—*i. e.* you are the sheep either way; no matter which of us repeats them.

P. 275. And I will whip about your infamy UNUM CITA.

This Latin is out of my depth. I have imagined,

———— CIRCUM CIRCA.

Ibid. Do you not educate youth at the CHARGE-house on the top of the mountain?

I do not at all know this term. Is a free-school, or one founded by public contribution, ever called so? If not, I suspect it should be, CHURCH-HOUSE. As our Poet says again in Twelfth Night, p. 222:

Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' th' CHURCH.

P. 276.

P. 276. To be rendered by our ASSISTANTS at the king's command.

I think it should be,

——————— by our ASSISTANCE.

P. 277. Most DULL, honest DULL.

I read,

Most dull, honest DULL.

P. 278. PRIN. Pox of that jest, and I beshrew all shrews;
But, KATHERINE, what was sent to you
From fair Dumaine?

I can never believe the Poet meant to make his Princess swear in this vulgar manner. Besides, the second verse halts. Rosaline and Katherine, you see, are rallying. I read the passage thus:

KATH. Pox of that jest, &c.
PRIN. But what was sent to you from fair Dumaine?

P. 279. So PERTAUNT like would I o'ersway his state.

Is there any such word as *pertaunt?* If not, I would read,

So PEDANT like, &c.

So above, p. 250:

A domineering PEDANT o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal more MAGNIFICENT.

Ibid. As GRAVITIES revolt.

I read,

As GRAVITY'S revolt.

P. 280. With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
That in this spleen ridiculous appears,
To check their folly, PASSIONS, solemn tears.

Certainly by this pointing the Editor never understood the meaning.

It is clear to me that we should read:

——————— PASSION'S solemn tears:

i. e. they cried as heartily with laughing, as if the deepest grief had been the motive. Something like this in Midsummer Night's Dream, p. 128:

Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears the PASSION of loud laughter never shed.

P. 283. ROSA. The musick plays; vouchsafe some motion to it:
Our ears vouchsafe it.

It is plain to me these speeches are wrong-placed. The King certainly should continue to speak the first line; and Rosaline's name be prefixed to the latter.

I had designed to keep to the old quantity *; but I am this moment alarmed with the death of our common acquaintance and favourite, poor Mr. Roome †; and I am sure you will excuse me, if I have concern enough to desire instant satisfaction of the truth. I am, dear Sir, as ever,

Your most affectionate and obliged humble servant,
LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER XXIV.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Wyan's Court, Dec.* 16, 1729.

My last was broke off with the unhappy notice of poor Mr. Roome's death. The account is confirmed; he died about a fortnight ago at Rohan, and his place is already supplied. As he had owed the Government nothing if he had lived, so Fate was pleased, it seems, to make him an early sacrifice to his duty for them. He was dispatched over to negotiate some secret commission, and there was seized with the fever that has deprived us of him. He was but a recent friend to me; but had so many amiable qualities to recommend him, that I shall cultivate the remembrance of him, I hope, with long respect. But no more of him now.

Love's Labour Lost:

P. 284. *I eal*, quoth the Dutchman.

Is this the way of the Dutch pronouncing our word *well?*

* The length of the letter. EDIT.
† One of the *Concanen Club.*

P. 286.

P. 286. Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.

Sure, this is a strange anti-climax; but what does he mean by "angels vailing clouds?" This phrase, I own, is very obscure to me.

Ibid. Had he been ADAM, he had tempted Eve.

But is this allusion just?

I have ventured to conjecture, for the present,

Had he been SATAN.

P. 287. This is the FLOWER that smiles on every one
To shew his teeth ————

A Flower shewing its teeth is a very odd image, I have made no doubt to read,

This is the FLEERER smiles, &c.

And will you pardon me, if I presume to prove this by another emendation?

In the character of Boyet, p. 291, he is described as one

That smiles his cheek in JEERS;

the received reading, YEARS, is, I think, unpardonably nonsensical; and

Holding a trencher JEASTING merrily:

all which faculties are of a piece with one another.

P. 289. ———— *sans* crack or flaw.

Ros. Sans, sans, I pray you.

What does this re-duplication mean? As we would say, in English, *without any of your withouts,* 'pray you.

P. 293. Here is like to be a good presence of WORTHIES.

I wonder how Shakespeare came to put Pompey in this list. The names of the Nine Worthies, according to Gerard Legh, in his "Accidence of Armoury," are, Duke Joshua, Hector, David, Alexander, Judas Macchabæus, Julius Cæsar, King Arthur, Charlemagne, and Sir Guy Earl of Warwick.

Ibid. A bare throw at NOVUM.

I do not know what sport the Poet here alludes to.

P. 293.

P. 293. With Libbard's head on knee.

Cotgrave explains this, who tells us, *une masquine* was a Lion or *Libbard's head*, represented on the knees, or elbows, of old-fashioned garments.

P. 294. Your lion that holds the poll-axe sitting on a close-stool, will be given to AJAX.

The preceding part of this sentence, I think, is very fully explained in Gerard Legh's "Accidence of Armoury." Alexander, as one of the Nine Worthies, bears, Gules, a lion *Or*, seiant in a chair, holding a battle-axe *Argent*. But, upon Alexander's being foiled, how the joke turns upon giving these arms to AJAX, I am perfectly at a loss to guess.

P. 295. Keep some state in thy *exit*, and vanish.

As this speech is by Holophernes, and as that immediately subsequent is by him too, I have a strong suspicion that this line, addressed to Moth, should be placed to Biron or Boyet.

P. 298. I go *woolward* for penance.

I presume, Armado means, he goes with *wool* towards his skin; but is not the expression odd?

Ibid. An heavy heart bears NOT an humble tongue.

Surely, this is not true in Nature; nothing so much abates our utterance, as the rebuke of sorrow. One of these two conjectures, I think, must be right:

An heavy heart bears BUT an humble tongue;

or,

A heavy heart bears NOT a NIMBLE tongue.

P. 300. *Biron.* And what to me, my love, and what to me?

Here is something a little obscure, and savouring of inadvertency in the Poet. Biron here asks his particular doom, and has his answer from Rosaline: and yet again, in the subsequent page, the same question in effect is proposed, and her determination repeated.

P. 303. When Dazies pied ——
2. And Cuckow-buds ——
1. And Lady-smocks ——

As the rhymes of the four first verses in all the three

three subsequent stanzas are alternate, it seems to me that the second and third verses here ought to be transposed.—But now I have done with this tedious bad Play; and I ought to conclude, with your old religious Editors, *Deo gratias.*

AS YOU LIKE IT.

The next Play has certainly more entertainment, and fewer faults. There is something betwixt Orlando and Rosalind, as peculiar, and almost as engaging, as between Benedick and Beatrice.

But, not to trouble you with general descriptions.

P. 314. *Clo.* One that old Frederick your father loves.
Ros. My father's love is enough to honour him enough; &c.

Surely, this reply should be made by CEL. for her father's name, and not Rosalind's, was FREDERICK.

P. 317. You mean to mock me after ———
Should not this be,
AN 'you mean to mock me after, you should not have, &c.

P. 318. Is but a QUINTINE, a mere lifeless block.

Bailey, in his Dictionary, tells us *quintine* is a *measure*, and quotes Shakespeare for it.

But we are to read,

Is but a QUINTAIN.

It was an old custom, or sport, to run at a dead mark on horseback, called a *quinten*, or *quintaine*. Stow has given us this description of it in his Survey of London: "In the year 1253, the 38 Hen. III. the youthful Citizens, for an exercise of their activity, set forth a game to run at the *quinten*; and whosoever did best should have a peacock, which they had prepared as a prize. He that hit not the broad end of the *quinten* was of all men laughed to scorn; and he that hit it full, if he rode not the faster, had a sound blow in his neck with a bag full of sand hanged on the other end *."

P. 320. *Cel.* But is all this for your father?
Ros. No, some of it is for my *father's child.*

* Stow's Survey, 1633, p. 72, where is a wooden cut of the Quinten.

The

The first folio edition reads, I think, more truly,

For my CHILD'S FATHER;

i. e. for her sweetheart whom she was thinking of, and whom she hoped to have a child by.

Ibid. *Ros.* No faith, hate him not for my sake.
Cel. Why should I NOT? Doth he not deserve well?

Is this a reason, why she should hate him? For so the position and pointing seem to require. Either the negative should be expunged, or it would be clearer to read,

Why should I HATE? &c.

P. 322. ——— Rosalind lacks then the love which teacheth THEE that thou and I are one.

Is there any doubt but that we ought to read,

Which teacheth ME.

The proof of this seems evident to me from this speech of Celia, at p. 312:

Herein I see thou lov'st me not, &c.

P. 324. Here feel we *not* the penalty of Adam.

What was the penalty of Adam, hinted at by our Poet? The being sensible of the difference of the seasons. The Duke says, the cold, and effects of the winter, feelingly persuade him what he is. How does he not then feel the penalty? I read,

Here feel we BUT the penalty of Adam.

P. 330. And I remember the kissing of the BATLET.

What this is I cannot find.

P. 336. He whom a fool doth very wisely hit,
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Seem *senseless* of the Bob. If not.

The third verse is defective a whole foot; and, if I am not mistaken, full as defective in the reasoning. The arguments of Jaques's speech below plainly shew this. I read,

NOT TO seem senseless of the Bob. If not ——

P. 344. It is the right butter-woman's RANK to market.

This is a word I am not acquainted with.

P. 346.

P. 346. GOOD my complexion, dost thou think, though I am caparison'd.

Should not this rather be,

'ODD'S my complexion!

As afterwards, p. 358:

'ODDS my little life!

P. 348. I pray you MARR no more of my verses with reading them ILL-FAVOURED.

Does not our Poet seem evidently to have had Martial in his thoughts, *Sed malè dum recitas, &c.*

P. 355. A nun of WINTER'S sisterhood.

What can mean *Winter's sisterhood?* Is it the true text? or has *Winter* crept in here, to keep company with *ice* in the next line? I have imagined,

A nun of WINIFRED'S sisterhood.

If I do not run away with a false legend, *St. Winifred* suffered in defence of her chastity. But I appeal.

P. 364. I will *weep* for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be *merry;* I will *laugh* like a hyen, and that when you are inclined to SLEEP.

Does not the designed contrast of the terms rather require WEEP.

P. 367. Then sing him home, *the rest shall bear this burthen.*

This is an admirable instance of our Editors' sagacity, to say nothing worse. One should expect, when they were Poets, they would at least have taken care of the rhymes, and not foisted in what has nothing to answer it. Now where is the rhyme to, *the rest shall bear this burthen?* Or, to ask another question, where is the sense of it? Does the Poet mean, that he that killed the deer shall be sung home, and the rest shall bear the deer on their backs? This is laying a burthen on the Poet, that we must help him to throw off. I believe the mystery of the whole is that a marginal note is wisely

wisely thrust into the text. Being designed to be sung by a single voice, and the stanzas to close with a burthen to be sung by the whole company, it certainly must be read in this or some such manner:

What shall he have that kill'd the deer?
His leather skin, and horns to wear:
Then sing him home: and take no scorn
To wear the horn, the horn, the horn,
It was a crest ere thou wast born.
The rest shall bear this burthen.

P. 378. Yet the note was very UNTUNEABLE.

The reply to this makes me think we should read, UNTIMEABLE.

And now, dear Sir, I have both finished this Play and Volume. Our task in the next, I conceive, will grow more entertaining.

Your acceptable Epistle of the 10th instant reached me last night. I have now only time or room for my thanks, and confessing myself, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate and ever obliged friend and servant, LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER XXV.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Dec.* 18, 1729.

Receiving no packet from you by last night's post (so that no occasion is given me for digression), I proceed directly to the Taming of the Shrew.

P. 5. Go by S. Jeronimy.

I do not think Sly was intended to swear here by any Saint whatever; but that it has an allusion of great humour. I read thus:

Go by, Hieronimo.

i. e. thrusting the hostess aside, and calling her so. But now for explanation. You must know there was a cursed fustian old Play, called, *Hieronymo* (or The

The Spanish Tragedy) which I find the butt of raillery to all the Poets of Shakespeare's time: and a passage that appeared very ridiculous in this Play, is, I suspect, here humourously alluded to:

Hier. Justice, O! Justice to Hieronimo.
Lord. Back;—see'st thou not the King is busy?
Hier. Oh, is he so?
King. Who is he that interrupts our business?
Hier. Not I—HIERONIMO, beware; GO BY, GO BY.

So Sly here, not caring to be dunned by the hostess, cries to her, don't be troublesome, don't interrupt me, Go by.

And this passage is again fleered at in an old Comedy, that I have more than once quoted to you, Westward-hoe:

"A woman, when there be roses in her cheeks, "cherries on her lips, civet in her breath, ivory in "her teeth, lillies in her hand, and liquorice in her "heart, why she 's like a Play; if new, very good "company, very good company, but if stale, like "old IERONIMO, GO BY, GO BY.

P. 6. BRACH Merriman.

Mr. Pope, no doubt, is right in telling us that *brach* is a hound: but pray, is not *brach* here intended as a verb, that Merriman should be taken some particular care of; as in the next line,

And COUPLE Clowder ——————?

And as in the foregoing line,

And TENDER well my hounds?

P. 9. Who for THESE seven years hath esteemed himself.

I suspect, our Poet wrote:

Who for TWICE seven years.

So, p. 12:

These FIFTEEN years you have been in a dream.

And, p. 13:

Madam wife, they say that I have dreamed, and slept above some FIFTEEN years and more.

P. 12. *Man.* SIMON, an't please your honour.
Sly. SIM?—That 's as much as to say SIMEON or SIMON.

Is

Is it not clear from the answer, that we are to read SIM in the first line?

P. 15. To see fair PADUA ——————
I am arrived *for* fruitful LOMBARDY.

But is Padua really in Lombardy? If not, I suppose we must read:

—— ——*from* fruitful Lombardy.

Pisa, I think, Lucentio's birth-place, is within the territories of Lombardy.

P. 24. Be she as foul as was FLORENTIUS' love.

I confess, this is a piece of secret history that I am wholly unacquainted with.

Ibid. As Socrates' ZANTIPPE.

Mr. Pope, in the next edition, perhaps, will vouchsafe to restore XANTIPPE.

P. 25. An he begin once, he 'll rail in his ROPE-tricks.

From the terms following in the context, *throw a figure*, and *disfigure*, I had once conjectured we should read, in his TROPE-tricks. But, I am afraid, the guess is not worth a farthing. I begin to suspect *rope-tricks* was the old phrase for tricks used by a *crack-hemp* fellow; especially because in Romeo and Juliet, p. 252, where Mr. Pope reads:

What saucy merchant was this, that was full of his ROGUERY;

the old quarto and first folio read ROPERY.

P. 25. And her withholds he from me. Other more.

The defect of syntax persuades me the pointing must be corrected here:

And her withholds he from me, 'and others more Suitors to her, &c.

P. 28. Rage like an angry boar, chafed with SWEAT.

Should not this be rather,

—————— CHAF'D with PURSUIT.

Ibid. —————— for his own good and YOURS.

I read, OURS. P. 29,

If it be so, Sir, that you are the man must steed US ALL, &c.

P. 30.

P. 30. Please ye, we may CONTRIVE this afternoon,
And *quaff carowses* to our mistress' health.

I flatter myself, I shall please you with an emendation here. Tranio, you know, is but a supposed gentleman; and the Poet, I am persuaded, means that the serving-man's qualities should break out upon him; and that his mind should run rather on *good cheer* than *contrivances*. I venture to restore it:

Please ye, we may CONVIVE this afternoon, &c.

This agrees with *quaff carowses*, and with what he says at the conclusion of this speech:

But eat and drink as friends.

The word *convive*, you may remember, is again used by our Poet in Troilus, p. 349:

First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent,
There in the full *convive* you.

Ibid. ———— but for these other GOODS.

I read, GAWDS, *i. e.* trifling ornaments.

The use of this word, you know, is most frequent with our Poet.

P. 33. BACCARE, you are marvellous *forward*.

Quid sibi vult *Baccare?* Is it the English word *back*, with a foreign termination? N. B. *forward*, in opposition.

Ibid. *Petr.* O pardon me, Signior Gremio, I would fain be doing.
Gre. I doubt it not, Sir, but you will curse your wooing neighbours. This is a gift very, &c.

Stupid! Who were Petruchio's wooing neighbours? He courted Kate, and had no rivals in his suit, that we hear of. In short, the doggrel verse is dismounted into nonsense. Restore:

———— I would fain be *doing*.
Gre. I doubt it not, Sir, but you will curse your *wooing*. [*To Petruchio.*
Neighbour, this is a gift, &c. [*To Baptista.*

So p. 32:

Gre. Good-morrow, NEIGHBOUR Baptista.
Bap. Good-morrow, NEIGHBOUR Gremio.

P. 33.

P. 33. *Tra.* ——————— then their worth is great.
BAP. Lucentio is YOUR name? Of whence I pray?
Tra. Of Pisa, Sir, son to Vincentio.

Here again, I doubt not but you will think the conjecture happy.

Baptista, in his last speech, says to Tranio:

Methinks, you walk like a stranger, may I be so bold to ask the cause of your coming?

Tranio replies; acquaints him with the cause; but does not give the least intimation who he is. And we have no reason to think Baptista such a *conjurer*, that he could know a stranger's name only by looking in his face. *Distingue, meo periculo,*

——————— then their worth is great.
Lucentio is MY name.
BAP. Of whence I pray?
Tra. Of Pisa, Sir, son, &c.

P. 38. *Petr.* It is extempore, from my mother-wit.
Kat. A witty mother, witless ELSE her son.
Petr. Am I not *wise?*
Kat. Yes; keep *you warm.*

As Kate is so addicted to scurrility, I suspect,

——————— witelesse ELFE her son.

The two last lines I have quoted for another purpose; you remember the ingenious emendation you sent me upon Much Ado about Nothing:

Wit enough to keep himself *warm.*

Ought not this passage to be taken into consideration?

P. 39. For I am he am born to TAME you, Kate,
And bring you from a WILD cat to a Kate,
CONFORMABLE as other HOUSEHOLD *Kates.*

Does not the allusion and the opposition of terms here, rather induce us to write,

——————— household CATS.

P. 41. And all things answerable to this PORTION.

The sense requires PROPORTION: will the other word imply this?

P. 41.

Ibid. My land amounts not to so much in all:
That she shall have, besides, &c.

Something seems wrong here: at least I am in the dark.

P. 43. ——————— Wrangling pedant, this.

The first folio reads,

BUT wrangling pedant, this IS.

Still we have but an hemistic, as well as but half sense. Some few words seem to have slipped out. The context would very well bear, SHE IS A SHREW, but, wrangling pedant, this is, &c.

P. 44. PEDASCULE, I'll watch.

Will *Pedascule* serve for Pedant?

P. 45. To change *true* rules for NEW inventions.

This *new*, I conceive, is an innovation of our Editor. The old folios have it, OLD inventions. This, I acknowledge, must be wrong, and opposite to the meaning. I restore,

To change *true* rules for ODD inventions.

P. 54. Am I but three inches? why THY horn is a foot, and as long I am at least.

Sagacity!—I read,

Why, MY horn.

Grumio, coming post before his master and mistress, is furnished with a horn.

P. 56. You PLEASANT swain.

Correct with the first folio:

——— PEASANT-swain.

P. 57. FLAT-EAR'D knave.

First folio again:

FLAP-EAR'D knave.

P. 62. Like to a CENSER.

This, I know, is a pan, or vessel, for burning incense or perfume; so I have no difficulty here: but I will take this opportunity, while it is in mind, to request your explication of another passage upon this word: 2 Henry IV. p. 366:

Why, thou thin man in a CENSOR.

P. 67. That I 'm dog weary; but at last I spied
An ancient ANGEL going, &c.

I cannot imagine that Shakespeare meant any prophanation here, or any such compliment to the old man as to call him Angel. I read:

That I 'm *dog-weary;* but at last I spied
An ancient ENGLE *coming.*

An *engle,* as I have many proofs, signifies a gull, one fit to be made a tool of.

P. 67. ——————— but formal in apparel;
In gait and countenance, SURELY like a father.

I make bold to read SURLY: and I think this authority will bear me out in so doing, p. 69:

And hold your own in any case with such AUSTERITY as 'LONGETH to a FATHER.

Ibid. But then up farther, AND as far as Rome.
Quod si,
——————— E'EN as far as Rome.

P. 69. Signor Baptista may remember me
Near twenty years ago in GENOA.
TRA. Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.
'T is well, &c.

What, was Tranio fellow-lodger with Baptista twenty years ago? No such thing surely. He must be younger than all that, or very unfit to represent and personate his young master, Lucentio.

You, I am persuaded, will read with me:

Near twenty years ———
Where we were lodgers ——
TRA. 'T is well: and hold your own ——

P. 71. Enter PETER.

May we not reasonably ask, whence, or who are you? This wight is not in the Dramatis Personæ. Besides, what is his business? *An idèo tantùm venerat ut exiret?*

P. 75. *Bion.* Nay, faith, I 'll see the church o' your back, and then come back to my MISTRESS as soon as I can.

What

What *mistress* does Biondello mean? I suspect, MASTER, *i. e.* Tranio, whom he was ordered to serve as Lucentio. Vide supra, p. 21:

Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life, &c.
Wait *you* on *him*, I charge you, &c.

P. 81. Have at you for a *better* jest, or two.
Annon rectiùs, BITTER?

P. 85. Come, come, you froward and unable worms,
My heart IS great.

How diligent are these Editors in collating!
We must restore from the first folio:

Come, come, you ———
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart AS great.

Ibid. Though you hit the WHITE.

Is this a conundrum, Lucentio having married BIANCHA, which, in Italian, signifies *white*?

And so I end with this Play.—I cure many shufflings and transpositions of the scenery, which I need not trouble you with.

The next Play I come to with great pleasure; there are so many things in it superlatively pleasant.

To-morrow, dear Sir, I live in hopes of the post's arrival, which is a most sincere enjoyment to, dear Sir, your most affectionate and obliged friend and humble servant, LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER XXVI.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Wyan's Court, Dec. 20*, 1729.

I last night received the pleasure of yours of the 15th instant; in reply to part of my doubts on Love's Labour Lost; and with two occasional emendations on Othello and Measure for Measure. As I have always thought both these passages to be genuine and free from corruption (as, I flatter myself, I shall likewise convince you they are), I know you will

give me the liberty to tell you how I understand them; and no time so fit for a short digression on this score, as while the passages are warm in both our memories.

Othello, 361–2:

> Are we turn'd Turks? and to ourselves do that,
> Which *Heaven* hath forbid the Ottomites?

To do what? You say; why, to make ourselves drunk, which MAHOMET has forbid his disciples to do. The conjecture, like all you advance, is truly ingenious and refined; but, if I am not mistaken, struck out in the flame of an unbounded spirit. Please to weigh the circumstances with me. Iago, having made the brawl which he had concerted take place, rings out the alarm-bell, which rouses Othello from his bed; and he, coming out, finds Cassio and Montano tilting so desperately, that neither his presence, nor all that Iago can say, will make them desist from violence. But Othello, dear Sir, does not know one syllable of drink being the motive of this fray. I am persuaded, therefore, the Moor means no more but this—What, are we turned Turks to ourselves? are we cutting our own throats? and *doing* that [outrage] which Heaven (by this providential storm and scattering of their squadron) has restrained the Turks from doing against us?

As to the other passage, Measure for Measure, p. 324:

> ——————————— like an angry ape,
> Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heav'n,
> As makes the Angels weep; who, with our spleens,
> Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Thus it seems to me to be pointed; and thus to be understood. Men play such fantastic tricks as make the Angels weep in compassion of our extravagance: who, if they were endued with our spleens (and perishable organs), would laugh themselves out of immortality; or, as we say in common life, would laugh

laugh themselves dead. The Spleen of Laughter, the Passion of Laughter, you know, are used in Love's Labour Lost, p. 280, and Midsummer Night's Dream, p. 128.

Please to remember this passage likewise in Troilus, p. 286:

——————————— at this sport,
His Valour DIES; cryes—O! enough, Patroclus—
Or give me RIBS of STEEL: I shall SPLIT all
In PLEASURE of my SPLEEN. ————

So much, dear Sir, as to my different conceptions on the two quotations which I submit to you. Were I to particularize my pleasure on the beautiful hints and informations, which yours from time to time give me, I must stand still in my purpose, so much would eulogium usurp the place of business. But, before I proceed, good manners oblige me to desire your answer to one question. I know, you are neither zealot, nor precisian: and that the task, we are upon, is innocent, if not in some degree moral. But, upon this ensuing festival, will not my correspondence break in upon your office? If it does, with the freedom of friendship, command me to suspend till further order. — I long for an excursion, that dear fund of pleasure, upon any one of the .... dies that you shall dictate. In the mean time, directly forwards.

All 's Well that Ends Well:

P. 91. *Count.* If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.
Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.
Laf. How understand we that?

There seems to me a slight transposition in the latter part, which might be cured thus:

Laf. How understand we that?
Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Lafew could scarce be at a loss about Bertram's asking blessing; but the Countess says something so cramp, that I am obliged to ask his question, "How are we to understand it?"

P. 91.

P. 91. ——————— he is so ABOVE me;
In his bright radiance and COLLATERAL light
Must I be comforted, &c.

I am not astronomical enough to know, how, if he was so much *above* her, his light could be *collateral* to her.

P. 93. Loss of Virginity is RATIONAL increase.

Surely, should not this be NATIONAL?

Ibid. Out with it; within *ten* years it will make itself *two*, which is a goodly increase, and the principal itself not much the worse.

I am at a loss for our Poet's conceit here.

P. 94. *Hel.* That I wish well—'tis pity ——
Hel. That wishing well had not a body in't.

If Mr. Pope had thrown a diligent eye on the old folio, he would have found, betwixt Helen's speaking thus, and answering herself, Parolles puts in WHAT'S PITY?

P. 100. Was this fair face the cause, quoth *she*,
Why the Grecians sacked Troy,
* * * * * *
Was this King Priam's joy?

As the stanza that follows is in alternate rhyme, and as a rhyme is here wanting to *she* in the first verse, it is evident the third line is wanting.

The first folio gives us a part of it; but how to supply, is the question:

Fond done, done, fond, was this King Priam's joy?

P. 101. Fortune, she said, was no goddess,——Love,
no god, —— COMPLAIN'D AGAINST THE
Queen of Virgins.

These words, as I take it, were first foisted in by Mr. Rowe: there are not the least footsteps of them in the first and second folio editions.

The context persuades me it should rather be:

DIANA, NO queen of virgins, &c.

P. 103. ——————— Now I see
The myst'ry of your LOVELINESS, and find
Your *salt tears* head.

I make

I make no scruple but you will read with me, LONELINESS; of which the Countess had above received intelligence from her Steward, p. 101:

ALONE she was, and did communicate to herself.

P. 106. ——————— Let higher Italy,
(Those *'bated*, that inherit but the fall
Of the last Monarchy.)

This is a little obscure to me, as I am not at all acquainted with the state of the Italian wars and embroilments here hinted at.

P. 107. You shall find in the regiment of the Spinii, one captain Spurio HIS CICATRICE, WITH an emblem of war here, &c.

A small transposition, sure, is here absolutely necessary:

——— One Captain Spurio WITH HIS CICATRICE, an emblem of war, &c.

P. 108. I'll SEE thee to stand up.

Annon rectiùs,

——— FEE thee to stand up?

Ibid. I have seen a MED'CINE.

I read a MEDECIN, *Fr.* a Doctor, or Doctress; so a little lower:

And write to HER a love-line.—And—why, DOCTOR-SHE.

P. 109. ——————— Hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare BLAME my weakness.

This does not seem right to me; should it not rather be, BLAZE my weakness, *i. e.* report, blazon, describe?

P. 110. Oft Expectation fails, and most oft *there*
Where most it promises, and oft it *hits*
Where Hope is coldest, and Despair most SITS.

I think rather, FITS, *i. e.* is most fitting, or reasonable. No rhyme to *there* remaining, I am afraid a line is lost.

P. 111. ——————— A divulged shame
Traduc'd by odious ballads: my maiden's name
Sear'd

Sear'd otherwise, no worse of worst extended,
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

I have not opinion enough of any of our Editors' sagacity, to believe they understood this, as it is pointed. I am sure I do not: I rather think, they passed it at random.

One of these two regulations, I believe, will restore us some glimmering of sense. I submit them:

——————— a divulged shame;
Traduc'd by odious ballads my maid'n's name,
Sear'd otherwise no worse of worst: extended
With vilest torture, let my life be ended.

Or,

——————— a divulged shame;
Traduc'd by odious ballads; my maid'n's name
Sear'd, otherwise no worse of worst extended;
With vilest torture let, &c.

P. 112. ——— But will you make it *even?*

King. Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of HELP.

As the parties are in a rhyming vein, I have no doubt but our Poet wrote, HEAVEN.

P. 114. They say miracles are past, and we have our philosophical persons to make modern and familiar things supernatural and causeless.

This, as pointed, is directly, I think, opposite to our Poet's meaning. I would stop it thus:

——— to make modern, and familiar, things supernatural and causeless.

For this, I think, is the property of philosophy to make seeming-strange and præternatural phænomena familiar, and reducible to cause and reason.

P. 115. Why, your DOLPHIN is not lustier.

As it is a Frenchman speaks, and as it is of the French King he is speaking of, I read:

Why, your DAUPHIN is not lustier.

Mr. Pope did not remember that in the old books *Dauphin* is ever spelt *Dolphin.*

P. 116. *Hel.* Thanks, Sir; all the rest ARE mute.
LAF. I had rather be in this choice, than throw Ames-ace for my life.

All

All the rest are mute? She had spoke to but *one* yet. I read, with the first folio,

——————— All the rest IS mute;

(*i. e.* as in Hamlet,

The rest is silence.)

"I thank you, Sir; and that is all I have to advance." The next speech, I suspect, should rather be placed to *Parolles*.

P. 117. There 's one grape yet, I am sure my father drunk wine; but if thou be'est not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen: I have known thee already.

Sure, this is most incongruent stuff. Lafew is angry with the other Noblemen for giving Helena the repulse; and is he angry too, and thinks the fourth Nobleman an ass, because he is for embracing the match? The whole, certainly, cannot be the speech of one mouth.

I believe, by a small liberty, I can guess it into sense and humour.

LAF. There 's one grape yet.
PAR. I am sure, *thy* * father drunk wine.
LAF. But if thou be'est not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen: I have known, &c.

If Parolles was not a little pert and impertinent to Lafew, how could he smoke him? or why should he quarrel with him in the very next scene?

P. 118. ——————— Honours best thrive,
When rather from our ACTS we them derive
Than our FORE-GOERS.

Ergo ut miremur TE, non TUA, primùm aliquid da,
Quod possim titulis incîdere PRÆTER HONORES,
Quos ILLIS damus, et dedimus quibus OMNIA DEBES.
Juven. Sat. viii. 68. &c.

Ibid. A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb,
Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb.
Of honour'd bones indeed, what should be said?

This is such pretty stuff, as is only worthy of its accurate Editors!

I dare prophesy, you have read with me:

* First folio.

—— is

——————————— is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed. What, &c.

Ibid. My honour 's at the stake, which to DEFEAT
I must produce my pow'r.

The poor King of France is again made a man of Gotham. They will not allow him a grain of common reasoning. Sure it must be,

——————————— which to DEFEND;

or something equivalent to that sense.

P. 124. *Par.* I shall report it so.
Hel. I pray you come, sirrah.

Another botch in pointing; but we will read:

Hel. I pray you.—Come, Sirrah.
[*To Par.*] [*To Clown.*]

P. 125. Like him that leap'd into the CUSTARD.

It has been conjectured to me, that this should be, cow's-T—D; but I do not know for what reason. I fancy I can explain it with more probability. It was a foolery, perhaps, practised at entertainments, when the *Fool*, or *Zany* was in vogue, for him to jump into a large deep custard, set for the purpose, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh, as our Poet says. I do not advance this guess without a seeming authority.

Ben Jonson's Devil's an Ass, Act I. Sc. 1:

He ne'er will be admitted there, where *Vent.or* comes.
He may, perchance, in tail of a sheriff's dinner,
Skip with a rhyme o' th' table, from new-nothing,
And take his Almaine LEAP into a CUSTARD,
Shall make my Lady Mayoress, and her sisters,
Laugh all their hoods over their shoulders.

P. 127. Where are my other men? Monsieur, farewell.

What other men? We hear of no retinue appointed to Helena.

I should rather place this to Biron, and point it thus:

Where are my other men, Monsieur? [*To Par.*]
—Farewell. [*To his wife, as hastening her away.*]

As

As the Second Act ends here, I will be no farther exorbitant at present; but with the compliments appertaining to the season, and all the happiness wished you, that you can wish to yourself, I conclude, dear Sir, your most sincerely affectionate, and obliged humble servant, LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER XXVII.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Wyan's Court, Dec.* 23, 1729.

I have received the favour of yours of the 20th instant with great pleasure; I may say, a double one: since I have not only the satisfaction from it of your most ingenious hints and explications, but of finding that I have the good luck so often to satisfy you in my conjectures too. I come entirely into your improvement upon my STOLE of night, as your guess is both nearer to the traces of the letters, and more consonant to the other metaphors: but, I presume, instead of SCROUL, as you in both places write it, you intended SCOWL: for that is the word which signifies *louring*, or *looking sullen*.

Apropos, while I think of it, we will have a short word upon another passage, where *school*, through all the editions, has, as I apprehend, been corruptly obtruded upon us, Macbeth, p. 205:

——————————— Here,
Here only on this bank and SCHOOL of time.

Bank and *school!* What a monstrous *couplement*, as Don Armado says, is here of heterogeneous ideas! I venture to read,

——— on this bank and SHOAL of time.

i. e. this shallow, this narrow ford of human life, opposed to the great abyss of eternity.

So in Hen. VIII. p. 68:

And sounded all the DEPTHS and SHOALS of honour.

A word

A word upon one other passage, and then to order: Love's Labour Lost, p. 271:

And when Love speaks, &c.

You propose a transposition of two lines. I would submit to you whether, without this change, by the addition of a single letter only, the same sense and noble conclusion, which you so justly admire, may not be come at,

And when Love speaks the voice of all the gods,
MARK heaven drowsy with the harmony!

Harmony making the heavens *drowsy* is the phrase which so much perplexes me. I do not remember any idea similar to it. But, dear Sir, upon the arrival of yours, and consulting the passage, I went back to the lines preceding it, distinguished with commas by Mr. Pope, and started a discovery, till then unobserved by me, that the Poet is shewing how *all the senses* are refined by Love.

It adds a precious SEEING to the EYE;
A Lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind!
A Lover's EAR will HEAR the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of Theft is stopt.
Love's FEELING is more soft and sensible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails.
Love's TONGUE proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste:
For *Valour*, is not Love a Hercules? &c.

But what has the poor sense of SMELLING done, not to keep its place among its brethren? And Hercules's *valour* was not in *climbing the trees*, but in attacking the dragon *gardant*. Was Hercules allured by the *fragrancy* of this fine fruit, as well as the golden *hue*? If so, is it impossible that our Poet might have wrote,

For SAVOUR, is not Love, &c.?

i. e. for smelling out the sweets, the delicacies (as in Horace, *illius quæ spirabat amores)* (or, as in Virgil, *divinum vertice odorem spiravére) &c.* Sed ἀπέχω. You so happily retrieved a *lost sense* in

Timon

Timon for me, that I promise myself the same success from your assistance here.

And now I proceed with All 's Well that Ends Well.

P. 128. But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
From self-unable MOTION, therefore dare not
Say what I think of it?

From the whole context, it is clear to me that we ought to read:

From self-unable NOTION.

i. e. from my own narrow conception, comprehension, &c.

P. 131. Indeed, good lady, the fellow has a deal of that too much, which HOLDS him much to have.

I do not understand this reading, but guess SOILS, *i. e.* he has so many bad qualities, that having them is a great soil and disreputation to him.

P. 137. ——————— Yond 's that same knave,
That leads him to these PLACES.

What places? They have not been talking of infamous houses, or any particular locality. I read—PACES, *i. e.* that leads him to take such irregular steps, to debaucheries, to not loving his wife.

P. 139. If you give him not JOHN DRUM'S entertainment, your inclining cannot be remov'd.

I read TOM Drum's entertainment. So, p. 175:

Good TOM Drum, lend me a handkerchief.

I should not, dear Sir, have troubled you with so minute and trivial an observation; but that, I flatter myself, you will not be displeased with my explanation of the passage before us, and the odd phrase of *Tom Drum's Entertainment*.

The Second Lord says to Bertram to this effect:

"My lord, as you have taken this fellow [*Parol-*
"*les*] into so near a confidence, if, upon his being
"found a counterfeit, you do not cashier him
"from your favour, then your attachment to him
"is not to be removed."

For

For confirmation of this meaning, we must make a quotation from Holinshed, of whose books Shakespeare was a most diligent reader. This Chronologer, in his description of Ireland, speaking of Patrick Scarsefield (Mayor of Dublin in the year 1551) and of his extravagant hospitality, subjoins, that no guest had ever a cold or forbidding look from any part of his family; so that "his porter, or any other officer, durst not for both his ears give the simplest man that resorted to his house TOM DRUM'S ENTERTAINMENT, which is, *to hale a man in by the head, and thrust him out by both the shoulders.*"

I presume, it may be necessary to quote this.

P. 144. I must put you into a butterwoman's mouth, and buy myself another of *Bajazet's mule.*

Why of Bajazet's mule, any more than any other mule? I do not take the conceit.

P. 148. Since Frenchmen are so BRAID.

Quid sibi vult braid?

P. 159. I would *I* had not known him.

I think this should be,

I would HE had not known him.

i. e. her son known Parolles.

P. 163. But I' am now, Sir, muddied in Fortune's MOOD, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Fortune's mood is without question good sense and proper, and yet I believe it ought to be:

——————— in Fortune's MOAT.

Because the Clown in the very next scene says,

I will henceforth eat no FISH of Fortune's buttering.

And again in the next page,

That hath fallen into the unclean FISH-POND of her displeasure, and, as he says, is MUDDIED withal. Pray you, Sir, use the CARP as you may, &c.

P. 167. Which better than the first, O dear heav'n, bless,
Or, ere they meet, in me, O Nature, cease!

I have

I have a strong suspicion these two lines should be spoken by the Countess. If Bertram made a bad husband the second time, why should it give the king such mortal pangs? The mother, indeed, might well not desire to live to see the day.

P. 168. Noble she was, and thought I stood ENGAG'D.

If the Editors are not a little too wise for me here, I suspect from the context it should be,

——————— I stood UNGAG'D,

i. e. unengag'd; neither my heart, nor person, disposed of.

P. 169. I will buy me a son in law in a fair, and toll for this. I 'll none of him.

I do not clearly understand this; and suspect the pointing.

P. 170. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend,
Till your deeds gain them fairer: prove your honour
Than in my thought it lies.

Sure, the pointing here cannot be right: nor is the sense clear, or grammar justifiable. I read and point it thus:

——— gain them: Fairer prove your honour,
Than in my thought it lies!

And now, dear Sir, having finished my queries on this Play, with leave I will fill up the remainder of my paper with two or three passages by way of excursion:

1st Henry IV. p. 185:

Fal. Why, Hal, 't is my vocation, Hal. 'T is no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.

Enter Poins.

Poins. Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match.

Thus the whole tribe of Editors, *uno ore*. But, I think, here is as signal a blunder has escaped them, as any one through the whole set of Plays. Will any body persuade me, Shakespeare could be guilty of

of such an inconsistency, as to make Poines at his first entrance want news of Gadshill; and immediately after to be able to give a full account of him?

I make not the least doubt, but as soon as ever Poines is seen, Falstaffe turns the stream of his discourse from the Prince, and cries:

Poines!—Now shall we know if Gadshill, &c.

Please but to examine how much this speech is in character for Falstaffe: and as confirmation, Poines seems in part to overhear him: and so soon as he has returned the Prince's salutations, cries by way of answer:

What says, Monsieur Remorse? What says Sir John Sack and Sugar?

P. 236. Thou art our Admiral, thou bear'st the lanthorn in the poop, BUT 'tis in the nose of thee.

In the first place, does not every vessel carry the lanthorn in the poop? And then, why this *discretive* BUT? I think verily, it should be:

Thou bear'st the lanthorn NOT in the poop, *but* 't is in the nose of thee.

P. 266. *Hots.* O Harry, thou hast robbed me of my YOUTH.

Why does Hotspur level his complaint there? He a little before wishes Prince Harry's name in arms were as great as his own; that his own renown might be still the higher in overcoming him; and here he says that the loss of life he better brooks than the loss of those high titles which the Prince wins of him by his defeat. Why then this regret—at the loss of his *youth*?

I have a strong suspicion that our Poet wrote:

O Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my WORTH.

i. e. thou hast cut off the fame of all my budding honours, by this conquest of thine.

2 Henry IV. p. 324:

There is TWO more call'd than your number, you must have but FOUR here, Sir.

How,

How, TWO more? Falstaffe was to have FOUR: and there are but FIVE called in all; Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, and Bulcalfe. I am afraid, something either is lost; or else, sure, the Poet could not be so palpably inadvertent.

Henry V. p. 421:

The King is coming, and I must speak with him.

Please to see Mr. Pope's accurate note. I beg his pardon, if I wrong him. I say the words FROM THE BRIDGE ought to be continued. Fluellen, who came from the bridge, means, that he wants to acquaint the King with the transactions there, and with the Duke of Exeter's having repulsed the French from thence. On the presumption of being right in this, I will make bold to attack another wise criticism of our Editor, lower in this Play, p. 451:

Kill the boys and the luggage! &c.

You see upon what reasoning Mr. Pope has made bold to displace a Chorus, which was put very absurdly here in his opinion. But I say, Mr. Pope has committed a much greater absurdity in making this alteration. The King ordered the prisoners to be killed just as he goes off; and it appears by the second speech of this scene, that they are killed; so that the interval of the act is necessary for that purpose. Besides, if Mr. Pope had been pleased to observe, Fluellin is speaking of the English campboys, that had been killed most barbarously by the French runaways (as both Hall and Holinshed record it), and that therefore the King had ordered every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat.

But I am almost going out of limit, and wearing out your patience at once.

Believe me, dearest Sir, with the most sincere zeal and gratitude, your ever affectionate friend and humble servant, LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER XXVIII.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Wyan's Court, Dec.* 27, 1729.

Having no prohibition from you on account of the season, I keep regularly on in my task; and am now come to Twelfth Night, or, What You Will.

Whether this title arose from the time of year at which this piece was performed, I cannot say. There is no circumstance that I can observe in the Play to give occasion to this name; nothing either to fix it down particularly to *Twelfth Night*—or to leave it so loose and general a description as *What You Will.*

P. 179. ———— Like the sweet SOUTH
That breaths upon a bank of violets.

The old copies read SOUND. I read, as I find Mr. Rowe does likewise, WIND. I do not know that our Poet any where expresses an opinion of the sweetness of the *South.* He has several passages which seem evidences to the contrary:

Tempest, p. 18:
A SOUTH-west blow on you, and blister you all o'er!

Coriolanus, p. 189:
All the contagion of the SOUTH light on you, &c.

Troilus, p. 350:
Now the rotten diseases of the SOUTH, &c.

P. 186. ———— And yet I will not compare with *an* OLD MAN

I do not know what Sir Andrew is at here. I had marked in my book A NOBLEMAN; *sed hæret aqua.*

P. 192. One draught above HEAT makes him a fool.

What does the Clown mean, by a draught above *heat?*

P. 194. Are as SECRET as MAIDEN-HEAD; to your ears, *Divinity;* to any others, *Prophanation.*

The

The context seems rather to persuade,

——— as SACRED as MAID-HOOD.

And this afterwards, p. 219, Olivia swears by,

By MAID-HOOD, honour, &c.

Ibid. Such a one I was THIS PRESENT.

Is not this an odd expression?

P. 195. ——— To the *reverberate* hills.

I am afraid, our Poet may sometimes use the *passive* participle for the *active*; but should it not be—*reverberant*?

P. 201. By my troth, the fool has an excellent BREAST.

I have been advised, as the discourse runs on the Fool's singing, that this should be, BREATH: because it is said in the very next line,

And so sweet a BREATH to sing;

and in the very next page,

A mellifluous VOICE—a contagious BREATH.

But I think the text is not to be disturbed.

I have no doubt but it was the phrase for what we now call, *good lungs, a good power of holding out in singing.*

So in Ben Jonson's Masque of Metamorphized Gipsies, p. 407:

An excellent song, and a sweet songster, and would have done rarely in a cage with a dish of water and hemp-seed; fine BREAST of his own.

And in a Spanish Vocabulary, printed in Queen Elizabeth's time, this phrase, *Aquel tiene linda boz, (i. e.* he has a fine voice) is Englished—he has a GOOD BREAST.

Ibid. I sent thee sixpence for thy LEMON, hadst it?

But the Clown neither belonged to the cellar, nor pantry. I read LEMAN, *i. e.* to treat thy mistress. So, in 2 Henry IV. p. 363:

And drink unto the LEMAN mine, &c.

P. 205. Unstaid and skittish in all MOTIONS else.

Annon potiùs, NOTIONS?

P. 210. The lady of the STRACHY married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Is any certain piece of family-history pointed at here? If there be, I am at a loss for it.

P. ..... Though our silence be drawn from us with CARES, yet peace.

Quid sibi vult, nescio.

P. 211. What *employment* have we here?

I should think, IMPLEMENT.

P. 217. But wise men's folly fall'n, quite taints their wit.

I read and point thus:

But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.

Ibid.	*Sir Tob.* Save you, gentleman.	Sir And.
	Vio. And you, Sir.	
	Sir And. Dieu vous guarde, M.	Sir Tob.
	Vio. Et vous aussi, ——	
	Sir And. I hope, Sir, ——	Sir Tob.
	[*Sir Tob.*] Will you encounter?	Dele.

I suspect, these speeches should rather be regulated as above. Is there any probability that Sir Andrew should speak French, who did not in the first Act know the English of *pourquoy*?

P. 218. —— I did send,
After the last enchantment you did hear,
A ring in chase of you.

Unless this be wrong pointed, I do not understand it at all:

—— I did send,
After the last enchantment, you did hear,
A ring in chase of you.

P. 221. Look, where the youngest wren of MINE comes.

I think, it should be NINE.

P. 222, 3. I can no other answer make but thanks,
And thanks: and *ever-oft* good turns
Are shuffled off, &c.

The second line, you observe, is too short by a whole foot; and then, who ever heard of this goodly double adverb, *ever-oft*? In the signification it must carry, is it not full as improper as *always-sometimes*?

sometimes?. I conjecture the passage should be thus restored:

And thanks, and ever thanks: and oft good turns, &c.

In Cymbeline, p. 15, we meet an expression not very unlike to this:

Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be EVER to pay, and yet PAY STILL.

P. 224. I have sent after him; HE SAYS HE 'LL come.

Who did he say so to? or from whom could my Lady have any such intelligence? Her servant, employed upon this errand, was not yet returned; and, when he does come, he brings word, p. 225, that he could *hardly entreat him back*. I am persuaded she was intended to be in suspense, and deliberating with herself: and would therefore read,

SAY, HE WILL come; how shall I feast him, &c.

And before, at p. 187:

SAY, I do speak with her, my Lord, what then?

And so, Taming of the Shrew, p. 35:

SAY that she rail, why then I 'll tell her plain, &c.

P. 236. I prethee foolish GREEK depart from me.

Why, foolish *Greek*? I know, it was a common expression, *as merry as a* Greek: but Sebastian here is not in drollery, but very sober and reserved with the Clown. I suspect it should rather be,

I prethee, foolish GECK:

i. e. gull, buffoon. So, p. 253:

And made the most notorious GECK, or gull.

P. 239. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning WILD-FOWL?

I do not know whether it is reasonable to call our Poet's fools and clowns to any account? But should not the question have been—concerning THE SOUL?

So a little lower:

Ibid. And fear to kill a woodcock, least thou dispossess the HOUSE of thy grandam.

Annon rectiùs, SOUL?

P. 246.

P. 246. Like to th' Egyptian thief, at point of death,
Kill what I love?

I do not know whether I was ever acquainted with this story, but I am sure I cannot now recollect it.

P. 248. But he 's the very devil INCARNATE.

Our Editor spoils a low joke from a foolish Knight; for the old folios read, INCARDINATE.

P. 250. —— by whose gentle help I was PRESERV'D
to serve this noble Duke.

I make no question but this should be,
—— I was PREFER'D to serve, &c.

For the first time she and the Captain appear on the Stage, this is the argument of part of their discourse. See p. 182;
I 'll serve this duke, thou shalt present me, &c.

And now I have done with this trifling Play. The next will furnish a little more work, and a little more deserves our employment, *The Winter's Tale.*

I must get the old Tale of Dorastus and Faunia, to examine what absurdities of his story the Poet has derived from thence, and what others supplied from his own fund.

P. 260. Yet, good HEED, Leontes.

The first folio reads much better:
Yet (good DEED) Leontes;
i. e. in good faith, verily.

P. 261. Th' imposition clear'd hereditary ours.

This, I presume, means—setting aside original sin, and the penalty denounced against the third and fourth generation, on the ancestor's transgressing.

P. 263. Thou want'st a rough PASH.

This word I neither know, nor can find.

Ibid. Communicat'st with dreams—how can this be
With what 's unreal? thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing.

I point this differently;
—— how can this be?
With what 's unreal thou coactive art, &c.

Ibid.

Ibid. Are you mov'd, my Lord?

The versification, if not the sense, requires,

Are you NOT mov'd, my lord?

P. 266. But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Amongst the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth in your affairs, my lord.

Most accurate pointing this, and fine nonsense the result of it!

I doubt not but you have distinguished it thus:

Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,

P. 268. Why he that wears her like HER medal.

Annon, HIS?

Ibid. I have lov'd thee.

LEO. Make that thy question, and go rot.

This is a strange instance of disrespect and insolence in Camillo to his King and master, to tell him that *he has once lov'd him.* But I will venture to acquit our Poet of such an impropriety. I read,

LEO. I 've lov'd thee.—Make 't thy question, and go rot.

i. e. the King, provoked that Camillo will not come in to his suspicions, cries:

"Look you, I have lov'd you; but if you make a question of my wife's disloyalty, [I hate you, and] go rot, &c.

P. 271. Swear HIS thought over by each, &c.

Sure, this should be either,

Swear THIS thought over, &c.

Or rather,

Swear this THOUGH over, &c.

P. 277. I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
The second, and the third, nine; and SONS five.

The second folio Edition led both Mr. Rowe and Mr. Pope, without thought, into this absurd reading. What! was it the law in Sicily, that three daughters should be coheirs with five sons?

But the first folio comes in to our assistance, if we only correct the pointing:

The second, and the third, nine, and SOME five;

i. e.

i. e. the second daughter nine years old, and the third about some five years old.

P. 278. *Lord.* I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord;
Upon this ground; and more it would content me
To have YOUR honour true.

This speech, I think, should be placed to *Antigonus;* and we ought to read—HER Honour.

P. 283. And would by combat make her good so, were I
A man.

A small misprision in the pointing, and very easily to be rectified:

And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, &c.

P. 286. With Lady Margery, your MIDWIFE there.

Why *midwife?* Does the King mean to reflect on Antigonus's wife, as if she would be a party-bawd, to conceal the adultery, and save the child?

P. 287. So sure as THIS beard 's grey.

I suspect, we ought to read,

So sure as HIS beard 's grey.

i. e. Antigonus's; for the King cannot mean his own. It is very plain, from the first Scene of this Act, the Prince was a very young boy: and, p. 263, the King says that looking upon the child, he was moved to throw off 23 years in thought, and fancy himself just such a stripling; so that, allowing the child to be eight years old, the father could be but 31. How old Antigonus might be, can scarce be determined neither with certainty. Indeed, p. 299, the Shepherd says, Would I had been by to have helped the OLD man: but how he knew him to be old, I cannot tell. Again, Paulina, p. 349, calls herself an old turtle; but that might be with regard to having lost her husband 16 years.

This, dear Sir, was begun and intended for the post on Thursday last; but friends, like Philistines, came upon me, and marred my purpose.

I have

I have your agreeable one of the 22d instant, and am wrapped up with your curious explanation of the *thin man in the censer*.

I have only time now to confess myself, dear Sir, your most affectionate and faithful humble servant,

LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER XXIX.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Wyan's Court, Dec.* 29, 1729.

To proceed without stop upon the Winter's Tale, because it is followed by a Play wholly made up of charms.

P. 288. Act III. Sc. 1.—I have more than one reason why I think this ought rather to be the last Scene of the second Act. We find, at the latter end of p. 287, that Cleomines and Dion are arrived from Delphos; but at the middle of p. 289 they are not yet arrived to Court, but want fresh horses for their last stage: and yet the very next scene opens with the session convened for the Queen's trial, the determination of which was to await the answer of the oracle. This hurries the action on with somewhat too much precipitation; and, besides, the interval of an Act is absolutely necessary, for placing the benches, and other formalities, requisite to represent a Court of Judicature.

P. 292. ——————— lastly hurried
Here to this place, i' th' open air, before
I have got strength of LIMBS. AND now—

The first folio reads, I think, better:

——————— before
I have got strength of LIMIT. Now—

i. e. strength enough for coming abroad.

P. 295. That thou betray'd'st Polixenes, 'twas nothing,
That did but shew thee, of a FOOL, inconstant,
And damnable ingrateful: ——

I read:

I read:

——————————— 'twas nothing,
That did but shew thee of a SOUL inconstant,
And ——

Ibid. ——————————— But, O, thou tyrant!
DOST not repent these things, for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir? therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair.

Thus the first folio edition rectifies this absurd passage:

——————————— But, O, thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things, for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir: ——

It is evident, Paulina is discouraging him from repentance, on the supposition of his crimes being too heinous to be forgiven.

P. 298. Blossom, speed thee well,
There lye, and there thy CHARACTER: —

I do not know what is here meant by *character*. *Gold*, and a *mantle*, and a *metal*, are left with the baby; but no other notices of her birth, or whose issue she was.

P. 299. *Sheph.* Would I had been by to have help'd the OLD man.
Clown. I WOULD you had been by the ship-side, to have help'd her, *there your charity would have lack'd footing.*

I am afraid, here are two false readings in two lines. How came the *Shepherd*, who did not see Antigonus, know him to be an *old* man?

His son, a little higher, acquaints us he was a NOBLEMAN; and therefore I suspect we should read,

—— to have help'd the NOBLEMAN.

But what? Does this ungracious Clown wish his father to have been by the ship-side to have been drowned? I suspect here we should read,

I WOULD NOT you had been, &c.

P. 300. You 're a MAD old man —

I cannot but think, upon the Clown's opening the fardel,

fardel, and discovering the wealth of it, he should say to his father,

You are a MADE man —

So, Midsummer Night's Dream, p. 125:

We had all been MADE men.

And so, Twelfth Night, p. 213:

Go to, thou art MADE, if thou desirest to be so.

P. 304. Being, as I am, littered under *Mercury*, was likewise a *Snapper-up* of unconsidered trifles.

As the Poet here seems to be precise in the astrological influences of a nativity, so, I dare say, he is equally exact to what the books say of one born under *Ursa Major*, in Lear, p. 366; of which I can find nothing in Manilius, nor Scaliger upon him.

Ibid. I cannot do it without COMPTERS.

Do you think, dear Sir, it will be necessary, upon any one of the Plays, to subjoin an explanation of the old way of reckoning called *counter-casting*; which I find is still used in some of the Colleges?

P. 305. I' th' name of ME ——

I suspect, " I' th' name of the ——"

The Clown, hearing Autolicus groan, begins to be afraid; and apprehending a spirit, according to the old superstition, falls to invoking the Trinity.

P. 307. Let me be UNROLL'D, and my name put into the Book of Virtue.

What does he mean by *unrolled*? His name taken out of the Register of Iniquity?

Ibid. —————— I should blush
To see you so attired; SWORN I think
To SHEW myself A glass.

I own I cannot understand this. I venture to read,

—————— SWOON, I think,
To SEE myself I' TH' glass.

i. e. she should *blush* to see the Prince so *obscured*; and *swoon*, to see herself so *pranked up*.

P. 309. —————— Come on,
And bid us welcome to the sheep-shearing.

I think

I think, verily, Polixenes ought to speak this to Perdita.

P. 312. I 'll swear for 'EM.

Should not Perdita say, "I 'll swear for ONE?" meaning herself.

P. 313. —— with such delicate burthens of . . . . . and FAPINGS.

Why, in the name of nonsense, *fapings?* I read, ... and FA-DINGS; certainly the burthens of some songs of those times. Of the latter term I can give some little account. It was, I presume, the burthen of some so prevailing a ditty, that a dance was composed to the tune.

Of this dance Beaumont and Fletcher make mention in the Knight of the Burning Pestle, p. 2314 (a piece, like the Rehearsal, made to banter the Plays of those times):

> George, I will have him dance FADING; FADING is a fine jig, I 'll assure you, Gentlemen. Begin, brother, now a' capers, sweet-heart, now a turn o' th' toe, and then tumble!

P. 316. Master, there are three CARTERS, three shep*herds*, three neat*herds*, and three swine*herds*, &c.

Now, in the next page, these are called *four-threes* of *herdsmen.* But could the CARTERS be called *herdsmen?* At least they have not the final syllable, *herd,* to their names; which, I believe, Shakespeare intended all the *four three's* should have.

I have, therefore, guessed it should be,

Master, there are three GOAT-HERDS, *three,* &c.

And so, I think, we take in the four species of cattle, usually tended by herdsmen.

P. 320. SHEP. O, my heart!

As the King is, both in the preceding and subsequent speeches, rating Perdita, I think verily this little distressful exclamation ought to be placed to her.

her. Besides, from what follows, it should seem that the old Shepherd was perfectly thunderstruck, or struck all of a heap, as the vulgar say, which Camillo perceiving, says to him,

Why, how now, father? SPEAK ere thou dyest.

P. 322. And most opportune to HER need.

I read OUR; for the Prince had equal occasion for the ship.

P. 324. The which shall point you forth at ev'ry SITTING
What you must say ———

But, perhaps, if the King had asked his questions *standing*, these directions of Camillo might not have been of equal service.—Dr. Thirlby proposes, SIFTING: I read, FITTING; *i. e.* such answers as are *fitting* and necessary to the questions, as started.

P. 325. The MEDICINE of our house.

I read again, MEDECIN, as in All's Well that Ends Well, p. 108. [See p. 343.]

P. 329. —— and they often give us soldiers the lie, but we *pay* them for it with *stamped* coin, NOT stabbing steel, therefore they *don't give* us the lie.

Is not this mock-reasoning? I do not think the conundrum betwixt *paying* and *not giving*, is all the Poet's meaning here. He certainly intended to say, in the character of Autolicus (who has taken it in his head to assume the soldier), how dangerous it was to give soldiers the lie.

So in Othello, p. 385:

Desd. Do you know, sirrah, where Lieutenant Cassio lies?

Clown. I dare not say he *lies* any where.

Desd. Why, man?

Clown. He 's a soldier: and for me to say a SOLDIER LIES, 'tis STABBING.

What, therefore, if we should read in the passage before us,

But we pay them for it in stamped coin, NOT STABBING steel, &c.

i. e.

i. e. wound-impressing; and then *stamped* coin has a regard both to the wound given, and to the *stamping* with the foot in making a *pass*.

P. 331. I will but LOOK upon the hedge, and follow you.

We have guessed LEAKE.

So 1 Henry IV. p. 197:

Why, they will allow us ne'er a jourden, and then we *leake* in the chimney.

P. 332. Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of, TRUE.

Pau. Too true, my Lord.

I read thus:

——— hopes out of.

Pau. True, too true, my Lord.

P. 333. I think so. Kill'd?
She *I* | kill'd? *I* | did *so*, | but *thou* | striks't *me*.

Where are the Editor's ears? As the emphasis in English hexameters, or pentameters (which we shall call them), always falls upon every second syllable to the end of the verse, pray, dear Sir, do but sound this line; and how every foot halts and jars! But we with great ease may restore it to numerousness.

——————— I think so. Kill'd?
KILL'D?—She I kill'd?—I did so; but thou strik'st me.

P. 334. ——————— and on this stage,
(Where we OFFENDERS now appear) soul-vext,
And begin, Why to me?

Sure, a verb is wanting here to compleat the sense.

And on this stage soul-vext, and begin—

I suspect there should be a slight alteration in the text; and another in the pointing of it. I have read,

——————— and on this stage
(Where we OFFEND HER now) appear soul-vext,
And begin, Why to me—

P. 346. My Lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers dry scarce any joy
Did ever, &c.

The

The pointing in the first folio might have instructed Mr. Pope to have made clear sense of this passage:

So many summers dry: scarce any, &c.

And now, dear Sir, I have finished with this Play; and come to thank you for the pleasure of your excursion on Anthony, and most happy emendation of Mab's office in Romeo and Juliet.

As I have a little paper left, you will give me leave to inform you in what a different sense I have always took one passage in Anthony, which you have attempted to amend. Your emendation I need not repeat; only give you my own comment:

O Anthony! — Nay, I will take *thee too.* —What should I stay —

After this short exclamation on Anthony, thinking her death slow, and fearing least the aspick she applied to her breast should not be sufficient to dispatch her, she takes up another, and claps it to her arm. For confirmation, dear Sir, please to take Dolobella's words at p. 109:

Here on her BREAST there is a vent of blood, and something blown, the LIKE is on her ARM.

But, dear Sir, as you have made one so fine emendation on Romeo, p. 131, please to turn the leaves, and observe this line:

Sometimes she gallops o'er a LAWYER'S nose.

But five lines higher he has mentioned her progress over *Lawyer's fingers:* and I am sure the Poet's fancy was not so barren to descend to such a needless *iteration.* I have guessed,

—— o'er a TAYLOR'S nose.

The word *suit,* you know, is as applicable to *cloaths,* as to a process at *Law,* or petition at *Court.* But then the objection which I have started to myself is whether the *Taylor* be considerable enough to be mixed with the other characters, as *Lovers, Courtiers, Lawyers, Ladies, Parsons,* and *Soldiers.* I commit it to your sagacity.

I will

I will continue, for the future, to number my Letters, as you advise; a rule not a little necessary, as we cannot possibly have leisure for copying.

I am, dearest Sir, your most affectionate and faithful friend and servant, LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER XXX.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Wyan's Court, Dec.* 30, 1729.

Your most kind diligence in my service prompts me with the greatest pleasure to double my correspondence this post; and to second my enquiries on the Winter's Tale, with as many as my paper will admit of on Lear.

P. 353. ——— for *qualities* are so weighed.

The old quarto, 1608, reads *equalities*. Either may do; and I am at a loss which to prefer.

P. 354. —— some year elder than this; who yet is no dearer in my account, though this knave came somewhat sawcily to the world before he was sent for; yet was his mother fair, there was —

Thus, certainly, the pointing of this passage ought to be regulated:

——— some year elder than this; who yet is no dearer in my account: though, &c. —— before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; &c.

Ibid. —— and 'tis our intent.

The old quarto reads,

—— and 'tis our FIRST intent.

Mr. Pope threw out the epithet with too curious a regard to the measure, I suppose; and not considering that *kingdom*, in the pronouncing, might be resolved into one syllable. I read,

In three our kingdo'm; and 'tis our FAST intent;

i. e. our fixed, constant, resolution.

P. 357.

P. 357. Make with you by due turns: only retain
The name AND all th' addition to a King:
The sway, revenue, execution,
Beloved sons, be yours; ——

I think the Editors a little mistake our Poet's meaning; besides all the oldest copies have a reading in the third line, which is quite sunk upon us:

The sway, revenue, execution OF THE REST.

I read the whole, and point it thus:

Make with you by due turns, only retain
The name; BUT all th' addition to a King,
The sway, revenue, execution, OFFICE,
Beloved sons, &c.

P. 359. COR. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble Lord.

Though several of the old copies most absurdly place this line to Cordelia, we must restore it, with the oldest quarto, to Gloucester, who, p. 354, was sent by the King to attend France and Burgundy.

Ibid. Or all of it with our displeasure PIERC'D.

All the old copies concur in PIEC'D; *i. e.* with my displeasure annext, to boot.

So again, p. 412:

I will PIECE out the comfort with what addition I can:

et pluriès alibi. It seems a favourite term with our Poet; which makes me almost fear that, though your emendation on the 21st page of Anthony much ennobles the metaphor, yet it may give a stronger image than the Poet dreamt of.

P. 360. ——— Sure th' offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
AS MONSTROUS IS; or your forevoucht affection
COULD NOT fall into taint; ——

Thus the old copies:

——— Sure HER offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
THAT MONSTERS IT: or your forevoucht affection
Fall into taint, ——

I read,

So many folds of favour! Sure her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it; ERE your forevoucht affection
Fall into taint: ——

Monsters it; *i. e.* that makes a prodigy of it.

So Coriolanus, p. 211:

—————— than idly sit
To hear my nothings MONSTER'D.

P. 360. Since that respect and fortunes are his love—

I have formerly corrected,

Since that respects of fortune, &c.

This reading, I find since, is justified by the first old quarto.

And see what France says a little higher:

Love is not love when it is mingled with REGARDS, &c.

P. 361. —————— I know what you are,
And like a sister am most loth to call
Your faults as they are named. ——

The sense of the second line may be cleared also a little, both by this pointing,

—————— I know what you are;
And, like a sister, am, &c.

And by this quotation from As you Like it, p. 311:

I speak but *brotherly* of him, but should I anatomize him to thee *as he is*, &c.

Ibid. And well are worth the WANT that you have wanted.

The old quarto reads, WORTH. Either of them is equally obscure to me.

P. 362. Pray you let us SIT together.

The old quarto, sure, better,

Pray you let us HIE together;

i. e. as afterwards, p. 368:

I'll write strait to my sister *to hold my course.*

P. 364. This policy and reverence of AGES ——

Read, AGE; *i. e.* of old age.

P. 365. He cannot be such a monster. Edmund, seek him out.

The

The old quarto has something more here, that was curtailed, I doubt not, by the wisdom of the Players: the doing of which, in my opinion, much weakens the hypocrisy, and dissembled candour, of the Bastard.

Glou. He cannot be such a monster.

Bast. Nor is not, sure.

Glou. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him: heaven and earth! Edmund, seek, &c.

P. 366. —— under Ursa Major, so that it follows I am rough and LEACHEROUS.

I have suspected, you know, TREACHEROUS. But what your Nativity-casters say upon the subject I do not know well how to trace.

P. 368. Whose mind and mine I know in that are one. Remember what I have said. ——

I will venture to restore a few lines here from the old quarto, that, I presume, the world will not be angry with me for. The thought of them is natural and fine, and they have the very stamp of our Author impressed on them, to speak them genuine; and also do not a little heighten the baseness of Goneril's disposition:

Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
Not to be over-rul'd: Idle old man,
That still would manage those authorities
That he hath giv'n away! Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again; and must be us'd
With checks, as flatt'ries when they are seen ABUS'D.
Remember, &c.

What a Collator must our Editor be, or what a wrong-headed judge!

I read, *abuses,* or *t' abuse us; and then all is right.*

Ibid. And can my speech *disuse.*

All the old copies, *defuse; i. e. so spread, and* disguised, as not to be known by it.

The word recurs again, in the Merry Wives of Windsor, p. 278:

With some *diffused* song.

And Henry V. p. 467:

Stern looks, *diffus'd* attire, &c.

And Richard III. p. 298:

Vouchsafe, *diffus'd* infection of a man, &c.

P. 372. Nothing can be made out of nothing.

Was this at all the philosophy of Shakespeare's times, or had he not this thesis of Lucretius in his mind? book I. 15:

NULLAM REM è NIHILO GIGNI divinitùs unquam.

Or this, v. 156:

NIHIL POSSE CREARI DE NIHILO.

But, dear Sir, if he did not borrow the thought immediately from our Roman Philosopher, I think, I can point out two other lines that must be said to be translated from him. Hamlet, p. 232:

There are more things in HEAV'N AND EARTH, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your PHILOSOPHY.

Quippe ita formido mortales continet omnes,
Quod *multa in terris fieri, cæloque* tuentur,
Quorum *operum causas nullâ ratione videre*
Possunt. Lucr. lib. I. 152, &c.

Ibid. *Fool.* Dost thou know the difference, my boy, betwixt a bitter fool and a sweet one?

Lear. No, lad; teach me.

Fool. Nuncle, give me an egg, &c.

The Fool, instead of teaching the King, as he desired, goes on to other matter. But I can restore you the Fool's definition from the old quarto, which is both humourous and satirical enough.

Lear. No, lad; teach me.

Fool. That lord that counsel'd thee to give away thy land,
Come, place him here by me; do thou for him stand;
The sweet and bitter Fool will presently appear;
The one in motley here, the other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

The King has reason here to charge his Jester with calling

calling him Fool; but, pray, without these lines, is there any shadow for such a charge?

P. 381. He 's coming hither now i' th' night, haste.

Both the old quarto and first folio cure the halting of this line:

—— now i' th' night, I' TH' haste.

P. 382. My worthy ARCH and patron.

Is this word ever used substantively in this signification? Or should not we transpose,

My worthy AND ARCH-patron?

Ibid. I 'le make a SOP o' th' moonshine of you —

I do not at all conceive the meaning of this phrase. Considering Kent calls him *glass-gazing*, *superfinical* rogue, and *neat* slave, I have some suspicion it should be,

I 'll make a FOP o' th' moonshine of you.

P. 386. Like rats, oft bite those cords in twain, &c.

I question much whether the degraded lines here, which are from the first folio, do not deserve a thought or two for an emendation.

Remember Anthony, p. 107:

Come, mortal wretch,
With thy sharp teeth this knot INTRINSICATE
Of life at once untie.

P. 390. Blanket my loins, PUT all my hair in knots.

This is a modern sophistication of the text; the old quarto reads ELSE; but the first folio, rightly,

ELFE all my haires in knots.

Romeo and Juliet, p. 132:

And cakes the ELFE-locks in foul sluttish haires.

P. 395. Do you but mark how this becomes the HOUSE?

Should not this rather be, the USE? *i. e.* the rule and custom of Nature.

See Tempest, p. 67:

But oh! how *oddly* will it sound, that I should ask my child forgiveness?

And Coriolanus, p. 270:

I kneel before thee, and UNPROPERLY
Shew duty as MISTAKEN all the while
Between the CHILD and PARENT.

P. 395.

P. 395. Look'd BLACK upon me ——

I do not well understand this expression. I have suspected,

Look'd BLANK upon me;

i. e. as above, p. 391:

Gave me COLD LOOKS.

And see Hamlet, p. 266:

Each opposite that BLANKS the face of joy.

Ibid. Thy tender-HEARTED nature.

This is a modern reading. The old quarto reads, tender-HESTED; but the first folio, rightly, tender-HEFTED; *i. e.* thy bosom is HEAVED with tender sentiments.

Winter's Tale, p. 282:

'Tis such as you,
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless HEAVINGS.

P. 409. False of heart, *light of ear.*

I do not clearly apprehend what he means by *light of ear.* Is it *credulous of slanders,* or *reports* to any one's *disadvantage?*

Ibid. SWITHOLD footed twice the OLD.

It might puzzle Mr. Pope, perhaps, if one were either to ask him who this *Swithold* is, or what is the meaning of that choice phrase, *footing the old.* I read,

S. WITHOLD footed thrice the WOLD.

We hear of this Saint Withold in another of our Author's pieces, The Troublesome Reign of King John:

Sweet, S. WITHOLD, of thy lenity, &c.

And for *wold,* Skinner expounds it to us, "Locus sylvæ expers, montes vel colles," &c.

At tandèm manum de tabulâ. Another (marked No. 1.) attends you this post, dearest Sir, from your most affectionate and faithful friend and servant,

LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER

LETTER XXXI.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Wyan's Court, Jan.* 1, 1729-30.

I have the pleasure of yours (No. 2.) of the 27th of December; and now hasten to give you the remainder of my observations and enquiries on Lear.

P. 410. —— with this same learned *Theban.*

In the next page the King calls him *Athenian;* but, as his wits are unsettled, to reconcile this variation perhaps were impertinent, if not ridiculous.

P. 411. How, my Lord! I may be censured.

This chimerical admiration has not the least countenance from the old books, and quite subverts the Bastard's reflection. We must restore,

How, my Lord, I may be censured.

P. 412. Here is better than the open air; take it *thankfully.*

For *Gloucester* to desire *Kent* that he would take his favours thankfully, is not without suspicion to me; since they were principally conferred on the King his master, and reached his train only consequentially.

P. 413. For he 's a yeoman that sees his son a gentleman before him.

The first folio adds, necessarily,

For he 's a MAD yeoman, &c.

Ibid. Most learned *Justice.*

I read, to complete the verse, *Justicer.*

Ibid. —— Now, ye she-foxes.

You see Mr. Pope's note here at bottom; notwithstanding which, I will quote several speeches *in the mad way* from the first quarto, of which he takes not the least notice.

Immediately after these words follows:

Edg. Look where he stands and glares.
Want'st thou eyes at trial, Madam?
Come, o'er the broom, Bessy, to me.

Fool.

Fool. Her boat hath a leak,
And she must not speak.
Why she dares not come over to thee.
Edg. The foul fiend haunts, &c.

P. 413. after — I have no food for thee; — the quarto adds,

Kent. How do you, Sir? Stand you not so amaz'd:
Will you lie down, and rest upon the cushions?

Ibid. after — sit you too — the quarto adds,

Edg. Let us deal justly; sleepest, or wak'st, thou jolly shepherd? Thy sheep be in the corn; and for one blast of thy minikin mouth, thy sheep shall take no harm. Pur the cat is grey.

Ibid. after — arraign her first, 'tis Goneril — the quarto adds,

I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor King her father.

(Whether these insertions are any advantage to the Scene, is not the question: but what dictatorial authority has our Editor to produce only some, and stifle others?)

Ibid. after — I took you for a joint-stool — the quarto adds two verses to the King's speech, in my mind truly fine and necessary:

Lear. And here 's another, whose warpt * looks proclaim me
What STORE † her heart is made on.—Stop her there;
Arms, arms, &c.

Now, dear Sir, I will venture to restore to you a long and notable passage (exiled by this most indolent Editor), that I believe you will own breathes all the spirit of Shakespeare.

What can Mr. Pope mean by pretending to put the old quarto in his list of collated editions, and yet make these unsufferable slips?

P. 414. l. ult. after — Give thee quick conduct. —
Kent. —— Oppressed Nature sleeps:

* For such a warped slip of wilderness
Ne'er issued from his blood. MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

† I think, STONE.

This

This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken
SINEWES, [I think SENSES.]
Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure. Come, help to bear thy
master; [To the field, I doubt not.]
Thou must not stay behind.

Glou. Come, come away. [*Exit.*

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes,
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
Who alone suffers, SUFFERS * most i' th' mind,
Leaving free things and happy shows behind:
But then the mind much suff'rance does o'erskip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.
How light and portable my pain seems now,
When that, which makes me bend, makes the
King bow!
He childed, as I father'd.—Tom, away;
Mark the high noises, and then thyself bewray,
When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee,
In thy just proof repeals and reconciles thee.
What will hap more to-night, safe 'scape the
King!

Now, dear Sir, are not all these reflections vastly fine, and vastly in character for Edgar, compared with those he makes at the beginning of the Fourth Act.

As you encouraged me in one plagiary, with which I acquainted you in a former, I will not dismiss this passage without troubling you with another sentiment in my Orestes (the ground of which I borrowed from the two lines marked by *italic*); which I have been arrogant enough to fancy a little *Shakespearesque*.

'Tis plain, the Gods are factious on the side
Of Iphigenia, and her princely brother.
Their suff'rings have been great: and oft 'tis found,
There is a secret merit in distress,
That, at a season, reconciles the world,
And draws opinion to befriend its cause.

* In this re-duplication I question not your concurrence.
P. 418.

P. 418. after,

Give me your arm — [*Exeunt.*

the quarto adds a few short speeches; which serve both to heighten the compassion on *Gloucester*, and the abhorrence against *Goneril*.

1*st Serv.* I 'll never care what wickedness I do,
If this man come to good.

2*d Serv.* If she live long,
And in the end meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters.

1*st Serv.* Let 's follow the old Earl, and get the bedlam
To lead him where he would: his roguish madness
Allows itself to any thing.

2*d Serv.* Go thou; I 'll fetch some flax, and whites of eggs,
T' apply t' his bleeding face. Now, Heaven, help him!

P. 420. Might I but live to *see* thee in my *touch*,
I'd say, I had eyes again.

So above, p. 403.

Such *sheets of fire*, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have *heard*.

You will readily pardon me, I have no doubt, if I mention that I remember no such fine boldnesses, no such noble *translationes sensuum* (as the Critics term it) in our English Poetry. Among the Greeks I have observed many. There is a remarkable one in Æschylus. Sept. in Theb. v. 103. ΚΤΥΠΟΝ ΔΕΔΟΡΚΑ, ΠΑΤΑΓΟΝ ἐκ ἑνὸς δορός.

And how like to my second instance quoted is this line in the Hero and Leander of the grammatical Musæus?

Νηχόμενόν τε Λέανδρον, ὁμῶ καὶ ΑΥΓΧΟΝ 'ΑΚΟΥΩ.

The Scholiast upon the passage of Æschylus expounds δέδορκα by these terms, κατανοῶ, τοῦτο δέδορκα τοῖς τῆ ΝΟΟΥ˜ 'ΟΦΘΑΛΜΟΙΣ.

I will not venture to assert peremptorily that our Author traded with this note; but his — "In my MIND'S EYE," in Hamlet, happens to be a literal translation of it.

P. 421.

P. 421. Poor Tom's a-cold, I cannot DANCE it farther.

The first folio reads, I think, better, DAUB.

Ibid. Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once.

The Editor, to shew his exactness in what he here borrows from the old quarto, leaves out one of the five fiends, and creates another to supply the deficiency.

I will give you the passage, as I correct it, for shortness:

> —— at once: of LUST, as Obidicut; Hobbididen, Prince of Dumbness; Mahu, of Stealing; Modo, of Murther; and Flibbertigibbet, of MOPPING and MOWING; who since possesses, &c.

Mops and *Mowes*, you may remember, are coupled in the Tempest, and several other places.

P. 422. Now, where 's your master?

Here the Steward's entrance ought to be marked, and not at the opening of the scene with Goneril and Bastard.

Ibid. My FOOL usurps my BODY.

The old quarto,

> My FOOT usurps my HEAD.

P. 423. From her MATERIAL sap.

As, contemns its ORIGIN, are preceding terms; should it not be rather, MATERNAL?

Ibid. In the subsequent passage I restore two verses from the old quarto:

> Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile;
> [Filths savour but themselves: what have you done?]
> Tygers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
> A father and a gracious aged man,
> [Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would lick;]
> Most barb'rous, &c.

Ibid. Again, from the old quarto, after —

> —— from thy suff'ring. That not know'st, —
> Fools do these villains pity, *who are punisht*
> *Ere they have done their mischief**. — Where 's thy drum?

* Something a little wrong here, I fear.

France

France spreads his banners in our noiseless land;
With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats,
Whilst thou, a moral fool, sit'st still and cry'st,
Alack! why does he so?

Are not these every way worthy of our master, and most aptly in character?

P. 423. after — O vain fool!

Alb. Thou chang'd and self-converted thing! for shame
Be-monster not thy feature. Wer't my fitness,
To let these hands obey my [ ] blood,
They 're apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones.—Howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood now!

P. 425. *Gent.—I say* she took 'em —
Annon potiùs,—I, SIR; she——

Ibid. The old quarto, after,

——— you have seen
Sunshine and rain at once. [*Her smiles and tears Were like a better way*] those happy SMILETS.

Corrupt; or I cannot understand them.

Ibid. Old quarto again, after,

Cry'd, Sisters! Sisters! [Shame of Ladies! Sisters! Kent! Father! Sisters!] What? i' th' storm? i' TH' night?

P. 426, Again, after,

——— from her heav'nly eyes,
[And clamour-moisten'd, then away she started
To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the stars,
The stars above us govern, &c.]

But, as I have nothing further upon this fine Scene, it will be proper to dismiss you. There was not a necessity of troubling you with these several insertions; but, as the old quarto is very scarce, and you might not have possibly seen them, I thought they might be of some entertainment.

A long and happy train of New-years heartily wished to you, conclude me, dearest Sir, your most affectionate and obliged friend and humble servant,

LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER

LETTER XXXII.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Wyan's Court, Jan.* 3, 1729-30.

I have received the pleasure of yours of the 3d of December (No. 3); and hasten now to finish with Lear, and this volume.

P. 428. Transport her purposes by word?

Nothing but negligence could occasion Mr. Pope's leaving this verse imperfect.

Both the quarto and folio add,

——————— By word?—Belike.

P. 431. Ten masts ATTACHT make not the altitude.

I know not, either whence Mr. Pope derived this reading, or where he met with the degraded one, unless in Mr. Rowe's Edition. But who, besides himself, would make an authority of a modern copy?

The old quarto and two first folios concur in a bold and elegant expression, in my mind:

Ten masts AT EACH ———————

i. e. each put at the end of the other.

P. 431. Think that the DEAREST gods.

The old books again read, CLEAREST, *i. e.* as I understand it, open and righteous in their dealings: and see Timon, p. 146:

Roots, you clear heav'ns!

P. 432. That fellow handles his bow like a COW-KEEPER.

I am afraid (by a note in my "Shakespeare Restored," in which I have certainly blundered,) I betrayed Mr. Pope into this mistaken reading.

The old books give us the genuine reading—a CROW-KEEPER, *i. e.* a figure set up in fields and gardens, armed with a bow, to keep the crows and other birds of prey from the corn and fruit: a *scare-crow*.

And so in Romeo, p. 130:

Scaring the ladies like a COW-KEEPER,

we

we must restore CROW-KEEPER: and see Beaumont and Fletcher's Bonduca, p. 2211.

P. 434. Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?
Clo. Ay, Sir.
Lear. And the creature run from the cur? there thou might'st behold the great image of authority: &c.

Thus is this charming piece of satire to be pointed, from the old books. But I have produced it likewise upon another account. This figure, and method of imaging from absent circumstances, looks very like an imitation of the Antients. Minturnus, in his most accurate treatise De Poetâ, speaking of these figures, I remember, subjoins this description of them:—*Quæ aut imaginem, aut quasi imaginem habet, aut collationem*, &c. and gives his opinion, that they cannot but entertain.

Plautus has a good deal of this imagery. The following passage, to me, has a great resemblance to our Author's. Menœch. Act I. Scene 2, v. 34:

Men. DIC mihi, NUNQUAM TU VIDISTI tabulam pictam in Pariete,
Ubi aquila catamitum raperet, aut ubi Venus Adoneum?
Pen. SÆPE. Sed quid istæ Picturæ ad me attinent?
Men. AGE, ME ASPICE.

P. 435. The main descry stands on the hourly thought.

What does the Poet mean?—Every hour we expect to have a descry of the main body?

P. 437. Oh *undistinguish'd space* of woman's WIT!

So the old quarto; but the two first folios read much better in my opinion, WILL. The Poet, I think, is rather exclaiming against the licentiousness of their appetites, than the reaches of their cunning. But, sure, is not this *undistinguished space* much to be suspected? I can form no satisfactory idea of sense from it.

Does it mean, What a *scope*, more than we can discover, do women give themselves in pursuits of vice!

P. 441.

P. 441. ——— He 's full of alteration,
And self-reproving BRINGS his ———

The old quarto comes in to our assistance here:

And self-reproving: BRING his ———.

Ibid. After "she and the duke her husband," the old quarto makes Goneril say something to herself very much in character:

I had rather lose the battle, than that sister
Should loosen him and me.

P. 442. After "heavy causes make oppose," quarto adds,

Bast. Sir, you speak nobly.

Ibid. After "on our proceeding," quarto adds:

Bast. I shall attend you presently at your tent.

P. 445. ——— THY great employment
Will not bear question.

The former branches of this speech are very ill pointed, but easily to be regulated; so I will not trouble you with them.

I would only observe, that I think we must read:

——— MY great employment:

i. e. I leading one of the conqueror's forces, and having employed thee in this business, will be thy sufficient warrant, and secure thee from being questioned in it.

P. 446. After "where you shall hold your session," the old quarto adds a few lines that seem absolutely necessary here: for as the Bastard's speech is made to end, it is plain, he does not pretend to advise, but submits the whole process to Albany: How absurdly then does Albany reply, that he holds the Bastard but a subject of the war? Add,

——— At this time we sweat and bleed;
The friend hath lost his friend; and the best quarrels,
I' th' heat, are curst by those that feel their sharpness.
The question of Cordelia and her father
Requires a fitter place.

Ibid. Take thou my soldiers, pris'ners, patrimony,
Dispose of them, of me, THE WALLS are thine.

The

The second verse is wanting in the first quarto.—But, the *walls* of what? Of her soldiers, her prisoners, and her patrimony? Besides, Regan is here in an open camp; had she been in an house, and given the Bastard the keys of the fore and back gate, she might with some propriety have told him, the *walls were his.*

But as the case is otherwise, I suspect, she would say:

Dispose of them, of me, THEY ALL are thine.

Ibid. BAST. Let the drum strike, and prove my title GOOD.

The first folio, perhaps, more properly,

REG. Let the drum strike, and prove my title THINE.

P. 447. If you will marry, make your loves to me,
My lady is bespoke.

This, I presume, is said to Regan; and that Albany means, since his wife has contracted herself to the Bastard, Regan, if she will marry, must marry him, *i. e.* Albany.

P. 448. ——————— here is mine:
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
My oath, and my profession. I protest,—

What does Edgar mean here is the *privilege of his honours?* His doing justice to one he offends seems rather a duty than a privilege. I confess, I do not clearly take the meaning.

P. 449. ALB. Save him, save him.

Thus all the copies in general. But sure Albany, that knew the Bastard's treasons, cannot be solicitous about him. It is certainly a corruption either from AMB. or LAD. to signify *both* the women, or *ladies.*

Ibid. Thou worse than any THING.

The first folio reads, NAME. As Winter's Tale, p. 267:

My wife's a hobby-horse, deserves a NAME
As rank as any flax.

P. 450.

P. 450. For I am almost ready to dissolve;
Hearing of this.

Here certainly the Players took the liberty to retrench; whether with the Author's consent, or no, I dare not determine. But in the first quarto, after *ready to dissolve*, a description follows which is made by Edgar, that I will subjoin for your entertainment. I confess, it is pretty corrupt; but, I hope, not quite past cure.

I will give it you at present exactly as I find it.

EDG. This would have seem'd a period to such
As love not sorrow, but another to amplify too much
Would make much more, and top extremity.
Whilst I was big in clamour, came there in a man,
Who having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society: but then, finding
Who 't was that so endur'd, with his strong arms
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he 'd burst heaven; threw me on my father;
And told the piteous tale of Lear and him,
That ever ear receiv'd, which in recounting
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack. Twice then the trumpets sounded,
And there I left him tranc'd.

ALB. But who was this?

EDG. Kent, Sir, the banish'd Kent, who in disguise,
Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
Improper for a slave.

P. 451. This judgment of the heav'ns, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity. O! IS THIS SHE?
The time will not allow the compliment
Which very manners urge.

What! did not Albany know his own wife, because she was stabbed? Again, if the justice of her doom left no compassion for her, what compliments of grief was it likely manners should make him pay?

The first folio reads certainly right:

O! Is this HE? ——————————

viz. Kent, who enters disguised as Caius. So the old quarto, after

Touches us not with pity.
Enter Kent.
Edg. Here comes Kent, Sir.
Alb. *O 'tis he,* the time will not allow
The compliment that very manners urge.

P. 452. The quarto adds, after

Kent. Is this the promised end,
Edg. Or image of that horror?
Alb. Fall, and cease.

But what to make of it, I do not know.

P. 453. HE 'S a good fellow, I can tell you that,
HE 'LL strike and quickly too: he 's dead and rotten.

We have seen Lear mad, but never a stark fool till this moment; to tell us that a dead and rotten man will strike quickly. I read,

'T WAS a good fellow, I can tell you that,
* HE 'D strike, and quickly too:—He 's dead and rotten.

And now, dear Sir, I have done with this Play and Volume, I wish we were as well over the historical sett. The two Henry the Fourths, Henry the Fifth, and Henry the Eighth, are full of entertainment and fine things. John, Richard II. and Richard III. are of the middling stamp: but the three parts of Henry VI. scarce come up to that character. Mr. Dryden, I think, has very well defined this part of our Author's writings, in his Essay on Dramatic Poetry. "If we consider (says he) the Historical Plays of Shakespeare, they are rather so many chronicles of Kings, or the business many times of thirty or forty years, cramped into a representation of two hours and a half; which is not to imitate or paint Nature, but rather to draw her in miniature, to take her in little; to look upon her through the wrong end

* Romeo, p. 117.

of

of a perspective, and receive her images not only much less, but infinitely more imperfect than the life."

As I have still a little spare paper, I will beg leave to throw in a few occasional inquiries, in which I shall be proud of your information.

Julius Cæsar, p. 292:

The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow.

Ibid. p. 293:

Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf.

These particulars, I dare say, our Poet gleaned from history; but where he picked them up I am not able to trace.

Ibid. p. 302. Is not to-morrow, boy, the first of March?
303. Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.

Could Brutus, who was a sedate speculative man, be so out of his reckoning, as to have lost a whole fortnight in March, and know nothing of the matter? Then in the boy's account we are certainly to include the ensuing day; for Cæsar, you know, was killed on the 15th of March.

Ibid. p. 333, 334:

Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On THIS side Tibur.

But should it not be,

On THAT side Tibur?

Anthony was now in the Forum; but Cæsar's gardens, you know, were on the other side. Hor. Sat. I. ix. 18:

Trans Tiburim longè cubat is, propè Cæsaris hortos.

I am, dear Sir, your most affectionate and obliged humble servant, LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER XXXIII.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Wyan's Court, Jan.* 6, 1729-30.

I have the pleasure of both yours (No. 4 and 5) bearing date the 3d of this instant January.

KING JOHN.

P. 8. Because he hath a half-face like my father,
With HALF THAT face would he have all my land,
A half-fac'd groat, five hundred pounds a year?

But why, with *half that* face? Surely, I think, it should be, with THAT HALF-face. But Mr. Pope will be angry with me for explaining an anachronism in our Poet. He alludes, in the last line, to the new coin appointed by Henry VII. anno 1504, *viz.* a groat, and half a groat, which bear but half-faces expressed.

P. 10. Now blessed BY the hour.

Read, BE.

P. 14. LEWIS. Before Angiers.

Why does the Dauphin take upon him to anticipate his father in welcoming Austria, and his father here in presence? I doubt not but this speech should be placed to KING PHILIP.

P. 18. It lies as sightly on the back of him,
As great Alcides' SHOES upon an ass.

But let Hercules and his shoes have been really as big as they were ever supposed to be, yet surely they (I mean, the shoes) would not have been an overload for an ass. I read,

As great Alcides' SHEWS upon, &c.

i. e. as uncouth as the lion's hide, worn by Hercules, would look on an ass.

Ibid. King LEWIS, determine.

Here, again, Austria does not seem to know which was king, father or son. It must be,

King PHILIP, determine.

P. 24.

P. 24. STAIN'D in the *dying* slaughter.

I presume our Editor's nice ears were offended here with a jingle. The old copies read,

DY'D in the dying.

P. 26. How like you this wild counsel, mighty States?

A line immediately follows this in the first folio, which by no means ought to be left out:

Smacks it not something of the policy?

P. 27. With swifter SPEED.

This the Editor substitutes for SPLEEN, which is the word in the old editions. But why not *spleen*? So afterwards, p. 83:

And SPLEEN of speed to see your Majesty.

And so Midsummer Night's Dream, p. 79:

Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That in a SPLEEN, &c.

P. 28. *And* she in beauty, education, blood.

First folio more connectively, AS she.

P. 32. Gain be my lord, for I will worship thee.

I think I have already mentioned to you, and for what reasons, that the Second Act must end here.

Ibid. I THINK, I may not *trust* thee, for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man.

A jingle purposely suppressed in the first line, for the old books read,

I TRUST, I may not *trust* thee.

And after the second verse, this following is intirely omitted:

Believe me, I do not *believe* thee, man.

P. ..... Shall never see it but a holy-day.

Another omission! In the old books, Constance in the following speech begins thus:

A wicked day, and not an holy-day!

P. ..... Wear out the DAYS in peace.

It must certainly be,

Wear out the DAY in peace.

P. 36. AUST. Methinks that Richard's pride, &c.

I do not conceive this insertion so necessary as Mr. Pope would have us believe it. At least, I am sure Mr. Pope's reason for it will hardly hold water. In the first place, our Play, as it stood before, marked out Austria the supposed slayer of King Richard.—Supra, p. 14:

> Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood —
> By THIS brave DUKE came early to his grave.

And Arthur, speaking to Austria, says,

> God shall forgive you Cœur de Lion's death, &c.

Secondly, that Austria wore the lion's skin is likewise specified, p. 35:

> ——— O Austria! thou dost shame
> That bloody *spoil*:—thou wear a *Lion's* hide!

And p. 22:

> ——— Sirrah, were I at home
> At your DEN, Sirrah, with your LIONESS,
> I 'd set an ox-head to your LION'S HIDE.

And in the speech that I am about to quote for another purpose. Thirdly, is it not plain that Falconbridge knew Austria had killed his father, from this whole speech of his, p. 18:

> One that will play the devil, Sir, with you,
> And he may catch your *hide* and you alone, &c.

Or else his braving of Austria thus would be equally impertinent and unmannered. So that I think Mr. Pope's criticism is somewhat shallow.

P. 37. That I have LEAVE with Rome.

Another jingle stifled by this modern reading. The old copies read,

> That I have ROOM with Rome.

As in Julius Cæsar, p. 292:

> Now is it Rome indeed, and ROOM enough, &c.

P. 43 PHILIP, make up.

A forgetfulness, I suppose, of the first Editors, instead of RICHARD; for so he is constantly called, from his being first knighted by the King, p. 10. Indeed,

Indeed, he is often called *Falconbridge* from his family-name, though the King had given him the sirname of *Plantagenet.*

P. 44. Sound ON INTO the drowsy race of night.

I do not think, that *sound on* gives here that idea of solemnity and horror, which, it is plain, our Poet intended to convey by this fine description. I read,

Sound ONE UNTO the drowsy race of night.

i. e. if it were the still part of the night, or *one* of the clock in the morning, when the sound of the bell strikes upon the ear with most terror. Shakespeare in several other passages, you know, expresses the horror of a midnight bell.

So, Othello, p. 362:

Silence that DREADFUL bell, it frights the isle.

So, Macbeth, p. 216:

——————— What 's the business
That such an HIDEOUS trumpet calls to parley
The SLEEPERS of the house.

And sometimes, for more solemnity, he is used to add the circumstance of the particular hour.

So, Midsummer Night's Dream, p. 136:

The iron tongue of midnight hath toll'd TWELVE.

And so, Hamlet, p. 308:

The bell then beating ONE.

P. 46. So *hot* a *speed*, with such advice dispos'd,
Such temp'rate order in so *fierce* a CAUSE,

I think it should be, COURSE.

Ibid. After

Death, oh amiable, lovely Death!

the first folio adds this line:

Thou odoriferous stench, sound rottenness!

P. 47. And scorns a MODEST invocation.

First folio, MODERN. I doubt not but you have observed how very cramply our Author uses this term. I confess, I do not comprehend his sense.

Ibid. *Const.* To England, if you will.

I cannot at all comprehend why Constance says this. There is no talk, or mention, of wafting her anywhither.

P. 57.

P. 57. Like heralds, 'twixt two dreadful battles SET.

I read, SENT.

P. 60. Deliver him to safety, and return,
For I must use thee.

Here ought to be marked, *Ex. Hubert, with Peter.*

P. 61. Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon CONTRARY feet.

I could easily account for this in a Greek Author; but do not know any thing of a modern fashion with us of having shoes, or slippers, particular for one foot, and not the other.

P. 68. How easy dost thou take all England up,
From forth this morsel of dead royalty?

The sense of the context requires that the pointing in these two verses should be thus transposed:

How easy dost thou take all England up?
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,—

P. 72. Wherein we step after a stranger, march
Upon her gentle bosom.

But *stranger*, with Mr. Pope's leave, is an adjective here: and therefore this comma must be expunged:

Wherein we step after a stranger march
Upon, &c.

And so, Richard II. p. 102:

But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

P. 75. This UNHEARD sawciness and *boyish* troops.

Please, dear Sir, to mind *boyish* here: and so likewise the Bastard, p. 71, speaking of the Dauphin, says,

Shall a *beardless boy*, a cockered silken *wanton*, &c.

I am persuaded our Author wrote:

This UNHAIR'D sawciness and boyish troops, &c.

As in Macbeth, p. 254, by a like bold metaphor:

And many UNROUGH youths that even now
Protest their *first of manhood.*

I will only observe, that Mr. Pope has here stupidly exhibited, UNRUFF'D youths.

So, Love's Labour Lost, p. 301:

I'll mark no words that SMOOTH-FAC'd wooers say.

So,

So, Anthony, p. 6:

If the SCARCE-BEARDED Cæsar.

Henry V. p. 407:

For who is he whose *chin* is but enrich'd
With one appearing *hair*.

So, Tempest, p. ..... :

——————— Till new-born chins
Be *rough* and *razorable*.

So, Coriolanus, p. 211:

When with his AMAZONIAN *chin*, &c.

Sed nè quid nimis.

P. 78. UNTHREAD the rude EYE of rebellion,
And welcome *home* again discarded faith.

I dare not assert positively that this is not our Author's reading; but, as a needle is not mentioned, is not the allusion a little forced and obscure? As likewise in no degree corresponding with *welcome home* in the next verse? I have conjectured:

UNTREAD the rude WAY of rebellion.

So, in the very next page, Salisbury says,

UNTREAD the STEPS of damned flight.

So, Merchant of Venice, p. 168:

Where is the horse that doth UNTREAD again
His tedious MEASURES with th' unbated fire
That he did PACE them first.

I must not, however, dissemble a passage in Lear, that this instant crosses my mind; p. 384:

Thus out of season THREADING dark-EY'D night.

If you are ..... * *threading* is the genuine reading here.

P. ..... HENRY. How FARES your Majesty?
K. JOHN. Poison'd—ill FATE.

Certainly, Mr. Pope has here degraded the true reading, FARE; considering our Author's constant practise of playing.

But so much for King John.

It has been observed already, that King John is not the Hero of this Play. The Bastard must be allowed the only character that makes any figure.

* The Letter is here torn.

There

There is, indeed, a fine sketch of motherly fondness and sorrow in Constance: and we are to lament the Poet would not finish his draught. This Bastard of Richard I. is just mentioned by Holinshed as the revenger of his father's death on Limoges: but whence our Poet gleaned the several circumstances relating to his family, birth, and dispute with his brother about his parental estate, I cannot tell. I have not the Monkish Historians; but I am persuaded these are points upon record, and not invented.

I am infinitely obliged, dearest Sir, for your most kind and ingenious justification of me against Mr. Pope's charge of applauding fustian. You have, indeed, exhausted the argument in my defence; and left me at a loss whether to be most charmed at the clearness and elegance with which you have decided upon this question, or the dear regard that you are so good to shew for my reputation. But thanks, and ever thanks, &c.

I have just room, dear Sir, to reply to one of your emendations, on a passage which I had long ago set right; Jove's SACARET.

Troilus, p. 287. I point and explain the Poet thus:

——— True swords; and, Jove's accord,
Nothing so full of heart.

i. e. Jove's accord and concurrence seconding them, nothing so full of heart as I. So, Henry V. p. 389:

For, God *before*, we 'll chide this Dauphin, &c.

Again, p. 424:

For, God *before*, tell him we will come on.

So, Macbeth, p. 234:

That, by the help of these, (with Him above
To ratify the work).

And 2 Henry IV. p. 361:

And (Heav'n consigning to my good intents), &c.

I am, dearest Sir, your ever obliged and most affectionate faithful servant, LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIV.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Wyan's Court, Jan.* 10, 1729-30.

I acknowledged in mine of Tuesday last the receipt of your two Nos. 4 and 5. But by last night's post I had not the pleasure of any Letter from you. [N. B. I have since the happiness of No. 6; the post could not come at its due time, through the badness of the roads.]

I am now come to King Richard the Second.

P. 91. Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground INHABITABLE, &c.

But are these frozen ridges *inhabitable?* I believe quite contrary. I doubt not but we should read UNHABITABLE. For *habitable*, you know, is an English word as well as *inhabitable.*

King John, p. 21:

By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been DISHABITED. ——

Taming of the Shrew, p. 74:

UNHABITABLE as the burning zone.

P. 92. after,

Further, I say, and further will maintain —

The old quarto, in 1597, and also the first folio, add,

Upon his bad life to make all this good —

Ibid. Till I have told this SLAND'RER of his blood —

The old books read SLANDER. And why not *slander?*

So Henry V. p. 421:

But you must learn to know such SLANDERS of the age, &c.

And in like manner, Homer, Iliad, 6. 235:

Ὦ πέπονες, κάκ' ἔλεγχεα —

P. 100. Farewell, MY BLOOD, which if to-day thou shed.

This

This expression seems a resemblance of the Latins in the like use of the term.

Hor. de Art. Poet. ver. 292:

Vos, O Pompilius SANGUIS.

And Virgil, Æneid, vi. 836:

Projice tela manu, SANGUIS MEUS.

P. 103. It boots thee not to BE COMPASSIONATE.

Is not this a very odd use of the term, for to *compassionate, lament,* thyself? Should we not rather read,

It boots thee not to BECOME PASSIONATE?

P. 105. after,

You would have bid me argue like a father —

the old quarto adds these four verses, as Mr. Pope ought to have observed:

O had it been a stranger, not my child,
To smooth his fault I would have been more mild:
A partial slander sought I to avoid,
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd?

Again, in the same page, after

The precious jewel of thy home return —

the old quarto adds a speech for Bolingbroke. Indeed, the allusions are but low, and the verses none of the best; however, the Editor ought to have degraded them, as he has done in many other passages:

BUL. Nay rather, ev'ry tedious stride I make,
Will but remember me, what à deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Must I not serve a long *apprentishood*
To foreign passages, and in the end
Having my *freedom,* boast of nothing else
But that I was a *journeyman* to grief.

Again, p. 106. after

—— no virtue like Necessity —

the old quarto adds,

Think not, the King did banish thee, my son,
But thou the King. Woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.

Again, in the same page, after

—— delightful measure, or a dance —

the

the old quarto adds,

For gnarling sorrow hath less pow'r to bite
The man that mocks at it and sets it light.

All these additions, indeed, I have no doubt but were left out by the Editors for their own reasons; but, as they are certainly of the Poet's hand, methinks they should have had the Editor's notice.

P. 112. And yet INGAGED in so small a verge.

Both the old quarto and the first folio read, as it ought to be restored, ENCAGED.

P. 118. Redeem from BROKEN pawn—

Again, the old copies, rightly, BROKING.

P. 119. Like perspectives, which *rightly* gaz'd upon,
Shew nothing but confusion; ey'd *awry*,
Distinguish form. ——

I confess, I do not understand our Poet here; nor know perfectly whether he means looking through a perspective glass, or looking at a piece of painting in perspective.

P. 125. *Enter* BARKLEY.—I would only observe here, that this being a speaking character, as well as a person of quality, should have a place in the Dramatis Personæ.

Ibid. To take advantage of the *absent* TIME.

I would read KING. I know it is a very common expression, You have *watched your time* for such a thing. But sure, it is a strange figure to call the time *absent*, on account of the King's absence.

P. 126. Com'st thou because th' anointed King is HENCE, &c.

P. 128. And hardly kept YOUR countrymen together.

Read, with the old copies, OUR.

P. 130. Thanks, gentle uncle: come, my Lords, *away*,
To fight with Glendower, and his complices;
Awhile to work, and after *holyday*.

The first and third line, you observe, dear Sir, *rhyme* to each other; nor do I think this casual. And yet the intermediate verse has taken possession of

of all the old copies. Notwithstanding which, I have great suspicion of its being an interpolation. Bolingbroke is, as it were, yet but just arrived; he is now at Bristol; weak in his numbers; has had no meeting with a Parliament; nor so far assured of the succession, as to think of going to suppress insurrections before he is planted in the Throne. Besides, we find the opposition of Glendower begins the First Part of Henry the Fourth; and Mortimer's defeat by that hardy Welshman is the tidings of the first Scene of that Play. Hall however tells us, that Glendower, in the very first year of King Henry IV. began to be troublesome, and put up for the supremacy of Wales, and imprisoned Mortimer.

P. 132. O call back yesterday, bid Time return,
And thou shalt have *twelve* thousand fighting men.

But the King, hearing this noble body of men was dispersed, fell into despair of his fortunes, and changes colour upon it; and being asked the reason of his paleness, he replies,

But now the blood of *twenty* thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled.

Well; here are 20,000 men sprung up out of 12,000 in the compass of six lines. But in seven lines after the King comes to himself; and bethinking himself of his dignity, and the justice of his cause, he begins to despise this loss, and cries,

Is not the King's name *forty* thousand names?

Here is a strange disagreement in numbers, which ought some way to be reconciled. My opinion is, *forty* thousand should be the reading in all the three passages. And my reason is this. Our Poet in his Historical Plays was a most faithful copier of Holinshed's Chronicle; and that Historian expressly tells us, that King Richard, being detained in Ireland by contrary winds, dispatched my Lord Salisbury to raise a force in Wales, who proved so successful in this commission, that in four days space

space there were to the number of *forty thousand* men assembled, ready to go with the King against his enemies, if he had been there himself in person. But a report of the insurrection spreading, Salisbury, with great difficulty, kept this body together fourteen days; but the King not coming within that term they unanimously dispersed themselves.

P. 134. Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushy? where is Green?

Here are *four* of them: and within a very few lines the King, hearing they had made their peace with Bolingbroke, calls them *three* Judas's.—But how was their peace made? Why, with the loss of their heads. This being explained, Aumerle says,

Is *Bushy*, *Green*, and th' *Earl of Wiltshire* dead?

So that Bagot ought to be left out of the question: and, indeed, he had made the best of his way for Chester, and from thence had escaped into Ireland. I think, therefore, the Poet wrote,

Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? where 's HE GOT?—
or, HE GONE?

P. 139. With no less terror than the elements
Of Fire and Water, when their thund'ring SMOKE
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of Heav'n.

I doubt not, but we ought to read, with the old quarto, SHOCK.

See 1 Henry IV. pp. 179, 180:

——————— Those opposed eyes,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heav'n,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine SHOCK, &c.

P. 140. Her PASTOR's grass.

Certainly, PASTURES' grass.

P. 144. (Let 's step into the shadow of these trees,
My wretchedness SUITS WITH a row of PINES.)
[*Enter a Gardener and two Servants.*

But,

But stay, here come the Gardeners;
They 'll talk of state,——

Mr. Pope tells us, that all his readings are constantly *ex fide codicum;* and yet, in this passage, there is both a *transposition* and a *transformation* made, that I cannot find warranted by any copy whatsoever. The Editor has outdone Orpheus; for, first, he has *created* a row of pines, and then made them dance after him.

But I will give you the old simple reading, which Mr. Pope, I presume, thought too mean to be justified.

[*Enter a Gardener, and two Servants.*
But stay, here come the Gardeners.
Let 's step into the shadow of these trees:
My wretchedness *unto* a row of PINS*,
They 'll talk of state;——[* *Pinnes*, in old spelling.]

There is, indeed, a good deal of *oddness* and *inequality* in the wager proposed by the Queen; but let us look out for examples to keep it company.

As You Like It, p. 336:
What for a *counter* would I do, but good?
Second Part of Henry IV. p. 276:
For a *silken point* I 'll give my *Barony.*
Richard the Third, p. 303:
My *Dukedom* to a *beggarly denicre.*
Love's Labour Lost, p. 231:
I 'll lay my *head* to any good man's *hat.*
And again, p. 294:
My *hat* to an *half-penny.*
Othello, p. 366:
My *fortunes* against any *lay worth naming;*—
and an hundred of the like that I could produce.

P. 146. RUE, sour *herb of grace.*

So this herb is frequently distinguished by our Poet; I presume, because it was always one of the ingredients employed by the exorcists in their incantations to expel devils.

P. 151. Oh, if you rear *this* house against HIS house.

Sure, Mr. Pope very indiscreetly degrades here the

the true reading, THIS; for the Poet is alluding to the text in the Evangelist,' that "a house divided against itself cannot stand."

P. 164. And ROB our *watch*, and BEAT our *passengers*.

The fashion seems a little altered in our days, if we were to take this on trust for the genuine reading. But the good old quarto bids us read,

And BEAT our *watch*, and ROB our *passengers*.

P. 166. The REASON that my haste forbids me shew.

Here again, the old quarto warrants us to restore,

The TREASON that, &c.

Ibid. Thy *overflow* of good *converts* TO bad,
And thine *abundant* goodness shall *excuse*
This deadly blot, &c.

I own, I cannot understand this. I read,

——— converts THE bad —

i. e. so alters, and alleviates, the heinousness of thy son's trespass, that I forgive it on the score of thy superabundant goodness.

P. 175. A deed of SLAUGHTER with thy fatal hand.

The old quarto reads, I think, more properly,

A deed of SLANDER —

And so much for Richard the Second.

Two more of your agreeable packets, dearest Sir, are this morning come to hand (No. 7 and 8), of the 5th and 7th instant. I hoped to have made up for my omission of last post by a double one this; but a little interruption from the Theatre has broke in upon my purpose.

On Tuesday next *(Deo volente)* my queries on the First Part of Henry the Fourth shall visit you.

I am, with the sincerest sense of your favours, dearest Sir, your most affectionate and obliged friend and humble servant, LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER XXXV.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Wyan's Court, Jan.* 13, 1729-30.

I am to acknowledge the satisfaction of yours (No. 9), dated the 10th instant; and so proceed to the First Part of Henry the Fourth.

P. 179. No more the *thirsty entrance* of this soil
Shall dawb her lips ——

Sure, this is a very hard and obscure expression. I presume the sense is, "blood-thirsty invasion of this country shall no more stain it with its own children's gore:" but is this idea conveyed by *thirsty entrance?* [See 3 Hen. VI. p. 223.]

P. 181. Ten thousand bold Scots, TWO-and-twenty Knights, &c.

Thus all the copies: but, considering how faithful our Author was in following History, we have the warranty both of *Hall* and *Holinshed* to read,

THREE-and-twenty Knights.

But, dear Sir, there is one historical difficulty still in this speech, which I cannot get over without your accurate and sagacious assistance:

—— Of prisoners, Hotspur took
MORDAKE the Earl of Fife, and ELDEST SON
To beaten DOUGLAS, ——

Now, my first question is, are *two* distinct persons here spoken of? or is Mordake described both as Earl of Fife, and son to Douglas? But Mordake was a Stuart, and eldest son to Duke Robert Governor of the Realm; which Robert was the second son of the Scotish King Robert the Second, and by him appointed Duke of Albany, and Governor of the Realm. Then, who is this *eldest son* to beaten *Douglas?* Hotspur took Archibald Earl of Douglas himself prisoner at Holmedon; who afterwards appears in our Play, and assists Percy at Shrewsbury.

bury. He is the Douglas himself; and is called so a few lines backward:

The Earl of Douglas is discomfited.

(For Archibald, his father, and predecessor in the Earldom, was dead, some time before the affair at Holmedon.) Douglas, therefore, that is taken prisoner, and is Earl himself, would hardly be described by our Poet as the eldest son of his dead father Douglas, who had been formerly beaten by the English.

I almost suspect a line is lost; by which Mordake is described as eldest son of Duke Robert the Governor of Scotland; and that then we ought to read,

The beaten Douglas, &c.

for, in the list of prisoners taken, Douglas is named *second* both by Hall and Holinshed.

> —— and of *prisoners* among others were these, *Mordake* Earl of Fife, son to the Governor Archembald Earl of Douglas, which in the fight lost one of his eyes, Thomas Earl of Murrey, &c.

Thus the quotation stands in honest Holinshed; and, upon second thought, a comma being omitted after the word *Governor*, might not our Poet take the blunder of the press upon trust, and think Earl Douglas was this Governor, and that Mordake was his son? — But then another difficulty arises; that, though Douglas is said to be beaten, we have no account likewise of his being one of the prisoners.

I must not leave this question with you without reminding you of two other passages in our Play; which, whether they will help to clear up, or embarrass, ought to come in view:

P. 195. Then once more to the Scotish prisoners.
Deliver them, without their ransom strait,
And make the Douglas' SON your only mean
For powers in Scotland; ———

Here we have mention of *Douglas's son*; by which it would seem that the Poet means the Earl himself. . . . . [*The Letter is here torn.*]

P. 234. *Thrice* hath this Hotspur Mars in swathing cloaths,
This infant warrior, in his enterprizes
Discomfited great Douglas, ta'en *him once*,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him.

Here I have guessed, ta'en HIS SON, *i. e.* Earl Archibald; for it is not true that Hotspur thrice defeated the same Douglas. He killed one Earl Douglas, I think, in the 11th of Richard II.; he defended .....* in the 1st of Henry IV; and he took this *descendant* .....*.

P. 183. Let not us that are Squires of the Night's Body, be called Thieves of the Day's BEAUTY.

I do not know how they can be said Thieves of the *Day's Beauty*. Should it not rather be, BOOTY?

Ibid. ——— and is not mine Hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?
——— and is not a Buff-jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?
——— *what a plague have I to do with a Buff-jerkin?*
Why, what a p— have I to do with my Hostess of the tavern?

This manner of cross-questioning is not unlike several passages in Plautus; particularly this in Mostell. Act I. Scene 3, ver. 1, &c.

Jampridem ecastor frigidâ non lavi magis lubenter;
Nec quem me melius, mea Scapha, rear esse defœcatam.
Sc. Eventus rebus omnibus, velut horno messis magna
Fuit.—PHIL. *Quid ea messis attinet ad meam lavationem?*
Sc. *Nihilo plus, quam lavatio tua ad messim?*

P. 186. Falstaff, HARVEY, ROSSIL, and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already way-laid ——— and when THEY have the booty, if YOU and I don't rob THEM, &c.

Here have we *two* persons named, as characters in this Play, that never were once inserted among the *Dramatis Personæ* in any of the impressions

* The Letter is here torn.

what-

whatsoever. But let us see who they were that committed this robbery; and then, perhaps, we shall be able to account for this pair of additional thieves, as they at present seem.

In the Second Act, Scene 3 (p. 201), we come to the highway. Falstaff, wanting his horse, which had been hired on purpose to plague him, calls out on HAL, POINS, BARDOLF, and PETO; and says, he has a great mind to leave *these rogues*. Presently GADSHILL joins them, with intelligence of travellers being at hand. Upon which the Prince says,

YOU FOUR shall front them in the narrow lane;
Ned POINS and I will walk lower.

So that the *four* to be concerned are, *Falstaff*, *Bardolf*, *Peto*, and *Gadshill*. Accordingly, the robbery is committed; and the *Prince* and *Poins* afterwards rob *them four*. When the matter comes to an examination (Scene 9) in the Boar's Head Tavern, the Prince rallies *Peto* and *Bardolf* for their running away; who confess the charge, and discover how Falstaff hacked his sword with his dagger, and ordered them to make their noses bleed with spear-grass, and swear it to be the blood of true men. Upon the evidence now is it not plain that BARDOLF and PETO were *two* of the *four* robbers? And who then can doubt but *Harvey* and *Rossil* were the names of the Actors that performed those two parts; and by mistake, in the old Play-house books, put instead of the names of the characters to be represented by them?—Nor is this, you know, dear Sir, the only instance of this sort that occurs in our Poet. Throughout a whole Scene of Much Ado about Nothing, you remember the names of *Kempe* and *Cowley* are put in the old books instead of the *Town-clerk* and *Dogberry*, which they represented; as in another Scene of the same Play, we find Jack Wilson marked to enter instead of Balthazar. I wish, indeed, mistakes of this sort had happened throughout the Works of our Author; that we might have known

known what particular parts were performed by Shakespeare himself, and the other eminent actors, his contemporaries.

P. 193. As to o'erwalk a current roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast FOOTING of a spear.

Should not this rather be FOORDING? I presume, the passage alludes to the custom of *foording* of currents, of keeping themselves up with *spears* or *poles*.

Ibid. If HE fall in, good night.

I read, If WE fall in.

P. 195. —— which for diverse reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assured
Will easily be granted you, my Lord, &c.

The pointing is here certainly wrong. It should be thus:

———— written, be assur'd,
Will easily be granted. You, my Lord, &c.

P. 197. An INNE.

I read, ROCHESTER, an inne. Poins tells his comrades, pp. 185, 186, GADSHILL lies to-night at ROCHESTER; and accordingly here, at p. 198, Gadshill is in his inn, mixes with the carriers, and is setting out for the concerted robbery.

P. 199. Burgo-masters, and great ONE-EYERS.

I have in my printed book conjectured SEIGNORS. We have likewise guessed, MONEYERS, *i. e.* alluding that in thieving they were *coiners* of money, as much as those officers appointed at the Mint called Moneyers. I cannot help thinking the Editor's guess and explanation are both bad.

P. 207. Ned, pr'ythee come out of that FAT room, &c.

I have no glimmering of what is intended by this odd epithet.

P. 225. And our indentures tripartite are DRAWN; —

I think it should be DRAWING: for Percy, that should know as well as Mortimer, above a page and a half

a half lower, p. 227, asks the question,

Are the indentures DRAWN?

Upon which Glendower says,

I 'll haste the WRITER.

Nay, and Mortimer himself, at above four pages distance, p. 229, says,

By that time will our book, I think, be DRAWN.

And Percy still after this, p. 230, says,

If the indentures be DRAWN,
I 'll away within these two hours.

After which, Glendower says,

By this our book is DRAWN.

P. 227. I'd rather hear a brazen candlestick TUN'D.

I never made one at this sport; and I therefore chuse to read, with the old copies, TURN'D.

P. 229. I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that 's a FEEBLE disputation.

But I am sure Mr. Pope did not understand them; nor, I am almost afraid by this *feeble* epithet, ever understood the joy of a delicious kiss—*sit verbo venia!*

Considering how fondly enamoured Mortimer is of his young wife, and how sorrowful she is on the apprehension of his absence, I am confident you will read with me, from both the old copies,

And that 's a FEELING disputation.

What can be more tender and expressive!

P. 230. And, as true as I LOVE;—

This is not in the catalogue of the comfet-makers' oaths. Read again, with the old copies,

And, as true as I LIVE;—

Ibid. I will not *sing*.

Hotsp. 'Tis the next way to turn *Taylor*, or Robin-red-breast teacher.

I suppose the Taylors, as well as Weavers, were notorious for continual singing. I remember, our Poet before, in Twelfth Night, talks of *Coxiers*, catches; and *Coxiers* were *Botchers*.

There

There is a humourous observation to our purpose in Beaumont and Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pestle, p. 229:

'Tis vile: Never trust a TAYLOR that does not SING at his work, his mind is of nothing but filching.

But what is meant here by a Robin-Red-breast teacher?

P. 237. ——— and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes BURNING.

Both the old books read, with much more energy, —— for there he is in his robes BURNING, BURNING.

Ibid. The TIGHT of a hair was never lost.

I suppose the Hostess means, the TYTHE.

P. 238. *Enter Prince Henry marching, and Falstaff meets* him, *playing on his truncheon like a fife.*

But what truncheon had Falstaff? Or, if he played on it, why should he say,

Is the wind in that door?

I read,

Enter Prince Henry marching, and PETO, *playing on his truncheon like a fife. Falstaff meets* THEM.

Ibid. —— no more truth in thee than in a DRAWN Fox.

I own, I am not sportsman enough . . . . . .* the bushes after a fox; and then a fox so served, I presume, may be called a *drawn* fox; but what has this to do with *no more truth in thee than* ———?

I have imagined, but how truly I dare not assert, a TRAINED fox, *i. e.* one tamed and trained up in a family like a dog; which still at times, notwithstanding discipline and education, will fly out and relapse into the tricks and manners of his species.

Our Poet has a thought something like this in this very Play, p. 258:

For treason is but TRUSTED like the fox,
Who ne'er so TAME, so cherisht, and lock'd up,
Will have a WILD TRICK of his ancestors.

So much at present for Henry IV.

* The Letter is here torn.

I will

I will finish my present paper, dear Sir, with my manner of understanding a passage in Lear, upon which you favoured me with an emendation in your last.

Lear, p. 432:

But who comes here?
The *safer* sense will ne'er accommodate his master thus.

You propose, the *sighted* sense; and think Edgar speaks it to his father, advising, that patience would stand him in more stead than *sight* could have done.

I confess, I imagine the text right as it was, and to have this meaning.

Please to look back to p. 426:

Alack! 'tis he; why he was met ev'n now
As mad as the vext sea, singing aloud,
Crown'd with rank fumiter, &c.

Now it is in this wild and extravagant dress that the poor King here comes in; which Edgar seeing, he cries out, that the King's wits must needs be turned; if his senses were *safe*, if he were in his sober senses, he would never deck himself in such a fantastical sort.

I am, dearest Sir, your ever affectionate and obliged friend and humble servant, LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER XXXVI.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Wyan's Court, Jan.* 15, 1729-30.

I last night received the pleasure of yours (No. 10) of the 13th instant; and, as you there desire my sense of two or three particular obscure passages, it may not be amiss first to dispatch with them, and then proceed on with Henry IV.

I must make a short stop on one passage in King John, because I think differently on the place.

P. 45. So by a roaring tempest, &c.

You take this for a flat, absurd, and ill-timed simile. I confess, I never thought it a simile; nor, on a nearer view, do I believe you will. The French King begins the scene abruptly, as Virgil has done his fourth Æneid:—*At Regina gravi*, &c.—and the "So," here, is but a connective particle to what is supposed to have preceded the opening of the scene in discourse.

Thus in Hamlet:

> So Rosencraus and Guildenstern go to 't.

And thus the French King here seems to mean—"So, as you tell me, [or, as our accounts are,] this *Armado* of ships is scattered by stress of weather."

That the Poet made use of the term of *Armado* for the reason you hint, I readily agree.

But now to your query upon King John, p. 9:

> ——————— my face so thin,
> That in mine EAR I durst not stick a ROSE,
> Least men should say, Look, where THREE FARTHINGS goes.

I begin, indeed, to be surprized myself, that I passed this over totally in silence. It is certainly obscure enough; and yet I think I have a glimmering idea of it; enough, at least, to strike a fuller light from your intelligence. As before, in the *half-faced* groat, so here, I fancy, our Poet is anticipating the date of another coin. We had, you know, of old, both a *gold* and *silver* penny; and consequently their fractions. The *three-farthings* of one of these, I conceive, might have a thin face in *profile* impress'd; and a handsome rose peering as from behind the ear, or depending from the cap towards that part. It runs in my head that I have seen some such piece of money. I hope we may be able to trace the certainty of it, and when struck: probably, either during the contentions of the York and Lancaster families; or upon the *Roses* being united in Henry VII. If this be so, it is very humourous

mourous in our Poet to rally the thin face, eclipsed, as it were, by the full-blown Rose.

Twelfth Night, p. 236:

> These wise men, that give fools money, get themselves a good report after fourteen years purchase.

I do not know whether I can construe this either to your, or my own, satisfaction. It is spoken by the Clown, which partly induced me to take it on trust: for, as I once hinted, what his Fools, or Clowns, say, or that eccentric mortal *Pistol*, is hardly to be called to the test. But thus I understand this passage:—Man that buys good report, buys a thing only for life: for even a great man's memory would not outlive his body six months, as Hamlet says, unless he builds Churches. Now to give such a purchase for such a chattel may be considered as a top-price: but he that buys this of a fool's hands, goes so much above the market that he gives *after the rate* of fourteen years purchase.

P. 285. ——— As near as the extremest ends
Of parallels.

Patroclus (says Ulysses) next is ordered to play over Nestor, addressing himself to . . . . . *; but the representation is as distant in likeness from the object designed to be represented, as East is wide from the West in distance of space.

By the extreme ends of parallels, I understand him to mean, the beginnings and endings of those lines on the Globe, which are supposed to take their rise at the point of West, and so run on parallel, terminating full East.

I beg, dear Sir, these faint and imperfect explanations of your three queries may not rob me of that better account which I flatter myself you are prepared to give; and which I shall expect with the most impatient pleasure.

And now to order:

P. 241. Now, Hal, to the news at Court for the robbery, lad: how is that answered?

* The Letter is here torn.

I point

I point this differently:

Now, Hal, to the news at Court:—For the robbery, lad, how is that answer'd?

P. 245. Harry to Harry shall, AND horse to horse.

The old books concur in reading,

——————— NOT horse to horse;

which, I conceive, is the righter: *i. e.* my horse shall bear me like a thunderbolt against the Prince's bosom; but, when we once meet, our single prowess shall dispute the difference, and we will depend neither on the strength, or address, of our steeds.

P. 252. Whose power was in the first proportion.

I imagine, a word is dropped out at the end of this line: I would read,

Whose power was in the first proportion RATE.

i. e. when we first cast up the proportion of our numbers, we included his power in the account.

And the following line seems to warrant this conjecture:

Who with them was a RATED sinew TOO.

i. e. accounted a part of their strength, rather than as Mr. Pope comments upon it.

P. 257. And WILL, they take the offer of our grace;
Both he, and they, &c.

The Editor here, by mistaking the sign of the tense for a verb, breaks short the dependence of the sentence. I read, and point it thus:

And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he, and they, &c.

i. e. so they will submit to take the terms of grace offered.

P. 260. Making you ever better than his praise.

But how?—This addition from the old books answers the question:

By still dispraising praise, valued with you.

Ibid. ——————— Never did I hear
Of any prince so *wild* A LIBERTY.

The Editor sure must understand *liberty* here as *libertine*.

But

But the old books, *und literruld additd*, read, AT LIBERTY, *i. e.* unwatched, unconfined from doing mischief. So, Hamlet, p. 283:

How *dang'rous* is it, that this man goes *loose!*

And, 281:

His *liberty* is full of *threats* to all.

And 271;

I like him not, nor stands him safe with us
To let his madness RANGE.

[For so it must be restored.] And, 259:

Madness in great ones must not *unwatch'd* go.

P. 263. TURK Gregory never did such deeds in arms.

Who can Falstaff mean by *Turk* Gregory? or does he humourously raise a fictitious hero? I think he means *Pope* Gregory, who made some stir in military atchievements.

P. 266. ——— Fare thee well! great heart!
Ill-weav'd Ambition! how much art thou shrunk?
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough!

Julius Cæsar, p. 322:

O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?

Does not our Poet, think you, in these two passages seem to have had Juvenal in view?

——— ——— Mors sola fatetur,
Quantula sint hominum corpuscula. ——
Unus Pellæo juveni non sufficit orbis:
Æstuat infœlix *angusto limite* mundi,
* * * * *
Sarcophago contentus erit.—Sat. x.

P. 270. Myself and MY son Harry.

The verse, I think, is much mended by the old books:

Myself, and YOU, son Harry, &c.

And now to the Second Part of Henry IV.

P. 274. And this worm-eaten HOLE of ragged stone.

Consi-

Considering Northumberland had retired and fortified himself in an old *castle*, a place of strength in those times, I suspect we should read:

And this worm-eaten HOLD.

P. 279. The RAGGEDS'T hour that time and spight dare bring
To *frown* upon.

What consonance of metaphors betwixt *ragged* and *frown*, I would read,

The RUGGEDS'T hour.

P. 285. As I was then *advised by my counsel learned in the laws of this land*-SERVICE.

With how much humour does Falstaff play on the law-phrase, and then archly call his robbing *land-service*? The same phrase, you remember, he again toys with in Anthony, p. 41:

You have been a great THIEF by sea.
Men. And you by land.
Eno. There I deny my LAND-SERVICE.

P. 286. And we that are in the VA-WARD of our youth, I must confess are *wags* too.

But where is the wonder, that people should be *wags* in the *prime* or *first line* of youth, to keep to our Poet's allusion? I cannot help suspecting the passage. Though Falstaff would not allow himself to be old, I believe, he would insinuate that he was in the *last stage* of youth, and yet a *wag nevertheless*. What if we should read, REAR-GUARD? Or what if the Poet coined a word, nearer to the traces of the text, WANE-WARD? *i. e.* towards the *wane*, or decline of youth.

Nor is this the only passage in which I have suspected a corruption in the word *Va-ward*. For example; 1 Henry VI. p. 10:

If Sir John Falstaffe had not play'd the coward,
He being in the VA-WARD (plac'd behind,
With purpose to relieve and *follow* them).

How could he be in the *vanguard*, and placed *behind* too? I have suspected here that we must read, RERE-WARD.

P. 293.

P. 293. He comes continually to Pie-corner, saving your manhoods, to buy a SADDLE.

I suppose, ribaldry is couched under this term; and that it means, a *strumpet.*

Ibid. A hundred *mark* is a long ONE, for a poor *lone* woman to bear.

A long *one, of what?* a long *mark?* That is the only antecedent substantive it can agree with; and common sense will not admit of its being coupled to that. I need not to observe to you, how familiar it is with our Poet to play the chimes upon words *similar* in *sound,* and *differing* in *signification.* I doubt not but you will read with me:

A hundred marks is a long LONE*, for a poor *lone* woman to bear;

i. e. one hundred marks is a good round sum for a poor widow to venture on trust.

P. 300. POINS. Come, you virtuous ass, you bashful fool, must you be blushing? &c.

It seems evident to me, by the page's reply, that this speech should be placed to BARDOLF.

P. 301. Well, thus we play the fool with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us.

Do you think our Poet might owe the foundation of this thought to Lucretius, l. II. v. 7?

Sed nil dulcius est, benè quàm munita tenere
Edita doctrinâ *sapientum templa* serena,
Despicere unde queas. ——

P. 304. O miracle of men! him did you leave.

After this verse the first folio adds, as the Editor ought to have observed,

Second to none, unseconded by you.

P. 308. *Host. I am the worse,* when one says swagger: *feel,* Masters, *how I shake,* look you, I warrant you.
Dol. So you do, Hostess.
Host. Do I, yea, in very truth do I, *as if it were an aspen-leaf.*

* As they formerly spelled LOAN.

As

As this fright of the Hostess is so much in Nature, I cannot but be surprized to find it sneered at in Beaumont's Knight of the Burning Pestle (the *Rehearsal*, as I before hinted, of that age) p. 2301:

> *Wife.* By the faith o' my body a' has put me into such a fright, that I *tremble* (as they say) *as 't were an aspen-leaf.* Look o' my little finger, George, how it *shakes.* Nay, in truth, *every member of my body is the worse for 't.*

I am, dearest Sir, your most truly faithful and affectionate humble servant, LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER XXXVII.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Wyan's Court, Jan.* 17, 1729-30.

I have the pleasure of yours (No. 11) of the 14th instant. I am very glad you have so happily at once dispatched the dull Fifth Volume. I wish I could clear all the lumber of it with the same expedition. I will endeavour to make the labour as light as I can for both our sakes.

Second Part of Henry IV.

P. 309. Have we not HIREN here?

I am quite at a loss for what Pistol means here by *Hiren.* I have imagined he might call Falstaff's Dol so, by a blunder instead of *Helen.*

But in this very Play, afterwards (p. 368), we find him pronouncing that name right:

> Thy Dol and *Helen* of thy noble thoughts, &c.

Again, as he is altogether upon the bluster in this Scene, may he be supposed to mean his sword by *Hiren*, as the swords, you know, of Heroes in Romances bear strange names? Whatever it meant, this speech either gave great pleasure, or was the object of strong ridicule; for I find it repeated in two old Plays, "The Queen, or Excellence of her Sex;"

Sex;" and "Law Tricks:" but from the context of either passage I cannot trace the motive.

Ibid. ——————— shall packhorses
And hollow-pamper'd jades of Asia, &c.

Pistol, it is certain, does not *deliver himself like a man of this world;* but we will derive one testimony from hence, that all his *extravaganzas* are not mere unmeaning wildnesses; but thrown in, to convey strokes of satire, and expose the fustian of some contemporary pieces. You must know, dear Sir, there is an old Play, in two parts, called "Tamburlaine's Conquests; or, the Scythian Shepherd:" in the Second Part of which, Act IV. Scene 4, Tamburlaine appears in his chariot, drawn by the Kings of Trebizond and Soria, with bits in their mouths; he holding the reins in his left hand, and a whip in his right, scourgeth them: and thus begins the Scene:

Holla! ye pamper'd jades of Asia,
What, can ye draw but twenty miles a day,
And have so proud a chariot at your heels,
And such a coachman as great Tamburlaine?

P. 310. Sweet Knight, I kiss thy NEIF.

Mr. Pope will have it that Pistol would kiss Dol. I insist, he is quarreling with her: upon which, Falstaff tells him he would be quiet; and that then Pistol, shewing some little deference to his captain, says,

Sweet Knight, I kiss thy NEIF:—

i. e. thy FIST:—

I mean no displeasure to thee, &c.

P. 317. Why then good-morrow to you ALL, my Lords:
Have you read o'er, &c.

As there are only Warwick and Surrey come in to the King, who was before alone, I am sure Shakespeare would have made him say,

——— good morrow to you BOTH.

I read the passage thus:

Why then, good-morrow to you.—WELL, my Lords,
Have you yet read, &c.

P. 319. The COUNTRY.

Why not GLOUCESTER-shire? *ut infra*, pp. 355. 362.

P. 320. Then was Jack Falstaff (now Sir John, boy) a Page.

All the old books set right this passage:

Then was Jack Falstaff (now Sir John) a boy, AND Page to ——

P. 3..... —— There was a little quiver fellow, and 'a would manage you his piece thus; and 'a would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in; &c.

So truly natural, and comic as this description is, and in character for our ridiculous, minute Justice Shallow, it became the object of Beaumont and Fletcher's sneer in the Knight of the Burning Pestle, p. 2328:

Ran, tan, tan, tan, ran, tan! Oh, wench, *an thou had'st but seen little Ned of Aldgate*, drum Ned, how he made it roar again, and laid on like a tyrant, and then struck softly till the ward came up, and then thundered again, and together we go: *sa, sa, sa, bounce*, quoth the guns! courage, my hearts, quoth the captains! St. George, quoth the pike-men! and withall, *here they lay, and there they lay!* and yet for all this I am here, wench.

P. 331. We see which way the stream of Time doth run,
And are inforc'd from our most quiet THERE, &c.

As *there* is neither a substantive, nor has relation to one, methinks it is a strange idle expletive here. If the Bishop might be supposed to speak singly in his own person, I should guess,

—— from our most quiet CHAIR:—

but, I am afraid, he speaks for self and company.

P. 332. That you should seal this lawless bloody *book*
Of *forg'd* rebellion with a seal divine?

In one of my old quartos (for I have two of this Play, printed in 1600), after these lines, there follows

lows a verse which ought by all means to be restored:

And consecrate Commotion's bitter EDGE?

I should think "bitter PAGE," more consonant to *book;* but, perhaps, the sword of Rebellion, drawn by a Bishop, may in that sense be said to be *consecrated,* as the King afterwards (p. 343), talking of going to the Holy Wars, says,

We 'll draw no swords but what are *sanctified.*

P. 332. My Brother General, the Commonwealth.

To this speech my same old quarto adds an intermediate verse, that I cannot tell what to make of:

My Brother General, the commonwealth
To brother borne an household cruelty,
I make my quarrel ——

Ibid. Was forc'd, perforce compell'd to banish him.

It ought to be restored,

Was, force perforce, compell'd, &c.

As after, p. 344:

As, force perforce, the age will pour it in.

P. 340. I speeded hither with the very extremest INCH of possibility.

Is *inch* right here? I am at a loss to make sense of it.

P. 344. As FLAWS congealed in the spring of day.

What are FLAWS?

P. 348. That from this golden RIGOL hath divorc'd
So many English Kings. ——

I remember in one of yours, last season, you have taken this word to task, and would substitute REGALE. But *rigol,* perhaps, may be the Poet's own word; you know how apt he is to coin from the Italian. Ferrarius, in his "Origines Italicæ," expounds the word RIDDA thus: "*Chorea, cùm nexis manibus saltando* in orbem *vertuntur. A* ridda, RIDOLETTO, RIGOLETTO, RIGOLO." So that, a *rigolet,* or *rigol,* I conceive, may stand in English for a circle.

P. 351. Be happy, he will trouble you no more.

After this verse, all my old copies add,

England shall double *gild* his treble *guilt.*

If Mr. Pope saw this, and expunged it because of the low pun, he should have remembered the Poet is guilty of the like in Henry the Fifth, p. 394:

Have for the *gilt* of France (O *guilt* indeed!)

P. 356. ——————— and will *back-bite.*

Dav. No worse than they are BITTEN, Sir.

The old quarto, more rightly,

No worse than they are BACK-BITTEN, Sir.

Ibid. I'll follow you, good Master Robert Shallow.

Here ought to be marked,

[*Exeunt Shallow, &c. manet Falstaff.*

For when Shallow, in the subsequent page, says, *Sir John!* we are to understand that he calls to him from within.

P. 361. My father is gone WAIL'D into his grave.

So Mr. Pope. The old editions read WILD. I own, I espouse Mr. Pope's as yet; for I do not understand the other. However, I will mention to you what Dr. Thirlby wrote in his margin upon the passage. This ridiculous reading, *wail'd,* which I suppose is Pope's conjecture, is not only nonsense in itself, but is the cause that nonsense is in the following verses.

P. 362. Master Page, sit: good Master Page, sit: PROFACE.

This word I cannot find in any of my Dictionaries. But I meet with it in an old Comedy, called The Widow's Tears, Act IV.:

Well, I have done:

And well done, Frailty. PROFACE; how lik'st thou it.

[*Spoken to a girl that is eating victuals brought her by the speaker.*

I cannot guess at the word, unless it be a contraction from the Italian, *Bon vi profaccia: i.e.* "Much good may it do you."

P. 365. BEZONIAN, speak or die.

So in the Second Part of Henry IV. p. 158:

Great men oft die by wild BEZONIANS.

Here

Here again our Author coins from the Italian. *Bisogno*, you know, among other significations, means *necessity;* and *bisognoso*, a *needy person;* and thence, metaphorically, a base scoundrel. Thus I find a base *bisogno* in the "Widow's Tears;" and Ben Jonson speaks of the *bisognosi* in Volpone.

And so, dear Sir, end my observations on the Second Part of Henry the Fourth.

The next Play is much my darling; so I will reserve it to a Letter by itself. I would be glad to know if I ever shewed you how I had conjecturally supplied the hemistich in the 7th page of the First Part of Henry the Sixth; where Mr. Pope has substituted FRANCIS DRAKE.

As I have occasionally taken notice how free both Ben Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher were in *girding* at our Author; I will fill up my present paper with a few more passages, which I fancy you will think with me are directly leveled at him.

1.—1 Henry IV. p. 194:

> By heav'n, methinks it were an easy leap
> To pluck bright Honour, &c.

In the Knight of the Burning Pestle, p. 2268, a grocer's wife brings her apprentice Ralph to play a part; and encouraging him to exert, says,

> Hold up thy head, Ralph; shew the gentlemen what thou can'st do: *speak a huffing part: I warrant you, the gentlemen will accept of it.*

And then Ralph repeats this whole speech of Hotspur.

2.—1 Henry VI. p. 30:

> Is this the Talbot so much fear'd abroad,
> That with his name the mothers still their babes?

Knight of the Burning Pestle, p. 2268:

> He will fetch you up a couraging part for the garret, that we are all as feared, I warrant you, that we quake again. We 'll fear our children with him. If they be never so unruly, do but cry, *Ralph comes,*

comes, Ralph comes to 'em, and they 'll be as quiet as lambs.

3.—Hamlet, p. 232:

Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my sword ———

Knight of the Burning Pestle, p. 2310:

Ralph. ——— but yet thou shalt *swear*
Upon my Burning Pestle to perform
Thy promise utter'd.

Bar. ——— I swear and *kiss.*

4.—Julius Cæsar, p. 356:

——— Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.

Knight of the Burning Pestle, p. 2320, spoken by Lucy on seeing her sweetheart's coffin:

Good friends, depart a little, while I take
My leave of this dead man, that once I lov'd.

5.—Julius Cæsar, Act I. Scene 2:

Let me have men about me that are *fat.*
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep a-nights;
Yon Cassius has a *lean and hungry look;*
He thinks too much: such men *are dangerous.*

Bartle'mew Fair, p. 40, applied to the fat pig-wife, and her starvling servitor:

Come, there 's no malice in these *fat folks;* I never fear thee, an I can 'scape thy *lean mooncalf* here.

6.—3 Henry VI. p. 232:

Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence; George, of Glou'ster;
For Glo'ster's dukedom is too ominous.

War. Tut! that 's a foolish observation.

Devil 's an Ass, p. 287:

Meercr. I think, we ha' found a place to fit you now, Sir: *Gloucester.*

Fitz-dot. O no, I'll not.

Meercr. Why, Sir?

Fitz. 'Tis fatal.

Meercr. That you say right in. Spencer, I think, the younger, had his last honour thence. But he was but an Earl.

Fitz. I know not that Sir: but Thomas of Woodstock I 'm sure was Duke: and he was made away at Calice, as Duke Humphrey was at Bury: and Richard the Third, you know what end he came to.

Meerer.

Mercer. By m' faith, you 're cunning in the Chronicle, Sir.

Fitz. No, I confess *I ha 't from the Play-books:*
And think they 're more authentick.

I have still, as I have read, minuted down a great number of the like reflecting references; but these will be enough at present for a specimen. Some few of your observations upon the Fifth Volume you will give me leave, for more certainty, to reply to: but these passages I will take as they rise in their order.

I am, dearest Sir, your most affectionate and obliged friend and humble servant, LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER XXXVIII.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Wyan's Court, Jan.* 20, 1729-30.

In sequel of my last of the 17th instant, I now proceed with Henry V.

P. 377. But that the *scambling* and *unquiet* time
Did PUT it out of farther question.

The first folio has a term of much more energy, PUSH, more consonant to the epithets in the preceding verse.

P. 383. King Lewis's POSSESSION.

Mr. Pope (for a mere delicacy of ear, as I presume,) has very injudiciously, I think, degraded the word *satisfaction*, which has the warrant both of the Historians, and the first folio.

Besides, let us look back to the preceding page, and we find that King Lewis

——— Could not keep *quiet in his conscience*
Wearing the crown of France, till SATISFIED, &c.

Ibid. Than *openly imbrace* their crooked titles.

Some of the old books,—" amply to imbarr." I do not know which of these is the properer term in Heraldry; which is what is required here.

P. 384.

P. 384. They know your grace hath cause, and means and might;
So hath your highness, *never*.

I vary the pointing as follows; without which change it seems to me stark nonsense:

They know your grace hath cause; and means and might
So hath your highness: Never.

P. 385. For *government*, though *high* and *low* and *lower*,
Put into parts, doth keep in one *consent*,
Congruing * in a full and natural close,
Like musick.

The foundation and expression of this thought seem to be borrowed from Cicero de Republ. lib. 2: —"Sic ex *summis*, et *mediis*, et *infimis interjectis ordinibus*, *ut sonis*, moderatam ratione civitatem, *consensu* dissimilimorum *concinere*; et quæ *harmonia à musicis* dicitur in cantu, eam esse in *civitate concordiam*."

P. 388. ———— And shew my SAIL of greatness,
When I do rouse me in my throne of France.

I do not well understand what our Poet means by this metaphor.

Ibid. But this lies all within the will of God.

I will not say, Shakespeare dealt here with Homer; but the introduction and delivery of the sentiment has a great resemblance in both Poets:

Ἀλλ' ἤτοι μὲν ταῦτα Θεῶν ἐν γούνασι κεῖται.
Odyss. *a*. v. 267.

P. 390. Though Patience be a tir'd NAME, yet she will *plod*.

A tired *name plodding*, sure, is a very singular phrase. I make no doubt but we ought to read with the old quarto,—a tir'd MARE.

Ibid. O welladay lady, if he be not HEWN now,
We shall, &c.

* Congreeing, first folio. The other has a false emphasis.

I do

I do not understand this. I think there is a small corruption both in the text and pointing.

I would regulate it thus:

O welladay lady, if he be not DRAWN!
Now we shall, &c.

i. e. seeing Pistol with his sword out.

So, Tempest, p. 33:

Why are you DRAWN?

So, Romeo, p. 119:

What DRAWN, and talk of peace!

(For so the old quarto reads.)

P. ..... Thy spirits are *more* tall.

First folio *rectiùs, most.*

P. ....4. E'er he take ship for France: THEN in Southampton
Linger your patience on, &c.

I cannot persuade myself that our Poet would bid his audience linger their patience on in Southampton, before he had told them the scene was shifted thither: and then that, in five lines afterwards, he would tell them they must transport themselves to that town.

I read and point it thus:

E'er he take ship for France, AND in Southampton.
Linger your patience on, &c.

i. e. he informs his audience that this vile treason is to be transacted at Southampton, before he lets them know that he is shifting his scene thither.

P. 398. By the name of THOMAS Lord Scroop of Masham.

Above, p. 394, we have this Nobleman by his right name, HENRY Lord Scroop of Masham: and so we must restore it here.

P. 403. While that his MOUNTAIN Sire, on *mountain* standing.

I suspect, MOUNTING; i. e. his heroic, aspiring, high-minded sire; as above, p. 383:

While his most MIGHTY father on a *hill*, &c.

Unless we are to imagine that the French King speaks disparingly of him as a Welch-man, and so calls

calls him *mountain* sire. (So Fluellin, p. 463, is called Mountain squire; and so Sir Hugh, in Merry Wives, p. 215, is called by Pistol, *Mountain*-foreigner.) But all the rest of the French King's speech is respectful, and countenances no such sneer.

P. 405. The PINING maiden's groans.

This, I take it, is, *ex sûd potestate*. You, I think, conjectured, 'PRIVED. But may not *privy* maiden's groans imply, the maiden's *private* groans, vented to herself? I again conjectured, PRIMY maiden's groans; *i. e.* ripe, in the prime of their youth.

So, Hamlet, p. 220.

A violet in the youth of PRIMY Nature.

So, King Henry, afterwards, p. 413, speaking of the fatal consequences of a town stormed, says,

——————————— mowing like grass
Your *fresh fair* virgins, &c.

P. 407. ——————— At DOVER-pier
Embark his royalty.

I can in no kind account for this reading. Can it possibly be forgetfulness, when our Poet is so express in the Chorus to his second Act, that the King was to embark at *Southampton*, as he really did?

P. 408. Like the brass cannon let the brow oerwhelm it.

We certainly must point with the first folio:

Like the brass cannon: Let the, &c.

P. 415. It is evident, I think, that we must make these transpositions of the speeches in this French scene;

Al. La main, il est appellé, de hand.
Kath. De hand. Et le doyt?
Al. Le doyt, me foy, &c.
Kath. La main, de hand, &c.——escolier. J'ay gaigné, &c.

I do not trouble you with the insufferable corruptions in French, both as to numbers, genders, and terminations.

P. 416. De fingre, de NAYLES, madame.

The first folio, *rectè*, MAYLES. Katharine mistakes the word; or why does Alice set her right?

—— et

——————— et le COUNT.

I read, COUN, a corrupt pronunciation of GOWN, by which Alice approaches the French word CON, cunnus: as *foot* does to *foutre*.

P. 425. ——— As if his entrails were hairs.

Here follows something in the first folio, which, I cannot tell for what reason, the Editor has omitted: Le cheval volant, the Pegasus, chez les narines de feu!

P. 426. And in your strait STROSSERS.

Neither my dictionaries, nor my acquaintance with the Irish, have helped me to the meaning of this word; I presume it means, breeches, joined to the hose, strait and close to the thighs.

P. 430. A largess universal like the sun
His lib'ral eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear; THAT mean and gentle all
Behold (as may unworthiness define
A little touch of Harry in the night.

Surely, this is a most perplexed and nonsensical passage. what? had the eye of Harry such an universal influence, that every rank beheld (as the insufficiency of the Poet could present him) a little touch of him in the night? It certainly must be corrected, and pointed thus:

Thawing cold fear.—*Then*, mean and gentle, all
Behold (as may, &c.

The Poet first tells the real influence that Harry's eye had in the camp; and then, addressing himself to every degree of his audience, tells them, he will shew them (as well as his unworthy pen and powers can describe it) a little touch, or sketch, of this hero in the night.

P. 431. With casted slough, and fresh CELERITY.

The first folio gives a word much more proper, and adapted to the subject, LEGERITY.

P. 436. The time was WELL SPENT wherein such preparation was *gain'd*.

I am

I am certain our Author designed an antithesis in GAINED and blessedly LOST, which the Editor has taken away by degrading the latter.

P. 439. ——————— Take from them now
The sense of reck'ning, &c.

This passage is differently read both by the old quarto and first folio:

[QUARTO.]

——————— Steel my soldiers' hearts,
Take from them now the sense of reckoning,
That the opposed multitudes which stand before them,
May not appal their courage.

[FOLIO.]

——————————————— hearts,
Possess them not with fear: Take from them now
The sense of reck'ning OF th' opposed numbers:
Pluck their hearts from them.

I would read,

——————— with fear: Take from them now
The sense of reck'ning; LEST th' opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them. Not to day, &c.

P. 439, 40. ——————— More will I do;
Tho' *all* that I can do is nothing worth,
SINCE that my penitence comes after *all*,
Imploring pardon.

This must be certainly wrong: but, if we compare it with what the King says in Hamlet of the efficacy of repentance, I suspect we may catch his meaning by this slight change of one word:

SAVE that my penitence, &c.

i. e. I have no means to blot out the injuries of my father, but by repenting for the cause.

P. 442. And yet I do thee, &c.
For thou art made.
Exe. Farewell, kind lord.

The old quarto authorizes this transposition:

Exe. Farewell, kind Lord, &c.
And yet I do thee, &c.
For thou art made, &c.

P. 446.

P. 446. Shall LEAVE them little, tell the constable.

Both the old books read, as the sense requires, YIELD.

P. 447. FOR I will fetch thy RYM out at thy throat.

Is there any such word as *rym*? I have ventured to suspect,

OR I will fetch thy RANSOM out at thy throat.

P. ..... I did never know so WOFULL a voice issue from so *empty* a heart.

But why WOFULL? Pistol was all *bounce* and *noise*. Besides, where is the antithesis?

We must certainly read with the first folio:

I did never know so FULL a voice.

But then the arch boy immediately ..... * elf from the old *song* [or *saying*]—The *empty* vessel makes the *greatest* sound.

P. 4..... Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageable for our dignity;

After the second line the old folio adds a verse here, which, I think, ought to be inserted:

Any thing in, or out of, our demands, &c.

P. 473. Neither the voice, nor the heart of HATRED about me.

We must read with the first folio *flattery*.

And so I have done with this Play, and this Volume.

I received, dearest Sir, yours (No. 12) this morning on this very Play; but, as the greatest part of mine was writ, I thought it would be best to go on with my own remarks in the order and method I had proposed.

I am surprized by yours to hear that no more of mine have reached you since that of Richard II; because I have sent two or three, I cannot say which, including all my queries on the two Parts of Henry IV. I shall take it as a favour for the future that you will please, as I do, to acknowledge the receipt of mine, and mention their numbers; and then we cannot easily be at a loss.

* The MS. is torn.

My

My postman begs that, upon your superscriptions, instead of *London*, you would say, *Blomesbury*, which will be some ease to them, it seems, in the sorting of their Letters.

I am, dearest Sir, with the truest sincerity, your most affectionate and obliged friend, and faithful humble servant, LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER XXXIX.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Wyan's Court, Jan.* 22, 1729-30.

I have acknowledged the receipt of yours (No. 12); and by last night's post I received none.

I now enter upon this dull Fifth Volume, and shall be well pleased when I have got through it.

KING HENRY VI. PART I.

Dramatis Personæ.—The diligence of our Editor has curtailed this list of no less than seven speaking characters; Sir John Falstaff, Sir Thomas Gargrave, Sir William Glansdale, Sir William Lucy, Governor of Paris, Master Gunner of Orleans, and Boy, his son.

P. 5. CHRYSTAL tresses.

I had understood this in the sense of *transparent*, as all fiery phænomena are.

P. 7. Than Julius Cæsar, or bright ———

I think, I shewed you my conjecture on this hiatus; and therefore will not trouble you with it till I know certainly from you whether I did, or no.

P. 8. These tidings would call forth HER flowing tides.

I read, THEIR, the relative to tears.

P. 11. Mars his true moving.

Kepler, I think, gave us the first notices of Mars's revolutions, in his Treatise *De Motibus Stellæ Martis*. He died about the year 1620. How long before his death he published his tract, I cannot tell; but we may be sure not so early as the appearance of this

this Play. It would scarce have escaped our Author's knowledge.

P. 11. Or piteous they would look like drowned mice.
The first folio adds here,
REIGN. Lets 's raise the seige: why live we idly here?
Talbot is, &c.

P. 12. Two other lords, like lions wanting food.
First folio,
The other Lords, &c.

P. 16. The CARDINAL of Winchester forbids;
—and p. 17:
I'll canvass thee in thy broad CARDINAL'S hat.
I am afraid our Poet is a little inconsistent with himself in this point. Either Winchester was not yet installed Cardinal, or why does Exeter so long afterwards as p. 74 say,
What, is my Lord of Winchester INSTALL'D,
And called unto a CARDINAL'S degree?

P. 21. Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.
The first folio adds, as a marginal direction,
Enter Boy with a linstock.

Ibid. One of thy eyes and thy CHEEKS side.
Read CHEEK'S.

P. 23. Now like THEIR whelps.
First folio,
Now like TO whelps.

P. 25. Her ashes in an urn more GRACIOUS.
First folio, PRECIOUS. What was this rich coffer of Darius? I recollect nothing of it.

P. 26. Unready? I AM glad we scap'd so well.
First folio,
Unready? I, AND glad we scap'd so well.

P. 29. For smoke and DUSTY vapours of the night.
First folio, DUSKY.

P. 33. In dumb SIGNIFICANCE proclaim your thoughts.
First folio, SIGNIFICANTS.

P. .....

P. ..... I scorn thee and thy PASSION, peevish Boy.

The old books read, FASHION: which the epithet *peevish*, I presume, induced our Editor to change to PASSION. But I read,

I scorn thee and thy FACTION, peevish boy.

i. e. thee, and those that uphold thee. Somerset had said in the foregoing page,

Well, I 'll find FRIENDS to wear my bleeding roses, &c.

And Plantagenet had said in this very page,

Will I for ever and my FACTION wear, &c.

Besides, if *faction* be not the true reading, why * should Suffolk immediately reply,

Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.

P. ..... To scourge you for this APPREHENSION.

Sure the sense requires, REPREHENSION.

P. 39. Thou dost then wrong me, as that SLAUGHTER doth.

First folio, SLAUGHT'RER. And, I think, there is another slight corruption in this very speech:

And fair BE ALL thy hopes!

As Mortimer is wishing blessings and prosperity to Plantagenet, I suspect we ought to read,

And fair BEFAL thy hopes!

Which seems confirmed by the first lines of Plantagenet's next speech,

And peace, no war, BEFAL thy parting soul!

P. 40. Or make my WILL th' advantage of my *good*.

I confess, I do not understand this.

We have guessed,

Or make my ILL,

i. e. my misfortune, refusal, at worst shall gain me friends. This reading too restores an antithesis.

P. 41. *Winch.* This Rome shall remedy.
War. Go thither then.

Mr. Pope's nice ear has a strong antipathy to any jingle, but that of rhyme: for the old books read,

ROAM thither then.

* "Why? because Plantagenet had called Somerset, with whom Suffolk sided, *peevish* boy." WARBURTON.

P. 44.

P. 44. As by his SMOOTHED brows.

So reads the first folio with you.

P. 48. That hardly we escap'd the PRIDE of France.

Should not this rather be, PRIZE, *i. e.* becoming the spoil, being taken by. See Richard III. p. 361.

P. 50. Enter Sir John Falstaffe and a Captain.

Mr. Pope's note upon this passage is, I think, an idle one. For this is the true historical Sir John FASTOLFE, and not the comic character introduced in the former Plays, who was at first called *Oldcastle*, till there was a reason for changing the name, from some descendants of that family surviving.

P. 55. Against the Duke of Somerset.

The first folio very necessarily completes the verse,

Against MY LORD the Duke of Somerset.

Ibid. That whoso draws a sword, 'T IS *present death.*

Your remark upon this passage is very ingenious; and yet give me leave, dear Sir, to refer it once more to your consideration. I confess, I think the text is not to be disturbed; and my reason is this: We must be a little guided by the following lines:

But I 'll unto his Majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong.

Now, though it might be present death to draw a sword in the *presence*, the question is, what occasion was there for Vernon to ask the King leave that he might revenge his affront in *another place*? Again, we have a Statute for punishing strokes given within the verge of the Royal Palace; and the penalty is the loss of the right hand. Indeed, this Statute was not made till the thirty-third year of Henry VIII.—but, if it had been before this time, this Statute would have taken notice of, and repealed, the former penalty. Again, let us consider what the King says, when both parties come to ask his leave, p. 60:

——————— Remember where we are,
In France, amongst a fickle wav'ring nation:
If they perceive dissention in our looks,
And that within ourselves we disagree,

How will their grudging stomachs be provoked
To wilful disobedience, and rebel?

I make no doubt, therefore, but that the King, considering himself as it were in an Enemy's country, and fearful of ill consequences from any one of his own subjects bandying and quarreling with one another, had made it a capital offence by the martial law for any one of his followers to draw a weapon upon one another: and, this granted, there is some reason why Vernon, for his own revenge, without first obtaining a dispensation from his Sovereign, could no more draw his sword in another place, than in the Presence, without licence first obtained.

P. 63. That I thy enemy may DEW thee withal.
I think rather, DUE.

P. 66. Swearing that you withhold his *levied* HOST.
I read, HORSE. See Somerset's answer,
He might have sent and had the HORSE.
And a little lower,
I will dispatch the HORSEMEN strait.
And p. 64,
Of HORSEMEN that were LEVIED for this siege.
And again,
——————— Who in proud heart
Doth stop my CORNETS.
And p. 61,
And, good my lord of Somerset, unite
Your troops of HORSEMEN with his bands of foot.

P. 69. To-morrow I shall die with MICKLE age.
I rather think, MILKY; *i. e.* hoary.
So, infra, p. 183:
That bows unto the grave with MILKY age.

Ibid. ON THAT ADVANTAGE bought with such a shame,
To save a paltry life, &c.
I cannot help thinking this a little too obscure to be genuine. I fancy we should either read,
OUT ON that vantage, bought with such a shame!
To save, &c.

Or,

Or,

ON THAT BAD VANTAGE bought, with such a shame,
To save a paltry life, &c.

P. 72. To be the pillage of a giglot wench.
So left me proudly.

The first folio adds,

——————————— wench.
So, rushing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly.

P. 73. For God's sake let him have HIM; to keep *them* here,
They would but stink.

It is evident we must read, THEM, *i. e.* Talbot and his son.

P. 81. Enjoy mine own, the COUNTRY Maine and Anjou.

I say, it should be, COUNTIES. So Suffolk, in his answer:

And those two COUNTIES I will undertake, &c.

And so again, p. 97:

These COUNTIES were the keys of Normandy.

And now to the Second Part of Henry VI:

P. 95. Ere the THIRTEENTH of May next ensuing.

From the joint warrant of history, and of the old quarto and first folio, we must read THIRTIETH.

P. 96. Or hath mine *uncle* BEDFORD, and myself.

I wonder this blunder escaped you. Bedford was his brother. So, five lines higher we have it right.

And did my BROTHER Bedford toil his wits, &c.

We are to read therefore here,

Or hath mine uncle BEAUFORT, and myself, &c.

Cardinal Beaufort was his uncle.

So Gloucester speaking to him in the next page, says,

Ay, UNCLE, we will keep it if we can.

P. 104. Then we may deliver our supplications *in the quill.*

I suppose, this is a provincial phrase; but I do not know the meaning of it.

P. 108. Madam, the King is old enough himself
To give THIS censure.
We must read, with the first folio,
To give HIS censure.

P. 114. What, Cardinal! Is your priesthood grown so peremptory?

Here follows a quotation from the first folio, which I shall take the privilege to restore, because, I think, it shews our Poet understood his Virgil very well by this happy application:

Tantæne animis Cœlestibus iræ?
Churchmen so hot?

P. ..... GLOU. True, uncle.
Are you advis'd?—the East side the grove.
Cardinal, I am with you.

Why does Gloucester ask the Cardinal this question, if it was *he* that had made the appointment of the place? I question not, but the speakers are confused, and therefore I thus regulate them.

GLOU. True, uncle.
CARD. Are you advis'd?—the East side the grove.
GLOU. Cardinal, I am with you.

For this admirably well marks the virulence of the Cardinal, who had appointed the place, and was afraid Gloucester should mistake it.

P. 121. The fifth was EDWARD Langley.
History and the old books bid us read, EDMUND.

P. 123. Stand forth, Dame Elianor Cobham.

I cannot imagine why our Poet made bold with History, in misplacing the time of this fact. This Duchess was convicted of, and banished for sorcery, in the 20th year of the King, and three years before his marriage.

Ibid. Receive the sentence of the law for SIN.
The next line requires, SINS.

P. 124. And his staff with a sand-bag fasten'd to it.
What was the use of this?

P. 124.

P. 124. Here 's a cup of CHARNECO.

I do not know what liquor this might be. Our Dictionaries take no notice of it. I find it mentioned, amongst several other wines, in an old tract, called "The Discovery of a London Monster, called the Black Dog of Newgate. Imprinted at London by G. Eld, for Robert Wilson, 1612."

"Room for a customer, quoth I. So in I went, where I found English, Scotish, Welch, Irish, Dutch, and French, in several rooms: some drinking the neat wine of Orleans, some the Gascony, some the Bourdeaux; there wanted neither Sherry, Sack, nor CHARNOCO, Maligo, nor Peeter Seemine, amber-colour'd Candy, nor liquorish Ipocras, brown belov'd Bastard, fat Aligant, or any quick-spirited liquor, that might draw their wits into a circle to see the devil by imagination."

I am, dearest Sir, your most affectionate and obliged friend and humble servant,

LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER XL.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Wyan's Court, Jan.* 24, 1729-30.

I last night received yours (No. 13) of the 21st instant; and proceed now on the Second Part of Henry VI.

P. 126. So cares and joys *abound*, as seasons fleet.

Quod si, *go round?* The context seems rather to bespeak their circulation and vicissitude, than plenty and continuance.

Ibid. Enter the Duchess, &c. - - - - - - in her hand.

We must add here,

Sir John Stanley, with a sheriff and officers.

for it appears, p. 128, that Sir John is to escort her to

to the Isle of Man, and the Duke of Gloucester asks him if that is his commission.

P. 135. And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And *binds* the wretch, and beats it when it STRAYS.

But it is something extraordinary, methinks, for a calf to *stray* when it is bound to its good behaviour. I chuse to read, "when it STRIVES." Every beast, when it finds itself any ways intangled, struggles, and makes an effort to get loose.

Ibid. 2. *Mar.* FREE lords, cold snow.

I have no conception why the Queen addresses them with this epithet.

P. 137. Might hap | ly have | proved | far worse than his.

Where is Mr. Pope's ear, that is sometimes so delicate in cadences? A single Letter too cures all the harsh emphasis:

Might happily have prov'd, &c.

Happily, and *haply*, are used indifferently.

P. 139. Do calm the fury of this mad-brain'd FLAW.

This is one of those words which our Author uses very quaintly, and I know not how to expound to myself.

P. 140. *Suff.* Away, be gone. Exeunt.
Enter K. Henry, the Queen, Cardinal, SUFFOLK.

Our most accurate Editors carry off Suffolk, only to bring him on again the very next half-moment. I adjust it thus:

Exeunt Ruffians; manet Suffolk.
Enter K. Henry, the Queen, Cardinal, Somerset, &c.

P. 143. To sit, and *watch* * me, as Ascanius did.

Whence did our Poet glean this circumstance of Ascanius telling his father's story to Dido? Dido, indeed, held Cupid, the supposed Ascanius, in her lap, whilst Æneas related the series of Troy's downfall, &c. at her request: Virgil marks it to us,

Imò agè, et à primâ, dic, inquit, origine nobis, &c.

* See a conjecture on this passage in p. 440.

P. 144.

P. 144. And to survey his dead and EARTHLY image.

I chuse, EARTHY, though I am afraid our Author uses both terms indiscriminately. But what shall we say for the Editor's taste, who has not distinguished by his commendatory commas that unmatched description, in the next page, of the symptoms of Gloucester's violent death?

P. 147. What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?
THRICE is he arm'd.

Does not this approach a little to our Horace?

Illi robur, et æs TRIPLEX
Circa PECTUS.

P. 148. Yet notwithstanding such a STRANGE edict.

The first folio reads, in my opinion with much more propriety, STRAIT, *i. e. strict.*

P. 149. ——————— *Poison* be their *drink*,
Gall, worse than gall, the DAINTIEST THAT they taste.

As there is a substantive subjoined to every epithet in the verses that follow, *sweetest shade, chiefest prospect, softest touch,* &c. I think, we should read either DAINTIES THAT, or DAINTIEST MEAT they taste.

P. 149. ——— As smart as *lizard's stings.*

In several other passages, I have observed our Poet speaks of the lizard, so inoffensive with us, as of a noxious animal. I do not know whether in Italy these reptiles be venomous, or no; or whether by *lizard* the Poet means serpent; as Virgil is said to do, Ecl. ii. 9.

Nunc virides etiam occultant spineta lacertos.

Genus serpentis, says Servius. Or perhaps these animals may be terribly obnoxious in some parts of the world, as in the island of *Java* for instance:— "In sylvis Javæ, in paludibus et cœno, *Lacertæ* quoddam genus, aut, ut aptiùs dicam, crocodili terrestris species. Nullus, ex plurimis quos vidi, ultrà quinque pedes excreverat. Ferunt tamen Javani,

sævos

scævos et majores in montibus versari. Animal per totum vertebrarum dorsi processum *serratum* est, cute rugosâ et sqamosâ, fœdè viridi, et maculosâ; ità ut *solo aspectu* suo insuetis *horrorem incutiat*."

Bontii Hist. Natur. l. 5, c. iv.

P. 143. — ——————— tempted Suffolk's *tongue*
To sit and WATCH me as Ascanius did.

Throwing my eye casually back to this page, I am tempted, dear Sir, to propose an instantaneous conjecture here. Should we not read,

To sit and WITCH me, &c.?

i. e. inchant, steal into my soul with stories of thee. And please to observe the Queen presently subjoins,

Am I not WITCH'D, like her?

P. 152. So thou wilt let me live, and *feel no pain.*

But did the Cardinal here labour under bodily pain that he wanted to be rid of, or the dreadful apprehensions in his mind of approaching death? I think the old quarto will restore us the best reading:

So thou wilt let me live *but one whole year.*

And this seems more correspondent to the remark which King Henry subjoins on the Cardinal.

P. 157. Than BARGULUS, the strong Illyrian pirate.

And the old quarto has it,

Than mighty ABRADAS, the great Macedonian pirate.

But neither of these terrible wights am I in, the least acquainted with.

Ibid. Gelidus timor occupat artus.

The first folio reads, PINE gelidus, &c. But as I do not remember whence* this hemistich is drawn, cannot guess at the ground of this corruption.

P. 162. *Y. Staff.* And what of *that?*
Cade. Marry, *this* Edmund, &c.

I read,

Marry, *this.*—Edmund, &c.

For there is no mention of him before, to demand the relative: and now *this* answers to *that.*

* Ovid de Tristibus, 313. N.

P. 174.

P. 174. Like to a ship, that, having 'scap'd a tempest,
Is straitway CLAIM'D, and boarded with a pirate.

I suspect, CALM'D.—I think, after the violent working of a tempest, the sea is generally totally *becalmed*. Besides, with allusion to the King's affairs, the tempest of Cade's rebellion was just blown over, the State was in a *calm* by that insurrection quieted; immediately York, like an usurping pirate, comes to seize the vessel of Government.

P. 180. To HAVE the traitor Somerset from hence.

Both the old quarto and first folio give us a more emphatical term, HEAVE.

P. 181. Wouldst have me kneel? First let me ask of THEE, 2
If *they* can brook I bow a knee to man! 3
Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail. 1

I either think, that we must have this transposition; or that we must read in the first line,

——————— Let me ask of THREE,
If they can brook, &c.

i. e. his three sons, Edward, George, and Richard. For though, in the next page, only Edward and Richard are mentioned, sure *George* is left out by negligence. My proof for this I draw from the next Play, p. 207:

Was 't *you* that revell'd in our *Parliament*,
And made a preachment of your high descent?
Where are your *mess* of sons to *back* you *now*,
The wanton EDWARD, and the lusty GEORGE?
And where 's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
DICKY your boy, &c.

The fourth son, who made up the *mess*, you know, was Rutland; but he was too young either to *back* or *bail* his father.

P. 182. Shall be their father's *bail*, and BANE to those.

Considering how our Author loves to play on words similar in their sound, and opposite in their signification, I make no doubt but we ought to read,

Shall be their father's BAIL, and BALE to those.

i. e. detriment, destruction, &c. from which word the adjective, *baleful*, is derived. So in Locrine

(p. 3277

(p. 3277 in Mr. Rowe's octavo edition of Shakespeare):

Yea, with these eyes thou hast seen her, and therefore pull them out, for they will work thy BALE.

Mr. Rowe, it is true, has here absurdly suffered *bail* to pass upon him; but my old quarto of this Play, printed in 1595, exhibits it right, *bale*.

Whilst I remember it, I will give you another emendation upon this very word, in despight of all the books to the contrary.

Coriolanus, p. 179:

Rome and her rats are at the point of battle;
The one side must have BALE.

i. e. be worsted.

P. 186. And the PREMISED flames of the last day.

What does he mean by, *premised?* fore-declared by the Scriptures?

And so to the Third Part of Henry VI.

P. 194. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.

The Editors ought to mark, that Richard here throws down Somerset's head.

Ibid. The proudest HE, that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a *wing*, if Warwick *shake his bells*.

The old quarto reads—the proudest BIRD—which sorts better with the metaphors in the second verse.

So, p. 216:

——————— The haught Northumberland,
And of their feather many more proud BIRDS.

P. 195. WEST. But when the Duke is slain, they 'll quickly fly.

The old quarto more justly places this line to *Exeter*; for why else does the King address his reply to him?

P. 198. Let me for this time reign as King.

The verse wants a foot; and the sense too is imperfect. The first folio reads,

Let me for this MY LIFEtime reign as King.

The very thing which is agreed to by Plantagenet's answer.

P. 201. Will COST my crown.

You say, COAST, and that it is a term from *hawking*. I had understood *cost* as an abbreviation of *accost*, *i. e.* attack, seize upon.

Ibid. No quarrel, but a SLIGHT contention.

The old quarto reads SWEET, *i. e.* the argument of their contention was upon a *grateful* topic, the question of their father's immediate right to the crown.

P. 202. But for a kingdom any oath may be broken;
I'd break a thousand oaths, to reign one year.

Does not the Poet seem to have the Thebais of Seneca in view:

——————————— Regno velim
Patriam, penates, conjugem flammis dare:
Imperia pretio quolibet constant bene.

P. 203. ——————————— For they are soldiers,
Witty, and courteous, liberal, full of spirit.

What a most blessed harmonious line have the Editors here given us, and what a promising epithet, in York's behalf, from the Kentishmen being so *witty!* I cannot be so partial, however, to my own county, as let this compliment to pass.

I make no doubt to read,

——————————— For they are [1]*soldiers*,
[2]WEALTHY, AND [3]*courteous*, [4]*liberal*, [5]*full of spirit.*

Now these five characteristics answer to Lord Say's description of them in the preceding Play, p. 169:

Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is term'd the [3]*civil'st* place in all this Isle,
The people [4]*liberal*, [1]*valiant*, [5]*active*, [2]*wealthy*.

P. 205. Dii faciant laudis summa sit ista tuæ!

Do you remember whence * our Poet has borrowed this pentameter? I am sure, it shews he knew how to apply his Latin.

P. 207. It is war's prize to take all vantages, &c.

Does not this smack a little of our master Virgil's observation:

Dolus, an virtus, quis in hoste requiret?

* Ovid's Epistle from Phillis to Demophoon. N.

And

And now, dear Sir, to contend with you once more (but it shall be a *sweet contention)* in justification of SAFER *sense.*—You disallow it for two reasons; because Edgar, when he says *who comes here,* did not immediately know it was Lear; and because in propriety the comparative cannot be put for the positive. To the first I answer, that though Edgar might not instantly know it was Lear, yet, whoever it was, he knew a man in his sober senses could not equip himself so extravagantly. To the second, I appeal to you from our Poet's own practice in a similar instance.

Cymbeline, p. 51:

——————— Put thyself
Into a haviour of less fear, e'er wildness
Vanquish my STAYDER senses.

(For so the first folio reads), *i. e.* my stayed, sober senses.

I am, dearest Sir, your most affectionate and obliged friend and humble servant,

LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER XLI.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Wyan's Court, Jan.* 27, 1729-30.

You will likewise herewith receive mine (No. 12.) dated the 24th instant, which my porter neglected to give to the post. I have the pleasure of your agreeable one (No. 13.) of the 21st instant, to which a short word in the tail of this.

Now to go on with the Third Part of Henry VI.

P. 207. Where are your mess of sons, to BACK you now? &c.

I have no quarrel to the sense of this verse; but I think the word should be, BAIL, as it refers to the Parliament scene at p. 181, where York says,

Sirrah, call in my sons to be my BAIL.

P. 208.

P. 208. And rob his temples of the diadem,
Now in THIS life, against THE holy oath?

From both the quarto and folio we must correct the last line thus:

Now in HIS life against YOUR holy oath?

P. 216. Why, via! to London will we march.

The quarto completes this verse, march *amain*.

P. 217. And HARMLESS pity must be laid aside.

The quarto and folio, *rectiùs*, HARMFULL. Clifford means, that the King's too great lenity and pity were detrimental to his interest.

P. 218. And happy always was it for that son,
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell.

It is evident from the context, that the King should not make any such assertion, but that he makes a question of it. Correct therefore, *went to hell?* Though the proverb says, that happy is the son whose miserly father goes to the devil, yet does this happen in *every* instance?

P. 221. Then, *execution*, *re-unsheath* thy sword.

The old books warrant no such reading. They exhibit thus,

Then, *executioner*, *unsheath* thy sword.

Richard calls Clifford thus, on account of his having so barbarously killed young Rutland.

P. 222. *Forespent* with toil, as runners with *a* race.

The old quarto,

Sore spent with toil, as runners with *the* race.

I only remark it to you as a various reading; for either will do very well.

P. 223. Ah! Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?
Thy BROTHER'S blood the thirsty earth hath drunk, &c.

An historical difficulty arises to me from this passage; which I can neither clear to myself from the chronicles; neither can I determine safely, whether there be not by some accident, a perplexity in our Poet.

Poet. In the first place, what *brother* of Warwick's is it that is described to die in this manner*? It cannot be the Marquis of Montacute; for his death we find not described till afterwards, p. 275. And pray, dear Sir, examine the descriptions: what a sameness of manner, thought, and expression, there is in the picture of the two brothers dying! Each speaks in the very pangs of expiration; and one's hollow voice sounds like a *dismal clangor from afar*, the other's like a *cannon in a vault*. I can hardly think the Poet was so pleased with his own description, that he would repeat it again in the same Play. I rather suspect, he was in doubt where he would place it. That it might have been first inserted in this scene; afterwards transplanted to the Fifth Act; and so by the unheedful blockheadry of the Actors and Editors foisted in to both places. But this is a suspicion of great diffidence: and in which, as I said, I know not what to determine. I must likewise observe to you, that the oldest quarto applies this first description not to the death of any brother of Warwick, but that of the Earl of Salisbury, Warwick's father. But this is a notorious deviation from the truth of history. For, in the battle at Wakefield, in which Queen Margaret overcame and slew Richard Duke of York, this Lord Salisbury was taken prisoner, beheaded at Pomfret, and his head, together with that of the Duke, placed over York gates. However, I ought to give you the passage literally from the old quarto:

Rich. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?
Thy noble FATHER in the thickest throngs
Cry'd still for Warwick, his thrice-valiant son,
Until with thousand swords he was beset,

* As Mr. Theobald afterwards discovered, "The truth is, the elder brother here mentioned is no person in the drama, and his death is only an incidental piece of history. Consulting the Chronicles, upon this action at Ferrybridge, I find him to have been a natural son of Salisbury (in that respect a brother of Warwick) and esteemed a valiant young gentleman."

THEOBALD'S Shakespeare.

And

And many wounds made in his aged breast.
And as he tott'ring sate upon his steed,
He waft his hand to me, and cried aloud,
Richard, commend me to my valiant son:
And still he cry'd, Warwick, revenge my death!
And with those words he tumbled off his horse;
And so the noble Salisbury gave up the ghost.

P. 229. And whither fly the gnats, but to the sun?

This verse, in the old quarto, is preceded by another that is absolutely necessary to be restored:

The common people swarm like summer flies;
And whither, &c.
For what doth cherish WORDS.

All the books, even Mr. Pope's quarto, read with you, WEEDS, so that this is only a typographical error.

P. 236. Because in quarrel of the HOUSE of YORK,
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

I am afraid our Poet puts false colours on the death of Sir *John Gray*, to palliate King Edward's marriage with the widow. Sir John Gray was slain at the last battle of St. Alban's, by the power of King Edward, as Hall expressly says: so that he was in Queen Margaret's army, and really slain on the quarrel of Lancaster.

Queen Elizabeth, in Richard, is reproached with this by Gloucester, p. 307:

In all which time you and your husband GRAY
Were factious for the house of Lancaster:
——————— *Was not your husband*
In Marg'ret's *battle at* St. Alban's *slain?*

P. 241. Until the misshap'd trunk, that bears this head,
Be round-impaled with a glorious crown.

Sure, there is something wrong here, in Richard's talking of the *trunk* being impaled with the crown instead of his *head*. Dr. Thirlby would cure it thus,

Until the head of this misshapen trunk.
Sed à receptâ lectione nimiùm distat.

What if we should read,

Until my misshap'd trunk bear'st, that this head
Be round, &c.

But

But is it, after all, an ungrammatical licence in our Poet?

P. 249. I'll join my ELDEST daughter, and my joy,
To him forthwith, in holy wedlock-bands.

I read, my YOUNGER daughter. Hall in 9th Edward IV. p. 17. b. "Edward Prince of Wales wedded Anne SECOND daughter to the Earl of Warwick," &c. So afterwards in King Richard III. p. 296:

For then, I 'll marry Warwick's YOUNGEST daughter.
What though I kill'd her husband and her father?

i. e. Prince Edward, and King Henry VI. her father-in-law. The like mistake, therefore, seems to be made in the Play we are now upon, p. 253.

The young Prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

Clar. Belike, the elder: Clarence will have the YOUNGER.

Certainly, *elder* and *younger* must here change places; for Clarence was in love with the *elder*, the Lady Isabel; and in reality was married to her, before Prince Edward took the Lady Anne to wife. Hall, 7th Edw. IV.

P. 255. His soldiers lurking in the TOWN about.

I read, TOWNS. So, in the subsequent page,

——————— But why commands the King
That his chief followers lodge in TOWNS about him.

P. 268. That's not my fear; my MEED hath got me fame.

In yours of the 14th, dear Sir, you propose, DEED. I am for the text as it is; and think that *meed* in our Shakespeare sometimes signifies merit, as well as the reward of it. So above, at p. 212:

That we the sons of brave Plantagenet,
Each one already blazing by our MEEDS.

And so in Timon, p. 110:

——————— No MEED but he repays
Sev'nfold above itself.

P. 271. The King was slyly fingered from the DECK.

I had long ago read PACK with you; and have amassed a number of parallel places, where our Author employs the metaphor of *carding*, and *playing at dice*.

P. 273.

P. 273. Look here, I throw my infamy at thee.

The old quarto has a marginal note, very necessary to be inserted; *viz.* "taking the red rose out of his hat, and throwing it at Warwick."

P. 282. Where is that DEVIL'S butcher Richard?

I read, "devil-butcher;" *i. e.* devilish, execrable.

P. 283. ——————— *Roscius* now to act?

I am exceedingly pleased with the justness and accuracy of your note here.

P. 284. And if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'st.

This is a very ridiculous blank, and, methinks, Editors of small sagacity might have ventured to fill it up with certainty. The old quarto leads them part of the way,

Thou cam'st into the world;

And I will make bold thus to complete the verse:

WITH THY LEGS FORWARD.

This is so certain, that, unless we suppose Henry to reproach him with this his preposterous birth, how can Richard in the very next page say,

Indeed, 'tis true what Henry *told me of:*
For I have often heard my mother say,
I came into the world with my legs forward.

P. 285. Let hell make crook'd my mind, to answer it.

After this verse the old quarto adds,

I had no father; I am like no father:
I have no brother, &c.

Ibid. And triumph, Henry! in THE day of doom.

The Editor, sure, thinks that Richard means King Henry should triumph at the *last day*, in his *resurrection*.—But no such piety is intended.—I read,

And triumph, Henry, in THY day of doom.

He says, he will drag the King's body into another room, and triumph in his destruction.

P. 286. K. EDW. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.

The old quarto places this much more properly, in my opinion, to the QUEEN.

There remains one passage, that I have overlooked, and then I have done with this Play:

P. ..... I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But BUCKLER with thee blows twice two for one.

But to *buckler* is to defend, which certainly, is not Clifford's meaning. And in that sense we have the word afterwards, Act III. Sc. 3, at p. 245:

——— that did ever *fence* the right,
Now BUCKLER falshood with a pedigree.

We must therefore read,

But BUCKLE with thee blows.

i. e. cope, struggle with thee, give thee four blows for one. So, 1 Henry VI. p. 14:

In single combat thou shalt BUCKLE with me.

And, p. 65,

——— All our gen'ral force
Might with a sally of the very town
Be BUCKLED with.

And, p. 77,

And Hell too strong for me to BUCKLE with.

I ought to acknowledge, dearest Sir, the great favour in your last, of the fine dissertation continued on the passage in Hamlet: but you must indulge me to make some few alterations here and there, otherwise it will come from me in the ill light of self-praise, rather than in defence of me.

You have anticipated, by your fine accuracy, my mention of that egregious chronological blunder in Coriolanus: but it is infinite satisfaction to me, every where to be confirmed by your concurrence.

My conjecture on the hemistich of the First Part of Henry VI. shall begin mine of next post.

I am, dearest Sir, your most affectionate and ever obliged friend and humble servant,

LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER XLII.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Wyan's Court, Jan.* 29, 1729-30.

Pursuant to promise in my last, of the 27th instant, I open this with my conjecture on the hemistich, as you desire. But I beg you will not be so partial as to give it any weight it has not in your real opinion; for I have no fondness for any thing in this work, any farther than as it bears the appearance of being right, or probable.

1 Henry VI. p. 7:

> A far more glorious star thy soul will *make*,
> Than Julius Cæsar, or bright ————.

I wonder Mr. Pope, when he advanced his conjecture, did not endeavour to reinforce the probability of it, from the accident of DRAKE rhyming to the line immediately preceding; a custom so familiar with our Poet at the close of his speeches. But to come to a little notice of the Editor's reasoning for the chasm left. As to anachronisms, I have already spoken at large upon the licence of Shakespeare, and Dramatic Poets of all times and countries, committing them. And I can scarce think any Critic would have struck out this particular absurdity *in favour of our Author's judgment*, and yet left the mention of Machiavel standing in the Merry Wives of Windsor, and twice in these Histories of King Henry VI. the action of which several Plays lies in reigns earlier much than the birth of that Politician. Then, as you observe, the star of some deified person is necessary, to match with that of Julius Cæsar. Besides, I have another strong exception to Sir Francis Drake being mentioned. I would observe, that the Poet always shewed an intention rather to pay a compliment to his Royal Mistress, than to any of her sub-

jects: and even when he throws in that to the Earl of Essex, above remarked on in Henry V, he at the same time makes an honourable mention of the Queen. But how this hemistich might have been once supplied is now the question. Some hard name, in my opinion, filled up this chasm, which, either from the badness of the transcript, or their own ignorance, the first Editors could not make out; and so chose to leave a blank for it. How then shall we hope to make it out at the distance of near a century and a half? The utmost we can pretend to is conjecture; but that conjecture has the best chance to be espoused, which is backed with the best shew of reason, or probability.

My suspicion is, that the first reading was this:

A far more glorious star thy soul will make
Than Julius Cæsar, or bright CASSIOPEIA.

But may it not be asked, how came our Poet so particularly acquainted with that constellation?

"It happened that, in November 1572, the 15th year of Queen Elizabeth's reign, in the Northern Constellation called CASSIOPEIA, at the back of her chair, the people began to observe a phænomenon in the skies, which resembled a star, because it was very clear, and had a fixed place among the stars. It was found by the astronomers to be above the moon; was much brighter than the planet Jupiter; and seemed as big as Venus when she appears at biggest; never changed its place, but continued resplendent; and was carried about with the diurnal motion of the heavens, as other fixed stars are, for *sixteen* months together. I supposed therefore (subjoins our Chronologer) that the signification thereof is directed purposely and specially to some matter, not natural, but celestial, or rather super-celestial, so strange as from the beginning of the world never was the like*."

But as extraordinary appearances have in all

* History of Queen Elizabeth, p. 1257, c. a.—and Mezeray's History of Charles XI. of France.

times

times been politically considered, the superstitious or artful expounders of the times, I doubt not, construed this meteor to portend something very signal to the glory of Queen Elizabeth's reign. And as the duration of its appearance in brightness was sixteen months, or little less; so exactly in the sixteenth year from thence (*viz.* 1588) was the Invincible Armada of the Spaniards (as they boastingly called it) destroyed by the English Fleet. Upon this, the comments on that phænomenon might very well be again revived; and the compliments, before presaged to attend the Queen's reign, fixed by that memorable and glorious victory. As this Play was wrote soon after that period, I think the Author might shew no bad address, in signifying, that CASSIOPEIA, a star portending the renown of his mistress, was as bright and illustrious as that star, which marked the deification of Julius Cæsar. And to me it seems a much better national compliment, to signalize a phænomenon, whose presages and effects were supposed so glorious; than to make a star of Sir Francis Drake (who did not die till after this piece had made its appearance) only for some discoveries in America. Will it be of any significance to hint too, in support of this conjecture, that *Cassiopeia* is described *sitting in a chair* by the astronomical mythologists; as Queen Elizabeth is described by our Poet, in his Midsummer Night's Dream,

A fair vestal *throned* by the West?

And now, dear Sir, to go on to Richard III. a Play that, unless Shakespeare's, would be as execrable to me as the character of its Hero. My conjectures upon it are very few; so I have little to offer you but those omissions which the Editor has thought fit to make. I am sorry it was not of a better stamp, and more worthy of observation, because I have so many old copies of this Play; viz. both the folio editions, the following quartos, in 1597, 1598, 1602, 1612, 1629, and 1634.

P. 292.

P. 292. After

Clarence closely be mew'd up ———

all the old books add,

About a prophecy which says that G
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.

P. 295. While kites and buzzards PLAY at liberty.

All the old books PREY. So in p. 306:

That wrens make PREY where eagles dare not perch.

P. 305. Smile in men's faces, SMOOTH, deceive, and cog.

Annon potiùs, SOOTH.

SOOTH the devil that I warn thee from; p. 312.

P. 306. Against my children, BROTHER, and myself.

Had the Queen but one brother? there are several passages which seem to speak for more:

P. 305. Between the Duke of Gloucester and your BROTHERS.

P. 333. And the Queen's sons and BROTHERS, haughty, proud, &c.

And p. 37... Where is thy husband now?—Where be thy BROTHERS?

P. 307. What! threat you me, &c.

This speech is augmented by the old copies:

What! threat you me with telling of the King?
Tell him and spare not: look, what I have said
I will avouch in presence of the King:
I dare adventure to be sent to th' Tow'r.
'Tis time, &c.

P. 310. The SLAVE of Nature, and the son of Hell.

Should it not be, SHAME? I have no idea what he means by, *the slave of Nature.*

P. 312. ——— For curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

Obscure to me.

P. 314. How now, my HANDY, stout.

All my old books, HARDY.

P. 320. If you are hir'd for NEED.

All my old books, MEED.

So, p. 322, the First Murderer says,

And when I have my MEED, I must away.

P. 325.

P. 325. Of you, Lord Woodville, and Lord Scales,
of you.

I cannot think who Lord Rivers is, mentioned just above: and Anthony Woodville, the Queen's brother, was Lord Rivers, as also Lord Scales in right of his wife, an heiress. Of which marriage we heard before, p. 251. This line is wanting in all the old quartos, though it finds a place in the first folio.

P. 340. Death makes no conquest of HIS conqueror.

Quarto, 1597, reads, THIS, as I had conjecturally restored it in my printed book.

Ibid. Short summer LIGHTLY has a forward spring.

Will *lightly* signify *commonly*, ordinarily, as I think, the sense requires? One of my quartos (but not till the year 1634) reads, LIKELY.

P. 348. A knot you are of damned bloodsuckers.

After this the first folio gives Vaughan a line, without which he does not speak at all:

You live, that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

P. 355. after

Look for the news that the Guildhall affords,

there follow these three lines in the first folio, which Mr. Pope has left out:

Rich. Go, Lovel, with all speed, to Doctor Shaw;
Go then to Friar Penker; bid them both
Meet me within this hour at Baynard's Castle.
Now will I in, &c.

P. 364. Enter the Queen, Anne Duchess of Glouces-
ter, the Duchess of York.

I think to this entrance ought to be added,

Enter the Queen, Anne Duchess of Gloucester,
leading Clarence's young daughter, &c.

Who else can be meant, in the first line, by the old Duchess of York's *niece Plantàgenet?* We see this young lady above, at p. 327; and again we hear of her at p. 372:

The *son* of Clarence have I close pent up:
His *daughter* meanly have I match'd in marriage.

P. 364

P. 364. ——— to greet the tender PRINCE.

I read, PRINCES; as seven lines lower,

To gratulate the gentle PRINCES there.

P. 373. Jove's Mercury, AND herald for a king.

I think rather, we should read,

Jove 's Mercury 's AN herald for a king.

P. 374. If ANY antient sorrow be most reverent.

All my old copies leave out, ANY.

P. 375. After

Preys on the issue of his mother's body!

all the old copies whatever add,

And makes her pew-fellow with others moan!

P. 380. Canst thou DEVISE to any child of mine.

All the books, DEMISE.

P. 392. After

This is All Souls' day, fellows, is it not?

Sher. It is, my Lord;

all the old copies add,

Why then All Souls' day is my body's Domesday.

Ibid. So, after

——— whom most I trusted,

they all add,

This, this All Souls' day to my fearful soul

Is the determin'd, &c.

P. 400. I died for HOPE, ere I could lend thee AID.

I read, "I died for HOLPE;" *i. e.* for attempting to give thee help.

P. 407. Take it, enjoy it, and make USE of it.

All the books read, make MUCH of it.

And so much for Richard the Third, and this Fifth Volume.

Yours, dear Sir, is come to hand (No. 15) dated the 26th instant, in which I am obliged for your answer to my queries on Henry V. and Part the First of Henry VI.

As I have a little room left here (and too little to begin another Play) I will beg leave to reply to the emendation on Julius Cæsar, iv. 3, you were so kind to subjoin:

What

What VILLAIN touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice?

I agree with you, that Brutus had not a bad opinion of any of his fellow-conspirators: and yet I have never suspected the text here to be faulty.

I believe, dear Sir, Brutus was intended to say here, which of us all is such a villain, that, in stabbing Cæsar, he had any other motive in his heart than that of doing it for justice sake? The question, in my opinion, argues no suspicion that he thought there was such a villain amongst them; but rather carries an affirmation that there was no such. I will give you two instances from our Poet, exactly parallel in the manner of expression. In this very Play afterwards, p. 357:

Brut. Yet, countrymen; oh, yet, hold up your heads.
Cat. What BASTARD doth not?

Or, as I read, DASTARD.

And so again Richard III. p. 407:

What TRAITOR hears me, and says not, Amen?

I submit the interpretation and authorities to you; and am, dearest Sir, your most affectionate and ever obliged humble servant, LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER XLIII.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Wyan's Court, Jan.* 31, 1729-30.

I have this instant perused with pleasure yours (No. 16) of the 28th instant; and had just sketched out my observations and enquiries on Henry the Eighth. Your accuracy, I find, has anticipated me in several corrections, which I shall mention to you as I proceed with this Play; however, I have no scanty crop to glean after you.

I begin with the Prologue:

Be sad, as we would make you. Think YE SEE
The very persons of our noble *story*.

All

All the other couplets are strictly rhymes. Now *story*, in the second verse, being a word that has its accent on the *penultimo*, requires that which we call the *double rhyme*. I therefore make no doubt to read the first line thus:

Be sad as we would make you. Think BEFORE YE.

There is another corruption of the same sort in the Epilogue, which I cannot cure to my satisfaction:

For this Play at this time, is only *in*
The merciful construction of good WOMEN.

It is evident, I think, some double rhyme is wanting, that may chime to *women*.

P. 7. An untimely ague
Staid me a pris'ner ———

I think this circumstance greatly shews the art of our Poet, that the spectators might be informed of this great solemnity; that it might be related to Buckingham, who, by this indisposition, is supposed to be unacquainted with what had passed.

P. 8. Each follow'ng day
Became the NEXT day's master, till the LAST
Made former *wonders*, its.

I think we must either transpose thus:

Became the LAST day's wonder, till the NEXT —

or, if we are to understand, by *next day's*, the day next immediately preceding, then it appears to me, the sense should require us to read,

Made former WOND'RERS, its.

Ibid. *Buck.* All was royal, &c.

This we had cured exactly as you do.

P. 9. Out of HIS SELF-DRAWN web; ——

Should we not read,

Out of HIMSELF DRAWING web; ——

Ibid. ———— Whence has he that?
If not from hell, ——

This too I had pointed long ago exactly with you.

P. 10. By this so SICKEN'D their estates, that never
They shall *abound* as formerly.

Methinks

Methinks, the antithesis would be stronger, if we might suppose the Poet wrote SLACKEN'D.

Ibid. Grievingly I think.

I point this with a comma.

P. 11. ——— a Beggar's book
Outworths a Noble's blood.

I do not know whether our Poet does not allude to a reply of Dr. Pace's (once a Secretary to Henry the Eighth, and mentioned at page 37 of our Play), in his book *De fructu Doctrinæ*, and which is likewise transmitted in Camden's Remains, p. 359:

"A Nobleman of this time, in contempt of learning, said, that it was for Noblemen's sons enough to wind their horn, and carry their hawk fair, and to leave study and learning to the children of mean men." To whom the aforesaid Richard Pace replied, "Then you and other Noblemen must be content, that your children may wind their horns and keep their hawks, while the children of mean men do manage matters of estate."

P. 14. I am the shadow of poor Buckingham;
Whose figure ev'n this instant cloud puts ON,
By dark'ning my clear sun. ——

Should not this be, "puts OUT?" The figure of a shadow is blotted out by the interposition of a black cloud.

P. 15. A noise, WITH crying, ——

The first folio reads,

A noise WITHIN, crying, ——

P. 16. ——— but you frame
Things, that are known ALIKE; which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, &c.

This was a little obscure to us; and therefore we guessed,

——— but you frame
Things that are known, BE LIKE, which, &c.

Ibid. ——— in what kind, let's know
IN this exaction?

We must read, with the first folio, "IS."

P. 18.

P. 18. —— with a root, thus hack't ——

I had here corrected the pointing with you.

P. 20. —— under the COMMISSION'S seal.

This, as you very justly observe, is nonsense; and I had corrected it. You would read, COMMUNION. I restore CONFESSION'S seal. And my authority is Holinshed, p. 863. c. 2:

"The Duke in talk told the Monk, that he had done very well to bind his Chaplain John De la Court, under *the seal of* CONFESSION, to keep secret such matter; for, if the King should come to the knowledge thereof, it would be his destruction."

Ibid. You charge not in your spleen a *noble* person,
And spoil your *noble* soul.

The first folio reads, much more elegantly,

—— your NOBLER soul.

P. 21. Men into such strange MOCKERIES.

Doubtless, an excellent emendation.

P. 23. *Sands.* He may, my Lord; h' as wherewithal:—
In him,
Sparing would shew, &c.

So I point this passage.

P. 24. As, *first*, good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.

My good Sir Harry Guilford seems to include all these in his *first* article; and then gives us the drop as to what should follow.

I suspect, therefore, that we should rather read,

As first-good company, ——

i. e. the best company in the land; and so we have all we want in those three particulars.

P. 25. For my little CUE. Let me alone.

The first folio, CURE. Lord Sands, I believe, humourously alludes to the *cure of souls.*

P. 35. —— to be fashion'd
Into what PITCH he please.

I had likewise suspected this passage. You propose PINCH. I only doubt whether Shakespeare would not

not have said, to be *pinched* into what *fashion*, rather than *fashioned* into what *pinch*. From the words, *work us, lump, fashion*, I take his allegory to be a quantity of *dough*. I had therefore guessed, into what BATCH he please; as housewives, you know, may mould their *dough* into what *batch of bread* they think fit, and *size* the loaves, *ad libitum*.

P. 38. ——— —— though 't be temporal,
Yet if that QUARREL, Fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, ——

Is *quarrel* to be taken here in the sense of *shaft, arrow*? Or does it mean, if Fortune once come to quarrel with our pomp, and so divorce it from us?

P. 40. ——— and high NOTES
Ta'en of your many virtues; ——

I read,

——— and high NOTE 's ——

P. 47. The BOSOM of my conscience.

Dr. Thirlby would have, BOTTOM. I do not see a strong necessity for the change.

Ibid. a little higher:

——— on my honour,
I speak, my good Lord Cardinal, to this point;
And thus far clear him.

I do not think our Poet meant this should be addressed to Wolsey. The King has already set him at large; and, upon his honour, that he excuses him from all suggestions and promptings in the divorce: so that now, I conceive, he turns himself to the *Court*, protesting that what he said to justify the Cardinal, is real truth. I therefore point it thus:

——— on my honour
I speak my good Lord Cardinal to this point;
And thus far clear him.

i. e. upon my honour, I speak to the good conduct of the *Cardinal* upon the point in question; and clear him from any attempt, or wish, to stir that business.

P. 48.

P. 48. ——————— I then *mov'd you*,
My Lord of Canterbury, and *got your leave*
To make this present summons *unsolicited.*

I am surprized that this strange piece of nonsense escaped your sagacity. What, did the King *move* the *Bishop*, nay, and so *move* him as to *get his leave*, and yet no *soliciting* in the case?

I am sure you will read with me:

——————— present summons. Unsolicited
I left no rev'rend person in this Court, &c.

And so all is rational and easy.

You say, dear Sir, it is very evident that the first Scene of Act III. should be the last Scene of Act II. I own, I want a little farther conviction in this point; and will proceed to my reasons why. The Court, you know, is held at Black-friars; and, without the interval of an Act supposed, there is very scanty time allowed for the Queen to get into her apartment in the Palace, let it be never so near (and Henry the Eighth's Court, if I remember, was, at this time, at Bridewell); much less, without such an interval, can the two Cardinals, who remain on the stage till the very end of the Second Act (as the books now place it), arrive from their Court to the Queen in the compass of one single page.

A second consideration too I have to offer *(second*, indeed, in its importance), and that is, the Second Act will be extended to the length of 27 pages, and the Third reduced to 14.

P. 50. They should be good men, their affairs ARE righteous; ——

I would read, AS, with the first folio, *i. e.* their affairs should be as righteous as their function.

We are to CURE such sorrows, not to *sow* 'em.

There is not that consonancy in the two metaphors that I could wish. I read,

We are to EARE such sorrows, not to *sow* 'em.

So we have *weeding up* in opposition to *sowing*.

And in this sense the word again recurs in Anthony and Cleopatra, p. 10:

And

And our ill told us
Is as our EARING.

P. 56. Marry this is but young.
First folio,

Marry, this is YET but young.

I should not trouble you with this trifling variation; but that I have a mind, once for all, to observe to you upon the *false nicety* of Mr. Pope's ear. I think I may venture to say, he does not seem to know the licence of our Shakespeare's numbers; or, indeed, the licence of all English versification, in common with that of other languages. I need not hint to you, that *marry, this*, is plainly an *anapæst*, and equal to a *spondée*, or foot of two syllables; but I shall take the liberty to remind our Editor of the *Pes proceleusmaticus* in Homer, Virgil, &c. and shew him we have usages equivalent in our Poetry.

Ibid. Hath left the cause TO TH' King unhandled.
The first folio, *rectiùs*, O' TH'.

P. 57. A widow to Prince Arthur.
The first folio, *rectiùs*, AND widow ——

P. 58. *Enter King, reading of a Schedule.*
We must add, *and Lovel;* for, in the next page, we find the King whispering him.

P. 60. —— and with THIS deed did crown
The first folio reads, HIS, with you.
Ibid. —————————— My endeavours
Have ever come, &c.

As there is a little variation from the first folio, I will give you the passage as I find it there, for your judgement:

—————— My endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet, fil'd with my abilities: mine own ENDS
Have been mine so, that evermore, &c.

P. 61. ——— O negligence!
Fit for a fool to fall by.

I point

I point thus:

——— O negligence,
Fit for a fool to fall by!

P. 64. ———— I 'le *startle* you
Worse than the SCARING bell. ——

Now is it not wonderful that Mr. Pope (who is a Roman Catholic, if any thing, in Religion) should know so little of the SACRING bell, as to substitute this tautological silly epithet instead of it, in opposition to the best copies?

Ibid. To Gregory de CASSALIS.

The first folio, Hall, and Holinshed, all call him, CASSADO.

P. 65. To *forfeit* all your *goods, lands, tenements,*
CASTLES, and whatsoever, and *to be*
Out of the King's protection.

I read, CHATTELS. And my reason is this. Because (as our Law-books inform us) the judgment in a Writ of *Præmunire* is, that the defendant shall *be* from thenceforth *out of the King's protection,* and his *lands* and *tenements, goods* and CHATTELS *forfeited* to the King, and that his body shall remain in prison at the King's pleasure.

P. 68. ———— hope to WIN IT.

You were not far wide of the mark, when you advised me to read, WIN IN 'T; for I had before corrected, from the first folio, WIN BY 'T.

And now, dear Sir, as here is a proper place for rest, I will take the opportunity of releasing you for the present.

The series of Plays to come will furnish such continued delight, that, spite of the necessity for finishing, I shall regret my task being finished; but have the pleasure to foresee that matter may offer to occasion the continuation of confessing myself, dearest Sir,

Your most affectionate and ever obliged humble servant, LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER

LETTER XLIV.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Wyan's Court, Feb.* 3, 1729-30.

Before I proceed to the remaining two Acts of Henry the Eighth, give me leave to trouble you with *une petite dissertation*, a few lines concerning a most ingenious conjecture you lately favoured me with on this passage of Henry the Fifth, p. 453:

—— old ASSYRIAN slings.

I own, I was charmed with your guess of BALEARIAN; it struck me with so strong an appearance of its being right. But, though I could easily fill this sheet with a parade of collected learning, in proof that the Balearick Islanders were not only most expert at the *sling*, but by many Authors have been called the inventors of it; yet I have some doubts, with regard to the certainty of the latter assertion, hanging about me; which you, or nobody, will be able to clear me of: and I have likewise a few passages to submit to your consideration, which as yet seem to me strong in support of our Author's text as we found it.

First, Though Salmasius (from Isidore, I suppose), and some others, have derived the name of these people from the obsolete verb *balio (seu* βάλλω, *jacio)*; I find Bochart* absolutely against this definition; and he tells us, that their name descended from the Hebrew *Baal-jaro*, magister jaculandi, seu projiciendi lapides. This, indeed, makes nothing against your fine conjecture: only, please to take notice at present of the propinquity of the word to the Hebrew *fountain*.

* Geograph. p. 633.

Secondly, I would propose to your consideration this passage of Strabo*, speaking of those Islanders: ὅμως Σφενδονῆται ἄριστοι λέγονται· καὶ τῶτ' ἤσκησαν, ὡς φασι, διαφερόντως, ἐξότε ΦΟΙΝΙΚΕΣ κατέσχον τὰς νήσους. So that the Balearians seem, in Strabo's opinion, not to have been *original* in their art of *slinging*; but to have derived their excellence from the instruction of the Phœnicians. This, however, leads but a small way towards the justification of ASSYRIAN slings. Pliny† will conduct us a good way more towards the *East*, in his chapter concerning, *Quæ quis invenerit in Vitâ.*—SYROPHŒNICAS, *ballistam &* FUNDAM. And *Syrophœnicé*, you know, went up as high as *Damascus*.

Thirdly, To this I would add, that Xenophon‡, speaking of *slingers*, will carry the science as far as *Persia* (a little farther than is requisite for our purpose). Μακρότερον γὰρ οἵ τε Ῥόδιοι τῶν ΠΕΡΣΩΝ ἐσφενδόνην, καὶ τῶν ἄλλων τοξοτῶν. So that, though the Rhodians could sling the stone farthest, the PERSIANS were likewise SLINGERS at that time. And so little commerce had that Oriental people then with the Mediterranean, or any part of Europe, that they can scarce be presumed to have borrowed the invention from the Balearick Islands.

Besides, fourthly, To take a little Scripture along with us. *Slinging* must have obtained greatly in those Eastern parts, if we but reflect that, so early as the date of *Eli's* government over Israel, the children of Benjamin brought out of Gibeah no less than 700 chosen men, that could SLING *stones at an hair's breadth.* And, if you please to remember, in the story of Judith§ (the scene of whose action is supposed to have fallen about the period of Antiochus the Great, or the book, at least (if only *typical)* to have been penned about that time, the very ASSY-

*. Lib. III. edit. Casauboni, p. 167.
† Nat. Hist. c. 57. ‡ Anabas. § Judith, ix. 7.

RIANS

RIANS are said to be a multitude in their power, that trust in shield and spear, and bow and SLING.

From these loose hints I submit to your judgment, dear Sir, what I am to determine on this point: whether to conclude, that *Assyrian slings* might be the term used by our Author, or the corruption of his unknowing Editors.

And now I return to order.

P. 74. So may he rest, his faults *lie buried with him!*

This I take to be a sophisticated reading of the Players. The first editions have it,

—— *lie gently on him!*

A wish that I think very nearly alludes to that of the Latins: *Sit tibi terra levis!*

The opposition of this wish we find frequently repeated to Richard the Third by the ghosts that fright him in his sleep:

I will lie heavy on thy soul to-morrow.

Ibid. ——— one that by suggestion
Ty'd all the kingdom: —

I own, I do not clearly understand this expression.

P. 75. Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We *write in water.*

Besides the phrase of *writing in water* being proverbial both in Greek and Latin Authors (of which we have authorities in Erasmus's Adag. p. 321,) the whole clothing of this sentiment has so much the air of the antique, that I suspect it an imitation, though I cannot recollect from whence.

P. 77. And of an *earthly* cold?

The first folio, *earthy*; but, as I before have hinted, I am afraid our Author uses both terms without distinction.

P. 79. I did, Sir Thomas, left him at Primero, &c.

Mr. Pope's nice ear cannot dispense with a *synizesis* in the word *Thomas*, so has left out the copulative,

—— AND left him at Primero.

P. 80. Much weightier than this WORD.

The first folio, WORK.

P. 85. *Enter* KEEPER.

The scene here is not before a *prison*, but the *council-chamber*. I would chuse, therefore, with Mr. Pope's leave, to read,

Enter DOOR-KEEPER.

Ibid. Pray Heav'n, he FOUND not my disgrace.

The first folio, I think better, SOUND.

P. 86. 'Tis well there 's one above 'em YET. I thought, &c.

My suspicion here is not of much importance; or I should chuse to read,

'Tis well there 's one above 'em.—YET I thought, &c.

P. 87. ——— but we all are men
In our own natures FRAIL, and *capable*
Of FRAILTY, *few* are angels; ———

I cannot help thinking this very absurd expression to define, that men are *frail* in their natures; and not only so but *capable of frailty*. If they were not, how could they be *frail*? Sure, something is amiss. I could, with a very slight variation, give both sense and sentiment to the passage, without the present seeming absurdity; but I will not venture to vouch for the legitimacy of my conjecture:

——— but we all are men
In our own natures frail, and CULPABLE;
THOSE frailty-FREE are angels: ———

Ibid. *Tow'rd* the King first, then his laws, in filling.

An ear of much less harmony than Mr. Pope's cannot but determine safely that we ought to restore, from the first folio,

TOWARD the King first, then, &c.

P. 89. CHAM. Then thus for you, my Lord: it stands agreed,
I take it, by all voices, &c.

Though I am very little acquainted with the practice and regulations of a Council-chamber; yet, sure, I think, this speech ought rather to belong to the CHANCELLOR, than Lord Chamberlain.

By

By the way, at p. 86, where it is said, *Enter Lord Chancellor*, I think we ought to add, *Enter* SIR THOMAS MORE, *Lord Chancellor;* since, at p. 67, we find that he succeeded Cardinal Wolsey in that high office; and accordingly his name ought to be entered in the Dramatis Personæ.

P. 90. One that in all obedience makes the Church
The chief aim of his honour, and to strengthen
That holy duty OF OUR dear respect,
His royal self, &c.

From a small variation in the text in the first folio, it seems evident to me that this passage ought to be corrected and pointed in the following manner:

One that in all obedience makes the Church
The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, OUT OF dear respect
His royal self, &c.

P. 94. And here you lie baiting of BOMBARDS.

So Tempest, p. 35:

Looks like a foul BUMBARD that would shed his liquor.

And 1 Henry IV. p. 220:

—— that huge BOMBARD of sack, &c.

I know nothing that the word *bombard* signifies but a great murdering piece of ordnance; though, in all these three passages, it should mean some large vessel for the reception of liquor. Was there ever any such expression as a *bumbard of drink*, as at Oxford they have what they call a GUN *of ale?* See Ben Jonson's Art of Poetry.

P. 97. Would I had known no more: but she must die,
She must, the Saints must have her; yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lilly, &c.

The first part of this is a wish; the other should be a sorrowful continuation of the Bishop's prophecy; but sure, Cranmer was too wise and pious a man, too well acquainted with the state of mortality, to make that a part of his lamentation, that this good Princess

Princess must one time or other die, and go to Heaven.

The Poet, I am confident, had no such weak meaning; and I make no doubt but you will be able to read with me, thus:

'Would I had known no more! But she must die,
She must, the Saints must have her yet a virgin:
&c.

This is a fine compliment to the memory of his Royal Mistress, to lament that she must die without leaving an Heir of her body behind her.

Ibid. ——— To you, my good Lord Mayor,
And YOU good brethren, I am much beholden:—

Who is it that the King is made to call here *good brethren?* A Crowned Head, I think, never addresses the top of the Nobility beyond the style of *Cousins* and *Counsellors.* I would read,

——— To you, my good Lord Mayor,
And *your* good brethren, &c.

i. e. the Aldermen. And we see, at p. 95, two Aldermen (as representatives of their Body) precede the Mayor at the Christening.

I have now done with this Play; and, as I have so very little room to spare, I will not attempt to enter upon another here.

We are now come to the Tragedies; and if, by a failure of memory from having no copies of my own Letters to set me right, I should impertinently trouble you with communicating some observations twice over, you will have the goodness to forgive it.

I am, dearest Sir, your most affectionate and obliged friend and humble servant,

LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER XLV.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Wyan's Court, Feb.* 5, 1729-30.

I last night received the very great pleasure of three of yours (Nos. 17, 18, 19), two of the 31st of January, and the other of the 2d instant.

This will reach you with another of mine, No. 16, which I proposed to have dispatched away by last Tuesday's post; but, considering that some of my former numbers had not yet reached you, I concluded you did not want it in haste.

I proceed now, dear Sir, with Timon; I mean, such part as your accurate observation has left uncleared to me.

Dram. Pers. The hint of part of this Play taken.

I think, it might be acknowledged that the hint of other part of this Play is taken from two passages in Plutarch, in the Lives of Alcibiades and Mark Anthony.

P. 101. It wears, Sir, as it GOES.

Thus we had long ago corrected with you.

P. 102. ——— And like the current flies
Each bound it CHASES.

How, *chases?*—The flood, indeed, beating up upon the shore, covers a part of it, but cannot be said to drive the shore away. I read,

Each bound it CHAFES.

As soon as the wave breaks and foams, the water seems to the eye to retire.

So, Lear, p. 430:

——— The murm'ring surge
That on th' unnumber'd idle pebbles CHAFES.

And so, Julius Cæsar, p. 290:

The troubled Tiber CHAFING with his shores, &c.

Ibid. The senators of Athens! Happy MEN.

I read, Happy *man! i. e.* Timon, happy in being followed and caressed by those of that rank and dignity.

P. 103.

P. 103. In a wide sea of WAX.

I have but a very imperfect idea of this expression. Does the Poet allude to the smooth surface of the *Cereæ tabulæ ad scribendum?*

Ibid. ———— 'Tis conceiv'd, to scope
This throne, this fortune. ————

Either I am over-dull, or this is nonsense: if sense, at least not the Poet's. I would read it thus:

'Tis conceiv'd TO' TH' SCOPE:

i. e. rem acu tetigisti. The Painter, having heard the Poet explain his invention, would say, "your fancy reaches the very scope, and purpose, that you aim at."

P. 105. *Old Athen.* Therefore he will be.

What, in the name of nonsense?

Both my old folios have it,

Therefore *he will be* TIMON.

I would read,

Therefore he 'll be MY SON!

What, if he be honest? Honesty will be its own reward: It is no reason that therefore he should pretend to make himself my son.

P. 106. That state OF fortune.

The first folio,

That state OR fortune.

P. 108. *Poet.* How now, philosopher?
Ape. Thou liest.
Poet. Art *thou one?*
Ape. Yes.

We must certainly restore with the first folio,

Art thou NOT one?

P. 109. *Tim.* Ere we DEPART, &c.

But, though Alcibiades was to *depart*, Timon was not. I would therefore read,

E'er we DO PART.

P. 110. If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate. *Faults that are rich, are fair.*

Sure, this is counter-reasoning: or I quite misunderstand it.

P. 111.

P. 111. Luc. My Lord, you take us EVEN * at the best.

This, I think, should be the answer of the LADIES to Timon.

P. ..... Thou wilt not hear me now, thou shalt not then, I 'll lock
Thy heaven from thee.

Is not this, dear Sir, a fine allusion to the calls of grace being lost, by being neglected?

P. 118. If I would sell my horse, and buy *ten* more,
Better than he; why, give my horse to Timon:
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me strait
AN able horse.

These Editors are sometimes so intolerably stupid, that I cannot help being vexed at them.

I know, you will read with me,
TEN able horse.

Ibid. ——————————— and the cap
Plays in the right hand:—thus but tell him.

Stupid again! It must be pointed thus:
——————————— and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus:—but tell him.

So, in Coriolanus, p. 235:
Go to them with *thy* bonnet in *this* hand,
And, *thus* far having stretch'd it, here be with them, &c.

P. 121. *Fool.* Look you, here comes my *master's* page.
And P. 122. But they enter my *master's* house merrily.

In both these places we must read, *mistress's*.

P. 124. O, my good Lord, the world is but a WORLD,
Were it all yours, to give it *in a breath.*

The first folio seems to me most pertinent, WORD.

Ibid. I have retir'd me to a *lonely room.*

Why is *wasteful cock* degraded here? I suppose, Mr. Pope did not know it means a *solitary cock-loft.*

P. 125. With certain half-caps, and cold moving nods,
They *froze* me into silence.

We must read, *cold-moving*, *i. e.* chilling.

* Dr. Thirlby proposes, EVER.

So,

So, King John, p. 19:

——— Draws those *heav'n-moving*
Pearls from his poor eyes, &c.

P. 128. ——— To borrow SO MANY talents.

I would read, FIFTY. P. 127:

Who having great and instant occasion to use *fifty* talents, &c.

And p. 129:

Requesting your Lordship to supply his instant use with *fifty* talents.

And Timon, when he sends his servants a'borrowing, says, p. 125:

Let the request be *fifty* talents.

Ibid. (a little higher). Why should it thrive, and COME to nutriment,
When he is *turn'd* to poison.

Mr. Pope here is so nice, to avoid a jingle. First folio reads,

And TURN to nutriment.

P. 129. That I should purchase the day before for a little PART, and undoe a great deal of honour.

Notwithstanding the seeming contrast, I suspect, DIRT, *i. e.* that I should purchase a few dirty acres, and, &c.

P. 130. And yet, Oh see the monstrousness of man!
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape,

Thus I think the pointing must be transposed:

And yet, Oh see the monstrousness of man.
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!

P. 132. And Sir PHILOTAS'S too.

But who is he? We have *Philo* in the Dramatis Personæ, but no *Philotas.*

P. 133. You must consider that a PRODIGAL course
Is like the sun's.

Annon melius, PRODIGAL'S course?

Ibid. For which I wait for money.

It is evident beyond contradiction, from Hortensius's answer, that we must read:

For which *you* wait for money.

P. 137.

P. 137. He did behave his anger ere 'twas spent.
I cannot at all understand this.

Ibid. ——————— And the FELLOW
Loaden with irons, wiser than the *judge*.
Would not the antithesis be stronger, if we read FELON?

P. 139. And (NOT to swell OUR spirit).
What can this mean?
Methinks, it should either be,
And NOTE, to swell *your* spirit:
Or,
And, BUT to swell your spirit.
i. e. if it be only to encrease your anger, to enrage, vex you.

P. 145. But only *painted* like his VANISH'D friends.
First folio, *rectiùs*, VARNISH'D.

P. 147. I know thee too, and more than AS I know thee.
First folio, THAT.

P. 148. To the FUB-FAST and the diet.
I cannot meet with this word any where.

P. 154. Here, I will mend *thy* feast.
Tim. First, mend THY company, take away thyself.
I read, MY.

P. 158. Your greatest want is, you want much of MEAT.
Most egregious stupidity!
We must, without question, read,
——————— You want much of MEET.
i. e. of what you ought to be, as men.

Ibid. Till the high fever seeth your blood to BROTH.
The first folio, as I conceive, righter, FROTH.

Ibid. ——————— The earth 's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a COMPOSURE stol'n.
First folio, COMPOSTURE. So, Hamlet, p. 278:
And do not spread the COMPOST on the weeds,
To make them ranker.

P. 162. While the day serves, before black-corner'd night;
Find what thou want'st, by free and offer'd light.

I think

I think there should only be a *comma* at *night:* and I would prefix the POET's name to this poor couplet; for why should the PAINTER rhyme?

P. 163. 'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plough'st the FOAM,
Settlest admired reverence in a *slave.*

As both the preceding and subsequent couplets rhyme, I suspect we should read here, WAVE.

Ibid. Let it go, NAKED men may see 't the better:
You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make THEM best seen and known.

I think verily, if there were any room to credit the experiment, our Editors ought to go *naked* for the improvement of their eye-sights.

But, perhaps, they have as little faith as judgment in their own readings: we will therefore venture to help them out thus:

Let it go naked; men may see 't the better:
You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make MEN best seen and known.

P. 167. As common BRUTE doth put it.

First folio, *rectè*, BRUIT.

Ibid. With other incident THROWS.

We should read rather, THROES.

P. 168. Our hope in him is *dead;* let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our DEAD peril.

But is it not strange, that their peril should be *dead,* because one of their hopes was dead?

We must certainly read with the first folio,

In our DEAR peril:

i. e. dread, deep.—So, Julius Cæsar, p. 323:

Shall it not grieve thee DEARER than thy death.

As You Like It, p. 320:

For my father hated his father DEARLY.

Hamlet, p. 217:

Would I had met my DEAREST foe in heav'n, &c.

Et alibi passim.

Ibid.

Ibid. Thou 'st painfully discover'd; are his files
As full as THEY report?

I think, from the messenger's answer, we ought to read,

As full as THY report?

P. 170. When *crouching* marrow in the bearer *strong*
Cries, of itself, no more.

I confess, I do not in any degree understand this.

Ibid. ——— And by promis'd MEANS.

Does he mean, by a supply of subsistence? Or should it not rather be,

——— And by promis'd MENDS.

i. e. amends, reparation in conduct of their former ingratitude.

P. ..... ——— March on, oh noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread,
By decimation and a tythed death;

Thus it seems clear to me that the pointing of this passage ought to be transposed:

——— March on, oh noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread;
By decimation and a tythed death,

And so much for Timon.

The next, Coriolanus, is much my favourite: though I had rather it sometimes wanted of the *sublime*, so it had more of the *pathos* in exchange. I intend by next post to enter on my remarks on this Play; and am, in the interim, dearest Sir,

Your most affectionate and obliged friend and humble servant, LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER XLVI.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Wyan's-court, Feb.* 12, 1729-30.

I have received the pleasure of yours (No. 20) dated February 3, with a kind and judicious refutation of *Cassiopeia*; and, with a just deference to your

your most convincing reasons, I shall with great cheerfulness banish it as a bad and unsupported conjecture. I have likewise yours (No. 21) of the 7th instant, which brings your emendations down to Second Act of Hamlet: so that you have vastly got the start of me in your progress.

I proceed now to *Coriolanus*.

Caius MARTIUS. — The succeeding Editions, I think, will do well to write MARCIUS: for the family-name was Μάρκιος, and not *Martius, à Marte.*

P. 176. Your reason for FORKS, instead of *pikes*, in my opinion, is perfectly just.

P. 177. ——————— I will venture
To SCALE 't a little more.

I do not at all understand the meaning of *scale* here. I read,

To STALE 't a little more.

i. e. to make it a litle more stale by repetition.

So, Anthony, p. 31:

Age cannot wither her, nor custom STALE
Her infinite variety.

And Ben Jonson's Cynthia's Revels, p. 274:

I 'll go tell all the argument of his Play aforehand, and so STALE his invention to the auditory, before it come forth.

P. 178. To fob off our DISGRACE with a tale.
Metri causâ, DISGRACES.

Ibid. Sir, I shall tell you with a kind of smile.

But Menenius had no design of being ludicrous with them. I correct the pointing thus,

Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile, &c.

And the context, I am persuaded, you will find to warrant this change.

Ibid. FOR ME this fellow speaks.

I chuse to read, with the first folio,

'FORE ME, this fellow speaks.

P. 180. ——— What would you have, you curs,
That like NOT peace, nor war?

The

The first folio, NOR. You would make nominatives of *peace* and *war*. I had always reconciled it to myself thus, that neither like *war*, nor can be *content with* peace. War frights you; and peace and plenty make you so *insolent* and *exacting*, that you do not know what you would have yourselves, and thereby seem not to *like* tranquillity.

P. 180. ——————— He that trust to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares:
Where foxes, geese you are: no surer, no.

I chuse to point it thus:

——————— finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese: You are no surer, no.

P. 181. UNROOF'D the city.

So I had read with you, and so the first folio.

P. 182. ——————— *Tit.* Lead you on;
Follow Cominius, we must follow you,
Right worthy YOUR priority.
Com. Noble MARTIUS.

The first folio mends one reading thus,
Right worthy YOU priority.
i. e. you being right worthy of precedence.

But there are still more faults in this passage, which I make no question should be thus rectified:

——————— Lead you on;
Follow, Cominius; we must follow you;
Right worthy you priority.
Com. Noble LARTIUS!

Titus Lartius first desires the general Senators to lead the way; then tells Cominius that he well deserves to go first in rank; and therefore, I think, Cominius, to return that compliment, says, Noble Lartius!

P. 185. If WE and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn betwixt us, we shall EVER strike
Till *one* can do no more.

Thus I would read,

If I and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn betwixt us, we shall EITHER strike
Till one can do no more.

P. 190.

P. 190. Who SENSIBLY OUTDARES his senseless sword.

Dr. Thirlby reads thus:

Who, SENSIBLE, OUTDOES his senseless sword.

P. 193. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue, &c.

I will not venture to say our Poet borrowed this thought from Sophocles's Ajax, ver. 15, &c.

Ὡς ἐυμαθὴς Σου, κἂν ἄπορος ἦς, ὅμως
Φώνημ' ἀκούω καὶ ξυναρπάζω φρενὶ
Χαλκοστόμου κώδωνος ὡς Τυρσηνικῆς.

Ibid. Oh! let me clip you
In arms as sound, as when I woo'd in heart;
As merry, as when, &c.

I point it thus,

In arms as sound, as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry as, &c.

P. 194. And FOUR shall quickly draw out my command, &c.

I am not well enough acquainted with the Roman Tactics, to know how *four* should execute this commission.

P. 197. ——— When drums and trumpets shall
I' th' field prove flatterers, let courts and cities
Be made all of false-faced soothing.
When steel grows soft, as the parasite's silk,
Let him be made an overture for th' wars.

What an hobbling and imperfect verse is the third here!

The fourth too is defective; but that I can cure thus:

When steel grows soft as IS the parasite's silk.

But what does *him* in the last verse relate to, the *steel*, or *parasite?* Or what is the meaning of either of them being made an *overture* for the wars? The whole passage is obscure to me.

P. 199. ——————— Five times, Marcius,
I 've fought with thee, so often hast thou beat me.

Well; Marcius after this goes home; stands up for the Consulship; is banished; never meets any more

more with Aufidius, till he seeks him in his own palace; and then Aufidius says, p. 253:

Thou hast beat me out TWELVE several times, &c.

Either Aufidius, or our Poet, has a very treacherous memory: and I am afraid History will hardly help to reconcile the contradiction.

P. 202. I CAN say, your worships have delivered the matter well, when I find the *ass*, &c.

It seems plain as light to me that we must read,

I CAN'T say, your worships, &c.

Ibid. What harm can your BESOM conspectuities glean out of this character.

I cannot for my heart conceive the sense of *besom* here. I read, BISSON conspectuities, *i. e.* bleer-eyed, blind. So Hamlet, p. 251:

——————— Threat'ning the flames
With BISSON rheum.

P. 203. Is worth all your predecessors, since Deucalion, though peradventure some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen.

Does not this look like an imitation of Juvenal, Sat. viii. 272, &c.

Et tamen ut longè repetas, longéque revolvas
Nomen, ab infami gentem deducis asylo.
Majorum primus quisquis fuit ille tuorum,
Aut pastor fuit, aut illud quod dicere nolo.

P. 204. Where is he wounded, God save your good worships?

You, dear Sir, alter the pointing of this passage, and imagine the people are to be apostrophized. It is true, the pointing is to be corrected: but Mr. Pope's inaccuracy has given rise to your latter suspicion: for where he marks, p. 203, *Exeunt Brutus et Sicinius*, the old books only say, *Brutus and Sicinius aside;* so that they do not go out, but only retire a little back to overhear what the ladies and Menenius talk of. Now when Menenius hears Marcius is returning from his conquest, he insultingly turns upon the Tribunes, and cries,

God save your good worships!—Marcius is coming home; he has more cause to be proud, &c.

P. 203. He receiv'd in the repulse of Tarquin *seven* hurts i' th' body.

Men. One in th' neck, and *two* i' th' thigh: there 's NINE that I know of.

Seven, one, and *two.*—Sure, we may venture to correct Menenius in his arithmetic, and write here,

There 's TEN that I know of.

P. 205. Enter Cominius the General, and Titus Lartius; &c.

Certainly either our Poet, or his Actor-Editors, have committed a fault of forgetfulness in bringing Lartius into this scene. I am afraid the Poet himself is guilty, by what Menenius afterwards says in this very page:

——————— You are THREE
That ROME should dote on.

i. e. Cominius, Coriolanus, and Lartius. But Lartius should be at Corioli, p. 198:

——————— You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioli back; send us to Rome
The best, with whom we may articulate,
For their own good, and ours.

And p. 210:

Having determin'd of the Volscians, and
To send for Titus Lartius.

And by what is said at p. 222, and 3, where Marcius bids him *welcome home,* it is plain that Lartius is but then first returned to Rome.

P. 206. Menenius, ever, ever.

I point it thus:

Menenius ever, ever.

i. e. ever the same plain-spoken, blunt Menenius. As above, in Timon, p. 141:

This is the *old man* still.

And afterwards, in Julius Cæsar, p. 351:

Old Cassius still.

i. e. the same waspish, impatient Cassius as ever: for the word *old* there, I think, does in no kind allude

allude to his *age;* nor was Cassius, though a *thinking man,* any ways *cold* of temper, as you conjecturally proposed here after the text: on the contrary, his impatience is from the beginning finely marked out by our Poet in contrast to Brutus's philosophic mildness.

P. 206. —— But with them, CHANGE of honours.

Should not this be rather, CHARGE?

Ibid. ———— Your prattling nurse
Into a RAPTURE lets her baby cry,
While she chats him.

This passage, I remember, stuck with us, when I read this Play in company. What means a baby crying *into a rapture?* That, I suppose, can never signify crying itself into fits. We struck out this conjecture, which I beg leave to submit to you:

E'EN TO a RUPTURE lets her baby cry;

i. e. lets it cry, till its navel starts; till it is ready to burst with the agony.

P. 207. ———— As our good WILLS.

I read,

———— As our good WILL IS.

Ibid. ———— So it must fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,

Dr. Thirlby reads,

To him; or our authority 's at an end.

P. 210. The theme of OUR assembly.

As the Tribune speaks this to the Senate, I think it should be rather, YOUR.

P. 212. ———— And is content
To spend his time to end it.

What does this mean? that he is content to dare all the extremities of danger, and tempt death itself, in spending his time valiantly?

P. 213. SIC. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!

Blind and blundering Editors, to put this wish into one of the Tribunes' mouths, when both the old folios place it to that of the Senate upon their breaking up!

P. 213. *Bru.* Come, we 'll inform them
Of our proceedings *here* on th' market-place,
I know they do attend us.

As this passage is pointed, the senate-house is confounded with the market-place.

We certainly must correct thus:

——————— here. On th' market-place
I know, &c.

P. 214. OONS! if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

But why this oath here? The old folio reads simply thus:

Once, if he do require our voices:

i. e. in a word, once for all, I have said it once, and I will stand to it.

So, Much Ado About Nothing, p. 71:

'T is ONCE, thou lov'st.

And so, Anthony, p. 44:

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world!
Pom. What say'st thou?
Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world?
That 's TWICE.

Ibid. For once when HE stood up about the corn.

There is no doubt, I think, but we must correct with the first folio, WE; *i. e.* when we mutinied about corn, *viz.* at the beginning of the Play.

P. 215. I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by them.

Does he mean, forget me as they do those virtuous precepts, which the Divines preach up to them, and lose by them, as it were, by their neglecting the practice?

I am, dearest Sir, your most affectionate and obliged friend and humble servant,

LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER XLVII.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Wyan's Court, Feb.* 12, 1729-30.

Mine (No. 18) accompanies this.

I proceed with Coriolanus.

P. 220. I 'll have five hundred voices of that sound.
1*st Cit.* AY, twice five hundred ——

The first folio, more rightly,

I twice five hundred ——

i. e. if you procure five hundred, I will piece out your number with one thousand more.

P. 224. COM. You 're like to do such business.

The context persuades me this should be spoken by COR.

Ibid. The people are abus'd, set on; this palt'ring
Becomes not Rome: ——

Cominius, I think, would shew himself displeased at this rub that the Tribunes throw in Coriolanus's way, and as unwilling to stop and wrangle it out with them. I point the passage thus:

The people are abus'd. Set on;—this palt'ring
Becomes not Rome: ——

So again, in the next page, he repeats his desire of proceeding:

Well — ON to the market-place.

P. 231. ——— To eject him hence
WERE but *one* danger, and to keep him here
Our certain death; ——

Were is the verb both to *danger* and death; which *wards*, as you conjecture, will not be. I had corrected it, dear Sir, a long while since, in this manner:

——— To eject him hence,
Were but OUR danger; and to keep him here
Our certain death; therefore ——

i. e.

i. e. to banish him will be hazardous to us: to let him remain at home, our certain destruction: therefore he must die this very night.

P. 232. ——— The service of the foot,
Being once gangreen'd, IT IS not then respected
For what before it was ——

Menenius, I am convinced, did not mean to make any such assertion; but rather to declare on the negative side of it. I read thus:

—— Is 'T not then respected
For what before it was?

P. 234. The things THAT THWART your dispositions.

The first folio,

The THINGS OF your dispositions, &c.

I read,

The THWARTINGS OF your dispositions, &c.

Ibid. Before he should thus stoop to th' HEART, —

But will *stoop to th' heart* signify stoop his heart, bow his disposition? I guess,—to th' HERD, *i. e.* the rabble: for they are pressing him to go back, and mend his late rough behaviour.

Ibid. *Men.* Repent what you have spoke.
Cor. FOR them?—I CANNOT do it FOR the Gods,
Must I then do it *to* them?

Coriolanus is no where else in the least irreligious, or speaks with a disrespect to the heavenly powers. I cannot think then that he would say here, he cannot repent even *for the Gods:* besides, the expression is very exceptionable. I have suspected:

Cor. 'FORE them?—I CAN BUT do it 'FORE the Gods;
Must I then, &c.

P. 234. ——— bastards, and syllables
ALLOWANCE to your bosom's truth.

Dr. Thirlby says, *forte* ALLIANCE. But I think the other may do very well. Syllables not allowed by your heart to be true.

P. 236. Yet were there but this single plot, to lose
This mould of Marcius, ——

The

The pointing must be certainly corrected thus:

—— single plot to lose, ——

P. 239. THRONG our large temples ——

So, dear Sir, I had read with you of old.

P. 241. I have been Consul, and can shew FROM Rome
Her enemies marks upon me. ——

Certè, FOR Rome, &c.

So p. 245:

To banish him that struck more
Blows FOR Rome, &c.

And, p. 246:

Good man, the wounds that he does bear FOR Rome!

P. 244. My FIRST son, ——

This I had always understood in the sense of a commendation, as *optime fili*, without regard to her having, or not having, any other children.

Thus *primus*, by some of the Commentators, is said to be used in the beginning of the Æneis.

And so afterwards, at p. 273, Volumnia calls him her GREAT son.

P. 251. And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou COULD'ST bear me.

First folio, *rectiùs*, SHOULD'ST.

P. 252. —————— Know thou first
I lov'd the maid I married.

I would point it,

—————— Know thou, first
I lov'd the maid, &c.

Though I loved my wife before I married her, yet was I not more rejoiced to see her first enter my house, than I now am in seeing thee here.

P. 256. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him,
His remedies are tame: the present peace
And quietness of the people, which before
Were in wild hurry.

I read,

We hear not of him, neither need we fear him:
His remedies are tame i' TH' present peace,
And quietness of the people; which before
Were in wild hurry.

P. 257.

P. 257. Self-loving.

Sic. And affecting one sole throne, without ASSISTANCE.

Men. Nay, I think not so.

The text is slightly corrupted; and the versification neglected. Read,

Self-loving.

Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without ASSISTANTS.

Men. Nay, I think not so.

P. 258. He and Aufidius can no more BE ONE.

The first folio, ATONE, *i. e.* agree, be reconciled.

P. 259. As Hercules did shake down MELLOW fruit.

I suspect almost that our Poet, according to his custom, is alluding to the known fable: if so, might we not rather read,

——————— down TH' YELLOW fruit.

i. e. the golden fruit in the gardens of the Hesperides.

P. 263. And power, *unto* itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a *chair*
T' extoll what it hath done.

This, I own, is absolutely obscure to me.

P. 265. Speed how it will. *I* shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success.

I think, YE.

P. 267. Now you CHAMPION.

First folio, better, I think, you COMPANION, *i. e.* sawcy fellow.

P. 268. ——— That we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulness ——

I had altered the pointing, dear Sir, of this nonsensical passage, with this variation in the text.

——————— that we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulness shall PRISON, rather
Than pity *note* how much.

There is a contrast betwixt *prison* and *note*, which is wanting in *poison*; and the sense seems clearer, and

and more natural: that forgetfulness shall rather keep it a secret that we have been familiar, than pity disclose how much we have been so.

P. 272. Make our *hearts* flow with joy, *hearts* dance.

In the first part of the verse we must read with the first folio,

Make our *eyes* flow with joy, &c.

P. 273. And yet to CHARGE thy sulphur.

I had designed, dear Sir, to have entertained you with this emendaton: but the anticipation is pleasing to me.

P. 274. This fellow had a Volscian to his mother;
His wife is in Corioli; and HIS child
Like him by chance.

I am persuaded we should read,

——————— and THIS child, &c.

For Volumnia would hint, that Coriolanus by his stern behaviour had lost all family-regards, and did not remember that he had any child.

P. 279. ——————— Let him feel your sword,
Which we will second, *when* he lies along,
After your way, his tale pronounc'd, shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Thus, I think, the pointing must be corrected: for at present the sense is perplexed, and buried.

——————— Let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounced shall bury
His reasons with his body.

P. 281. ——— And his FAME folds in
This orb o' th' earth.

So the first folio reads with your correction.

And so much for Coriolanus.

I cannot, however, help troubling you with one additional remark upon a circumstance of our Author's conduct in this Play; because I cannot determine with myself, whether it was done by chance, or on purpose. It is said, you know, dear Sir, and the fact is true, that he has followed Plutarch very close

close in this story; but he has deviated from him in one point, by which he has avoided a strange absurdity in the calculation of time, of which our Greek Biographer seems not at all aware. Shakespeare tells us, that at sixteen years old Coriolanus began his soldiership, when Tarquin made head to regain his kingdom, and that in *seventeen battles* he distinguished himself with exemplary bravery and success. Plutarch also says, that our Hero set out in arms a *youth;* that his first expedition was when Tarquin made this push; and that he signalized himself in war for *seventeen years* successively. Now it happens a little unluckily for Plutarch's account, that this attempt of Tarquin was made anno U. C. 258; and Coriolanus was banished, nay, and killed within the period of 8 years after his first campaign, anno U C. 266. There is something again lies across us on the other side, that if Coriolanus was so young when he first commenced soldier, and if the interval was so short betwixt that and his banishment, he was too young to have been admitted a candidate for the Consulship. The compliment of that office so early to any man was a prostitution of dignity, that, I think, was never made till the times of the Emperors, when servility had debased the very spirits of the Romans.

I have received, dear Sir, the satisfaction of yours (No. 22) of the 9th instant, in which you very finely vindicate your emendation of *Balearian,* upon the just observation of the poetical rule of characterizing nations for something *for which they are eminent far* above others. It is doubtless an argument that ought to have all its weight on the side of your conjecture, as it shall have in my consideration: and, I hope, it will go some way towards accounting for an emendation, that some readers might be apt to think too wide from the traces of the corrupted text. I thought verily you had known Dr. Harsenet to have been the Author of "The Declaration of Popish Impostures,"

postures," or I could have assisted your discovery some time ago. Dr. Hutchinson, in his "Historical Essay concerning Witchcraft," acquaints us not only that he was Archbishop of York, but had been Chaplain to Archbishop Bancroft.

I am, dearest Sir, your most affectionate and obliged friend and humble servant,

LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER XLVIII.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Wyan's Court, Feb.* 14, 1729-30. I have just received the pleasure of yours (No. 23) of the 11th instant, and now proceed to Julius Cæsar.

Dramatis Personæ.—This, certainly, is the most imperfect list throughout the whole set of our Author's Plays. The names of no less than twelve persons, speaking and spoken to, are omitted: Cicero, Popilius Lena, Publius an old Senator, Young Cato, Pindarus, Dardanus, Claudius, Volumnius, Varro, Clitus, Strato, and Ghost of Cæsar. Again, Murellus the Tribune must be corrected from Plutarch and Appian, MARULLUS. And, lastly, who told our Editors that Artemidorus was a soothsayer? They were thinking, I suppose, of his namesake, whose critique on Dreams we still have: but did not think that he did not live till the time of Antoninus. Our Poet's Artemidorus, who had been Cæsar's host in Cnidos, did not pretend to know any thing of the conspiracy against Cæsar by prescience or prognostication: but he was the Cnidian sophist, who taught that science in Greek at Rome: by which means being intimate with Brutus and those about him, he got so far into the secret as to be able to warn Cæsar of his danger.

We

We must therefore read,

Artemidorus.
A Soothsayer.

P. 286. *Mur.* What mean'st thou by that? mend me,
Thou saucy fellow?

As the Cobler in the preceding speech replies to Flavius, not to Marullus, I think it is plain this must be placed to FLAVIUS.

P. 288. Shake off their sterril COURSE.

We must restore from the first folio, CURSE.

P. 290. For once upon a raw.

I think it very probable, as you observe, that our Poet might allude to the *Cur timet flavum Tiberim* of Horace.

Ibid. The torrent roar'd, and HE did buffet it.

It is evident we must restore with the first folio, WE, from what follows:

With *hearts* of controversy.

P. 294. 'Tis very like, he hath the falling sickness.

I point it thus:

'Tis very like: he hath the falling sickness.

Brutus knew that Cæsar was subject to an epilepsy, and therefore accounts for the likelihood of his falling down, and swooning.

Scene VI.—You think, this should be the division of the Second Act. I am not convinced of the necessity, dear Sir, for the reason you give: because it is plain that Shakespeare makes free with the unity of time through all his Tragedies; without any intervals of Acts to make this breach probable. I will give you one very flagrant instance of our Author's licence in this respect. The scene opens in Hamlet about *twelve o'clock at night.* Horatio, having seen the Ghost, proposes that the apparition should be imparted to Hamlet; Marcellus consents, and says,

I this morning know where we shall find him most conveniently.

They

They immediately go out: and without any interval or time possibly lapsed between, the King, Queen, Hamlet, and all the Court appear, talking sedately of state-affairs. The King, in his going out, within ten minutes at farthest, orders that all the healths he drinks *that day* shall be signalized with drums, trumpets, and cannons. Hamlet does not stay three minutes after him, before Horatio, Bernardo, and Marcellus come to him, and Hamlet says to Marcellus, *Good even*, Sir. So that you see, what a strange method our Poet had of running over hours, as well as of changing climates.

P. 299. Hold, my hand.

Read,

Hold my hand;

i. e. accipe dextram.

P. 303. No, Sir, their ——— are plucked about their ears.

Now, who would not suspect Mr. Pope, out of modesty, had shut out a word of bawdry here? The folios read,

No, Sir, their HATS *are, &c.*

But the Editor happened to know that the Romans wore *no hats;* and thence, no doubt, this hypercritical ——— hiatus.

Surely, we should make mad work with this, or any other of our Author's Plays, did we attempt to try them so strictly by the touchstone of antiquity.

P. 304. Here lies the East, &c.

Rymer, in his "Short View of Tragedy," p. 153, has left an invidious and paltry remark on this passage: "Here the Roman Senators, the midnight before Cæsar's death (met in the garden of Brutus, to settle the matter of their conspiracy) are gazing up to the stars, and have no more in their heads than to wrangle about which is the East and West."—"This is directly," as *Bayes* tells us, "to shew the world a pattern here, how men should talk of business. But it would be a wrong to the Poet, not to inform the Reader,

Reader, that on the stage the spectators see Brutus and Cassius all this while at whisper together." I cannot help having the utmost contempt for this poor ill-judged sneer. It shews the height of good manners and politeness in the conspirators, whilst Brutus and Cassius whisper, to start any occasional topic, and talk extempore, rather than seem to listen to, or be desirous of overhearing, what Cassius draws Brutus aside for. And, if I am not mistaken, there is a piece of art shewn in this whisper, which our caviller either did not, or would not, see into. The Audience are already apprized of the subject on which the Faction meet; and, therefore, this whisper is an artifice, to prevent the preliminaries of what they knew beforehand being formally repeated.

P. 304. Weighing the youthful season of the year.

I think, I remember, or at least have an idea of some expression very similar to this in Virgil or Lucretius.

Ibid. No, not an oath: If NOT the face of men, &c.

Give me leave to tell you, dear Sir, how I had read and understood this:

——————— If THAT the face of men, &c.

I confess, if Brutus meant by this, *gentlemen, you have very good faces* (as you expound it), this would be but a very bad motive. But I look upon this to be the sense; if that *dejection* which appears in your countenances, that *insuppressive* sorrow which you cannot hide, joined to the sufferance of your souls, &c. be weak motives, &c. And this, I think, makes a true climax: and the progression from *face* to *soul* seems to heighten the dignity of the passion.

P. 309. To keep with you at meals, COMFORT your bed,
And talk to you?

I read, CONSORT, *i. e.* be your companion a-bed. So, Comedy of Errors, p. 10:

And afterwards CONSORT you till bed-time.

Et alibi passim.

P. 315.

P. 315. The heart of Brutus EARNS.
Read, YERNS.

P. 317. The CAPITOL.
It must be,
Street, before the Capitol:
For Cassius says to Artemidorus,
What, urge you your petitions in the street?

Ibid. Flourish. Enter, &c. and the SOOTH-SAYERS.
Read, SOOTHSAYER. That particular one, who had predicted to Cæsar the danger of the Ides of March, with which prediction as vain and idle, Cæsar reproaches him at the very commencement of the scene.

P. 320. CASC. Stoop, Romans, stoop.
Mr. Pope has arbitrarily taken this speech from Brutus, as out of character for him: but in this, I think, he has been more nice than wise. Brutus esteemed the death of Cæsar a sacrifice to liberty; and as such gloried in his heading the enterprize. Besides, our Author is strictly copying History.

Plutarch, in the Life of Cæsar, says, "Brutus and his followers, *being yet hot with the murder*, marched in a body from the Senate-house to the Capitol *with their drawn swords, with an air of confidence and assurance.*"

And in the Life of Brutus, "Brutus and his party betook themselves to the Capitol, and in their way, *shewing their hands all bloody, and their naked swords, proclaimed liberty to the people.*"

P. 323. ———— Crimson'd in thy DEATH.
LETHE, all the old books: and I am very much inclined to suspect it a word from the Latin *lethum*: whether it be any part of hunters' language, I am utterly to seek.

P. 326. Seeing those BEDS of sorrow.
First folio, *rectiùs*, BEADS. So, King John, p. 19:
With those sad chrystal BEADS heav'n shall be brib'd.
And 1 Henry IV. p. 205:
That BEADS of sweat have stood upon thy brow, &c.

P. 332.

P. 332. That day he overcame the NERVIL

This circumstance, with regard to Cæsar's mantle, seems to me an invention of the Poet; and, perhaps, not with the greatest propriety. The Nervii were conquered in the second year of his Gaulish expedition, seventeen years before his assassination; and it is hardly to be thought that Cæsar preserved any one robe of state so long.

P. 336. Upon condition PUBLIUS shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Anthony.

I cannot tell who our Author means here by *Publius*. The three persons about whom the Triumvirs had such a squabble in their proscription, were Cicero, whose life Anthony insisted on; Paulus, who was condemned by his own brother Lepidus; and Lucius Cæsar, Anthony's uncle, whose blood Octavius demanded.

P. 337. A barren-spirited fellow, one that feeds
On OBJECTS, ARTS, and imitations,
Which *out of use* and *stal'd*.

I do not conceive why he should be called a narrow-spirited fellow, that can feed either on *objects* or *arts*; *i. e.* as I presume, form his ideas and judgments upon them: *stale* and *obsolete imitation*, indeed, reasonably fixes such a character. I have long suspected the text; and, with great deference and diffidence, I will submit to you my emendation:

On ABJECT ORTS, and imitations.

i. e. on the scraps and fragments of things rejected and despised by others.

The word he uses again in his Troilus, p. 358:

The *fractions* of her faith, ORTS of her love,
The *fragments*, *scraps*, &c.

P. 340. Go to; you are not Cassius.
Cas. I am.
Bru. I say, you are not.

If this be not persuading a man out of his Christian name, the devil is in it. What! because Cassius is testy, the Editors will not allow Brutus to think he

is

is Cassius. But this absurdity is derived from false pointing. I read,

Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Thus Brutus denies Cassius's assertion, that he is an older, or abler, soldier than himself.

P. 345. If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

The whole tenor of this speech seems to warrant, that we ought to read thus,

——————————— face him, there
These people at our back.

P. 351. Never till Cæsar's three and THIRTY wounds
Be well aveng'd.

I much wonder, this false reading escaped your accuracy. Plutarch, Appian, Suetonius, &c. all vouch for no more than

——————— three and TWENTY wounds.

P. 356. ——————— to THARSUS send his body.

Thus all the copies; but history bids us, THASSOS. And so much for Julius Cæsar, and this Volume.

I have only room left to observe, how very wild and rash Mr. Pope is in his critical notes. He says, p. 330: "Perhaps, this Play was never printed in Ben Jonson's time, and so he had nothing to judge by, but as the Actor pleased to speak it." But Ben Jonson did not die till the year 1637; and Shakespeare's Works were twice printed in folio before that period, viz. in 1623, and 1632.

I am, dearest Sir, your most affectionate and obliged humble servant, LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER XLIX.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Wyan's Court, Feb.* 19, 1729-30. Before I enter upon *Antony*, give me leave to trouble you with a second dissertation on this passage of Timon, p. 148:

——————— season the slaves
For TUBS and baths; bring down the rose-cheek'd youth
To th' FUBFAST and the diet.

I agree with you that our search would be very vain for the word *fubfast*; and I was not a little charmed with your conjecture of TUB-FAST; till, upon a nearer view, I am afraid it is liable to one objection. Would our Poet say, season them for *tubs*, and, in the very next line bring them down to the *tub*-discipline? Surely, this borders a little too much on tautology. You set me on conjecturing again, and I will submit it to you,

——————— season the slaves
For *tubs* and *baths*; bring down the rose-cheek'd youth
To th' FUB, fast, and the diet.

What is *fub* though? you may reasonably ask. Our Dictionaries, it is true, acknowledge no such substantive: but I presume it to mean what Ben Jonson has in another place called the *fricace*: and then the sense will be, bring them down to being *rubbed* with *unctions*, to *fasting*, and to your *diet-drinks*. The best authority I have for this guess is from a passage in the Alchemist (Act IV. Scene 3) where Subtle would play the rogue with the supposed Spaniard:

——————— Please you,
Enthratha, the *chambrathra*, worthy don;
Where, if it please the Fates, in your BATHADA
You shall be soak'd, and strok'd, and TUB'D, and rub'd,
And scrub'd, and FUB'D, dear don, before you go.

Or, may it be allowed that our Author wrote?

——————— bring down the *rose-cheek'd youth*,
Th' FUB, to th' fast and diet.

But whether *fub*, for a *plump-faced child*, be not in the list of *cant-words*, and of too modern a stamp, I much suspect.

ANTONY

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

P. 6. There 's beggary in the love that can be counted.

Pauperis est *numerare* pecus.—OVID.
Populus *numerabilis*, utpote *parvus*.—HOR.

P. 11. What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again, &c.

Virtutem incolumem odimus,
Sublatam ex oculis quærimus invidi.—HOR.

P. 13. Which, like the COURSER'S hair.

"I remember, I troubled you before with a question on this passage. I believe I have met with our Author's oracle for this absurd opinion. Holinshed, in his Description of England, vol. I. p. 224, has this remark: "I might finally tell you, how that in fenny rivers' sides, if you cut a turf, and lay it with the grass downwards upon the earth, in such sort as the water may touch it as it passeth by, you shall have a brood of eels, it would seem a wonder; and yet it is believed with no less assurance of some, than that *an horsehair laid in a pail-full of the like water, will in short time stir, and become a living creature.* But sith the certainty of these things is rather proved by few, than the certainty of them known unto many, I let it pass at this time."

P. 15. ——————— Which are, or cease,
As you shall give th' advices, by the fire.

I point thus,

——————————— cease,
As you shall give th' advices. By the fire, &c.

P. 16. Oh, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all FORGOTTEN.

Does not the sense require, FORGETTING? *i. e.* forgetfulness itself.

P. 21. Good FRIENDS, quoth he.

But what *friends* was Antony addressing himself to? He was only speaking to Alexas. We must

read therefore, with the first folio,

Good FRIEND, quoth he.

As a little lower,

All the East, say THOU, shall call her mistress.

Your emendation, dear Sir, of *piece* into *pace*, in this speech is very fine: but, I much fear, it is bettering Shakespeare.

At whose FOOT, I think, has neither relation to Cleopatra, nor her throne, but to the present of a pearl which he had sent; and means no more than that *at the sequel* of that present, he would enlarge her power with additional kingdoms.

Ibid. ARM-GAUNT steed.

I do not know how to understand this compound epithet.

P. 22. My sallad days! &c.

Your observation on the pointing here is certainly very accurate. Yet, I believe, Shakespeare meant as the Editions exhibit. The old Translator of Plutarch led him into the blunder: in Mark Antony's life, p. 981: "For Cæsar and Pompey knew her when she was but *a young thing, and knew not then what the world meant*: but now she went to Antonius *at the age when a woman's beauty is at the prime, and she also of best judgment.*" Whereas in fact, if Cleopatra was 38 years old when she died, she must be 20 when Cæsar went to Egypt: and if so, I doubt not but her blood was then *hot enough.*

Ibid. My POWERS ARE CRESCENT, and my auguring hope
Says IT will come to th' *full.*

But of what is this relative IT governed? It is evident to me, the Poet's allusion is to the *moon*; and therefore, as well as for concord's sake, I make no doubt to read,

My POWER 'S A CRESCENT ——————

i. e.

i. e. an half-moon, and in the increase: and this sorts well with

Coming to th' FULL.

P. 23. *Salt* Cleopatra, and soften thy WAN lip.
By the epithet to Cleopatra, I suspect, WARM.

P. 26. Could not with GRATEFUL eyes.
First folio, GRACEFUL.

P. 27. Thou art a soldier, only speak no more.
I think we should read,

Thou art a soldier only;—speak no more.

i. e. do not you pretend to interpose your counsel in this affair, that are only a soldier, and action your talent.

P. 32. I see it in my MOTION, have it not in my *tongue*.
I conjecture, NOTION.

So, in Hamlet, p. 217:

In my MIND'S EYE, Horatio.

And again, p. 219:

Give it an UNDERSTANDING, but no TONGUE.

P. 33. IN-HOOP'D at odds.
This is a term I do not know what to make of, through my ignorance in quail-fighting.

P. 34. That time!—OH times!
I would read,

That time OF times I laugh'd, &c.

P. 38. ——— COURTIERS of beauteous freedom.
Anon, COURTERS?

P. 39. ——————— but that they would
Have BUT one man, a man.

Sure, I think, I pointed out before to Mr. Pope the true reading of this passage, from the old folios, would he but have embraced it.

——————— but that they would
Have one man BUT a man.

For what did they kill Cæsar for, but to prevent his aspiring so much above his fellow-countrymen.

P. 39.

P. 39. ——————— Be pleased to tell us,
For this is from the present *now you talk*,
The offers we have sent you.

What, was Pompey to tell them the offers that they had sent to him? Lepidus, most assuredly, does not talk so absurdly.

The first folio seems to lead to a better sense, and therefore I will venture to regulate the passage thus,

——————— Be pleased to tell us,
(For this is from the present,) HOW you TAKE
The offers we have sent you.

Ibid. ——————————— Know then
I came before, &c.

This whole speech is most unsufferably pointed. I correct thus:

——————————— Know then,
I came before you here a man prepar'd
To take this offer: but Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience.—Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know,
When Cæsar and your brother, &c.

P. 42. 1 *Ser.* They have made him drink alms-drink.
2 *Ser.* As they pinch one another by the disposition he cries out, no more: reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.
This is very cramp and dark to me.

P. 44. ——————— These quicksands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, FOR you sink.

I imagine it should rather be,
Keep off them 'FORE you sink.

P. 45. Possess it, I 'll make answer.
I am a stranger to this phrase.

Ibid. The HOLDING.
I suppose, this means, the burthen.

P. 47. SOSIUS, one of my place in Syria.
History and the old copies read, SOSSIUS.

P. 48.

P. 48. ——————— that, without the which
A soldier and his sword grants scarce distinction.

I do not understand this.

P. 49. Though you be CERTAIN curious.

First folio, THEREIN.

P. 50. BELIEVE 'T till I WEEP too.

I read,

Believe 't, till I WEPT too.

P. 54. Then would thou hadst a pair of chaps no more, and throw between them, &c.

I do not know at all what Enobarbus is at in this speech.

P. 56. The OSTENTATION of our love; which left unshewn.

We have an unharmonious Alexandrine here, and without any necessity. I read,

The OSTENT of our love; which left unshewn.

So, Merchant of Venice, p. 173:

To courtship, and such fair OSTENTS of love, &c.

And again, p. 164:

Like one well studied in a sad OSTENT
To please his grandam.

And Henry V. p. 461:

Giving full trophy, signal, and OSTENT,
Quite from himself, to God.

P. 57. ——————— And the high gods
To do you justice make HIS ministers.

I read, THEIR.

P. 64. ——————— While I strook
The *lean* and *wrinkled* Cassius; and 'twas I
That the MAD Brutus ended.

But why, *mad*? As Cassius was so much older than Brutus, and as the epithets *lean* and *wrinkled* are prefixed to Cassius, I have suspected our Poet wrote,

That the LAD Brutus ended.

Or, sure, rather than *mad*, MILD might better suit the character of Brutus.

P. 65.

P. 65. As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf
To HIS great sea.

Annòn, THIS, *i. e.* the sea, that skirted one part of Cæsar's camp.

P. 68. Mine honesty and I begin to square;
Though loyalty, well held, to fools does make
Our faith mere folly; yet he that can endure.

If I see any thing of the Poet's meaning in this passage, both the text and pointing are a little depraved.

I would propose to read,

——————————— to square.—
THO' loyalty, well held, to fools does make
Our faith mere folly; yet he that can endure.

i. e. (as I have conceived it) though loyalty, stubbornly preserved to a master in his declined fortunes, seems folly in the eyes of fools, *i. e.* men who have not honour enough to think more wisely; yet he, who can be so obstinately loyal, will make as great a figure on record as the Conqueror.

P. 72. By the DISCATTERING of this pelleted storm.

The first folio reads, DISCANDERING. I believe, we ought to correct,

By the DISCANDYING ————

i. e. the melting, dissolving.

So, p. 85:

——————— to whom I gave
Their wishes, do DISCANDY, *melt* their sweets, &c.

So, Tempest, p. 32:

CANDY'D be they, and *melt* e'er they molest, &c.

So, Timon, p. 152:

Will the cold brook, CANDY'D with ice, &c.

So much for Antony, in present.

Pray look back, dear Sir, on this passage of *Timon*; and tell me if my conjecture be worth any thing:

P. 152. ———— Shame not these WEEDS
By putting on the CUNNING of a carper.

I have suspected, COINING, *i. e.* feigning, dissembling thyself to be what thou art not.

I have

I have but just room to confess the kindness of yours (No. 24) of the 14th instant; and to confess myself inviolably, dearest Sir,

Your most affectionate and obliged humble servant, LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER L.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Wyan's Court, Feb.* 21, 1729-30.

I proceed with Antony and Cleopatra, where I left off in my last.

P. 73. Let our best heads know,
That to-morrow the last of battles
We mean to fight.

What Editors are here for versification! We must adjust, from the assistance of the old copies,

——————— let our best heads
Know that to-morrow the last of MANY battles, &c.

P. 76. 3*d Sold.* Under the earth
It SINGS well, does it not?

The folio, 1623, *rectiùs*, SIGNES WELL; *i. e.* signifies, portends.

Ibid. 'Tis the God HERCULES, who loved Antony,
Now leaves him.

We are told that Antony boasted of descent from Hercules; but we know nothing of that God's affection for him.

I think we should read,

'Tis the God BACCHUS, who, &c.

Plutarch, speaking of this music heard in the night through the city, says, "And this *signified* with such as pretended to understand prodigies, that BACCHUS, the God whom he had always a particular inclination for, and whom he studied to imitate, had now LEFT HIM."

P. 78. EROS. The Gods make this a happy day to Antony.

Ant.

Ant. Would THOU and those thy SCARS had once prevail'd,
To make me fight at land.

But we know not the least syllable of Eros's attempting to prevail with Antony to that purpose. There seems great reason to suspect, that the SOLDIER should meet Antony and Eros, whom he met above at p. 60; and that the three first speeches here given to Eros, should belong to that *Soldier*. Please to observe, a Soldier twice speaks in this Scene, though none is marked to enter. Besides, Eros had but just before quitted the stage with Antony, and could not well know the news of Enobarbus's desertion.

P. 80. Cæsar himself has work: and our OPPRESSION
Exceeds what we expected.

You say it should be, OPPOSITION. But that, dear Sir, will not stand in the verse. I believe the text is right; and expound it thus: We have been *push'd upon*, and *oppress'd* by the enemy beyond what we look'd for.

P. 81. And let the Queen know of *our* GUESTS, —

I had once corrected with you, GESTS; but, on second consideration, though it is a word very familiar with *Spenser*, we no where else find it in our Poet: he always chuses FEATS.

I think we should read,

—— know of HER guests —

i. e. Antony and his Commanders; for, in the next page, he says,

Had our great palace the capacity
To camp THIS HOST, we ALL would SUP TOGETHER.

P. 85. ———— and this pine is *bark'd*,
That *overtopp'd* them all.

I a little suspect the text here: where is that antithesis betwixt *barking* and *overtopping*? Theophrastus, I know, and others say, if the pine be *lopped*, it perishes: but I do not remember whether *barking* be as destructive to it. If not, perhaps, we should read,

—— and

—— and this pine is HACK'D, &c.

i. e. cut at root, or elsewhere, so as to kill it.

As in Henry the Eighth, p. 18:

And though we leave it with a root, thus HACK'T,
The air will drink the sap.

P. 85, 86. —— Most monster-like be shewn
For poor'st *diminutives*, for DOLTS: —

You propose DOITS. But I fancy that DOLTS is right; and by *diminutives* and *dolts*, that Cleopatra means, she shall be made a sight for the most *contemptible* part of the *rabble*.

So in Troilus and Cressida,

Ah, how the poor world is pester'd with such
WATER-FLIES, DIMINUTIVES of Nature!

Besides, Cleopatra, twice afterwards, talks of being made a spectacle to the mob, never of being shewn for money.

——— Shall they hoist me up,
And *shew me* to the shouting VARLOTRY
Of censuring Rome? (p. 99.)

And p. 104:

——— MECHANICK slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the VIEW.

P. 86. PATIENT Octavia plough thy visage up
With her *prepared* nails.

I know that Octavia, in several other places, is styled, *cold, still, demure*. But is it a symptom of *patience* to *prepare* our nails to scratch an enemy? *Prepared nails*, methinks, seem to require PASSIONED Octavia.

Ibid. ——————— teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage: —
LET ME lodge *Licas* on the horns o' th' moon,
And with *those* hands that grasp't the heaviest club
Subdue MY worthiest self.

I have either very *perversely* endeavoured to understand this passage, or else it is full of absurdities and

and fault. Suppose, Hercules could make Anthony as mad as himself, could he make him lodge *Licas* too on the moon? Nay, could he make him subdue *himself* too, with Hercules's hands? Then, why should Antony call himself here *his worthiest self?*

Till you better expound it to me, I will beg leave to submit the following emendation:

——————— teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage;
LET THEE lodge LICHAS on the horns o' th' moon,
And with those hands, that grasp the heaviest club,
Subdue THY worthiest self —

i. e. thy rage; *that* help'd thee to lodge — and to subdue, &c.

P. 88. ——————— SEAL then, and all is done.

Seal what? I do not see that this allegory agrees at all with *marr, force, entangle, strength.*

P. 90. The guard — HOW! — Oh dispatch me.

I read,

The guard, HOA! — Oh dispatch me.

As p. 91:

What HOA! the Emp'ror's guard. The guard, what HOA!

P. 92. I lay upon thy lips.

Cleo. ——— I dare not, dear,
Dear my Lord, pardon; I dare not,
Lest I be taken: —

Please to observe what a curious hobbling verse the third is. Then what is it, she dares not do? Kiss Antony. But how should she? She was above locked in her monument; and he below on the outside of it. With a very slight addition, I think I can cure the whole; and have a sort of warrant from Plutarch for it into the bargain:

I lay upon thy lips. COME DOWN
——————— I dare not
(Dear, dear my Lord, YOUR pardon, THAT I dare not)
Lest I be taken.

"Plutarch" says, "he was carried in his men's arms *into the entry* of the monument. Notwithstanding, Cleopatra

Cleopatra *would not open the gates*, but *came to the high windows*, and cast out certain chains and ropes, &c."

P. 95. *Enter* Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, *and* MENAS.

I read, MÆCENAS. And in the old folio, where ever this character speaks, it is marked, MEC.

Ibid. DOL. Cæsar, I shall.

I think, we should certainly mark here, *Exit Dolabella.* It is reasonable to imagine, he should presently go upon Cæsar's commands; so the speeches placed to him in the subsequent page, must be transferred to *Agrippa*, or he does not speak at all. Besides, that he should be gone, appears from p. 97, where Cæsar asks for him, but recollects he had sent him on business.

P. 98. Which shackles ACCIDENTS, and bolts up CHANGE.

I observe in yours, you choose to read CHANCE. But are not *accident* and *chance*, dear Sir, a little too much the same? *Change* and *accident* our Poet loves to oppose to each other.

Second Part of Henry IV. p. 318:

How CHANCES mock
And CHANGES fill the cup of alteration, &c.

Titus Andronicus, p. 120:

Tho' CHANCE of war hath wrought this CHANGE of cheer.

And Othello, p. 399:

Whose solid virtue
The shot of ACCIDENT nor dart of CHANGE
Could neither *graze* nor *pierce*.

For so I read this last passage, though the editions exhibit, CHANCE.

Ibid. CHAR. You see, how easily she may be surpriz'd,

Here Charmian, who is so faithful as to die with her mistress, by the stupidity of our Editors, is made to countenance and give directions for her being made prisoner: though Charmian immediately after says,

Oh, Cleopatra, thou art taken, Queen.

But

But we must read,

GALL. You see how easily, &c.

Gallus, who climbs up to the hinder windows of the monument, speaks it to the guard that attend him. And p. 97, when Cæsar dispatches Proculeius to Cleopatra, he says,

GALLUS, *Go you along.*

P. 100. ——————— his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, AND that to friends:
But *when* he meant to quail, &c.

The contrast, sure, betwixt the *music* and the *thunder* of his voice, requires,

—— WHEN that to friends; —

P. 102. ——————— Here, my good Lord.
Cæs. You shall advise me OF ALL, Cleopatra.

What a mean rascal do our modern Editors make of Cæsar, who is afraid lest Cleopatra should not give him in her whole inventory! But the older copies will help to clear him from this sordid imputation. We must read,

—— You shall advise me IN ALL
FOR Cleopatra.

And this seems confirmed by another speech of his in the next page:

For,
We intend so to dispose you, as
YOURSELF shall GIVE us COUNSEL.

P. 103. *Cleop.* HIE thee AGAIN.
I've spoke already, and it is provided,
Go, put it to the haste.

Cleopatra had just whispered some directions to Charmian; but Charmian does not go out; why then should Cleopatra bid her *go again?*

I have great suspicion the text should be slightly altered, and the speech split in this manner:

Cleo. Hie thee AMAIN.
CHAR. I've spoke already, and it is provided.
CLEO. Go, put it to the haste.

P. 105. ——————— and to conquer
Their most ABSURD intents.

As

As plausible sense as this seems, our Poet, I believe, wrote,

Their most ASSUR'D intents.

i. e. the purposes that they are most determined to put in practice; make themselves most sure of accomplishing.

So Lear, p. 414:

And all that offer to defend him,
Stand in ASSURED loss.

P. 106. I'm fire and air; my other elements
I give to baser LIFE.

Is this right? Take fire and air away, and what life would there be in her other elements. I have imagined that we should read,

I give to baser EARTH—

i. e. as we say in the service for the dead,

Dust to dust, and ashes to ashes:

or, as in wills,

I give my *body* to the earth whence it came.

P. 108. Dissolve thick cloud and rain, that I may say,
The gods themselves do weep.

Sure Mr. Pope did not take *cloud* and *rain* here both for substantives; and yet his pointing would make one imagine he did. We must correct,

Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain, that I may say, &c.

P. 109. ——————— and their story is,
No less in pity, than his glory, which, &c.

This seems a little intricately expressed; but our Poet means, I presume, that the compassion, which attends them, makes as remarkable an eclat in story, as the glory of the Conqueror does.

And so ends Antony.

I have received, dear Sir, yours (No. 25) of the 18th instant; and wait every post with a sweet impatience for fresh occasion of subscribing myself, dearest Sir,

Your most affectionate and ever obliged friend and humble servant, LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER

LETTER LI.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Wyan's Court, Feb.* 24, 1729-30.

I now proceed to Titus Andronicus, which, but for a few fine lines and descriptions, I could wish were not in the list of Shakespeare's acknowledged Plays. There is something so barbarous and unnatural in the fable, and so much trash in the diction, even beneath the three parts of Henry VI. that I am very much inclined to believe, it was not one of our Author's own compositions; but only introduced by him, and honoured with some of his masterly touches. The story, I suppose, to be merely fictitious. Andronicus is a name of pure Greek derivation: Tamora I can find no where else mentioned: nor had Rome, in the time of her Emperors, any wars with the Goths that I know of; not till after the translation of the empire, I mean, to Byzantium. But, to take it with all its absurdities.

P. 115. Victorious in MY mourning weeds.

So I had corrected with you.

P. 116. Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome
To beautify thy triumphs, and return
Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke?

Return captive? Sure, they never were captives before to Rome. I read,

——————— thy triumphs and return,
Captive to thee, &c.

P. 117. Then, Madam, stand resolved, &c.

Is not this a little absurd, that Demetrius should say, that they survived to tremble under Titus's threatening looks; and *therefore* advises his mother to pluck up a resolution?

P. 124. Upon the Thracian tyrant in HIS tent.

I read, in HER tent, *i. e.* the tent where she and the other captive Trojan women were kept: for thither

ther she by a wile decoyed Polymestor, as Mr. Pope might have learnt from Euripides's Hecuba; the only Author, that I can at present remember, from whom Shakespeare could have gleaned this circumstance.

P. 121. What villain, boy.

I read,

What, villain-boy.

i. e. villainous boy.

P. 124. After,

That brought her for this high good turn so far,

we must add, from the first folio,

Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

P. 128. Upon her wit doth EARLY honour wait.

The first old quarto and folio read, EARTHLY.

P. 130. Youngling, learn thou to make some BETTER choice.

The old quarto and folio, MEANER.

P. 131. ——— Would it offend you then ———

Chi. Faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me, so I were one.

This is *verbum sat sapienti* with a vengeance. Both these young gallants make their answer to Aaron, without ever hearing him propound his question. But we must supply, from the old quarto,

——— Would it offend you then
THAT BOTH SHOULD SPEED?

P. 136. I come, Semiramis.

Certainly,

I, come, Semiramis.

Ibid. This minion stood upon her *chastity*,
Upon her *nuptial vow*, her *loyalty*,
And with that painted HOPE she braves your mightiness.

I have a great suspicion of this word *hope*; it does not give me any idea of the Poet's meaning; and yet I do not know what to substitute in its room.

P. ..... A KILLING sweat o'erruns my trembling limbs.

Both the old quarto and folio read, CHILLING.

P. 139. ——— The dead man's EARTHLY cheeks.

I read, EARTHY.

P. 142. ——————— those sweet ornaments,
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in?
And might not gain so great an happiness,
As HALF thy love!

Half her love! But might they gain any part of her love? I am persuaded we should read,

As HAVE thy love!

P. 146. ——————— What accursed hand
Hath *made* thee handless in thy father's SIGHT.

But though Lavinia appeared handless in her father's presence, she was hardly *made so* in his sight. I suspect,

——————— in thy father's SPIGHT.

i. e. in despight to thy father, to torment him.

P. 149. *Luc.* Then I 'll go fetch an axe.
Mar. But I will use the axe. *Exeunt.*

We ought to supply, *Exeunt Luc. and Marc.* for the stage is not cleared: Titus and Aaron remain.

P. 150. For why, my bowels cannot HIDE HER woes.

I think, HOLD THEIR.

P. 151. To weep with them that weep doth ease some DEAL.

I read, DOLE, *i. e.* grief. As in Hamlet, p. 313:
In equal scale weighing delight and DOLE.

Ibid. Ah, now no more will I controul MY griefs.

Ibid. The closing up of OUR most wretched eyes.

I read, THY, and YOUR. Marcus had before persuaded Titus to be temperate, and restrain the excess of his sorrows; but now, says he, e'en indulge your sorrows, till they put an end to your miserable life.

P. 149. Tell him, it was a hand that warded HIM
From thousand dangers.

I read, ROME; notwithstanding all the copies: for Andronicus's martial exploits were all over, before Saturninus came to the Empire; so that his valour

lour was employed for his country, and not for the man.

P. 150. And do not break into these TWO extremes.

This reading, by which Mr. Pope gave you the trouble of a very probable emendation, first obtained, as far as I can find, from Mr. Rowe's edition in 1709. A fine authority! All the oldest copies read,

——— into these DEEP extremes:

and this reading is certainly affirmed by Titus's reply:

Is not my sorrow DEEP, having no bottom?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

P. 153. To bid Æneas tell his tale twice o'er.

Annon potiùs, GO bid, &c. Something is wanting in the syntax: but it is plain our Author has the *Quanquàm animus meminisse horret, luctuque refugit*, of Virgil, in mind.

P. 154. And buz *lamenting* DOINGS in the air.

I had, in my "Shakespeare Restored," proposed to read, DRONINGS. *Sed nimiùm à ductu literarum abscedit.* I can now come much nearer, and think it should be, DOLINGS. There is, indeed, a sort of tautology in the epithet, and substantive; but that is no new thing with our Author.

So, in Locrine, p. 3301 (of Mr. Rowe's edition):

And gnash your teeth with DOLOROUS LAMENTS.

P. 156. Unless some fit OR frenzy do possess her.

I read, OF.

Ibid. And would not, but in FURY.

Dr. *Thirlby* had marked here, FRENZY; but, surely, there is no occasion for a change. Our Poet uses the word *fury* for *madness*, with the same elegance as the Latins were wont,

Ira FUROR brevis est.—Hor. 1 Ep. ii. 62.

P. 158. ——— As with the woeful PEER,
And father, of the chaste dishonour'd dame.

I read, PHERE.

So, in Chaucer's Troilus, b. 1. st. 2:

A woeful wight to have a dreary PHERE.

And so Lidgate in his Story of Thebes, Part I.

This Oedipus among his playing PHERES.

P. 158. And see their blood, OR die with this reproach.

But if they endeavoured to throw off the reproach, though they fell in the attempt, they could not be properly said to die with that reproach. I read,

And see their blood, ERE die with this reproach.

Ibid. ———— The angry Northern wind
Will *blow* these sands *like sibyl's leaves abroad,*
And where's your lesson then?

Verum eadem verso tenuis cùm cardine *ventus*
Impulit, et *teneras turbavit* janua *frondes;*
Nunquàm deinde cavo *volitantia* prendere saxo,
Nec revocare situs, aut jungere carmina curat.
Virg. Æn. iii. 448.

P. 159. But yet so just, that he will not revenge,
Revenge THE heav'ns for old Andronicus.

I read, and point thus:

But yet so just, that he will not revenge.
Revenge, YE heav'ns, for old Andronicus!

P. 160. Here 's no SOUND jest.

I read, FOND. *i. e.* idle, foolish.

Ibid. Here LACKS but your mother to say Amen.

O the ears of these delicate Editors!

Euphoniæ gratiâ, we must read:

Here *lacketh* but your mother to say Amen.

P. 164. Come, Marcus, come kinsmen, this is the way.

Ears, again! We must either stop it thus,

Come, Marcus, come;—Kinsmen, &c.

Or transpose thus:

Come, Marcus; Kinsmen, come; &c.

P. 169. Enter NUNTIUS Æmilius.

I wonder whether Mr. Pope has discovered any Roman family that had the prænomen of *Nuntius.* Shakespeare, I dare say, meant no more than,

Enter Æmilius *with news, as a messenger.*

Which sort of character, you know, dear Sir, was distinguished by the Greek Dramatists only by the title of Ἄγγελος, and NUNCIUS by the Latins. By the

the way, the Editor should have given his new-adopted citizen, *Nuntius*, a place in the Dramatis Personæ.

P. 173. With twenty POPISH tricks.

You propose, PUPPY. I had guessed, APISH: and yet, on my conscience, notwithstanding the absurdity, I am inclined to believe our Author wrote *Popish*. As above, at p. 122, he says:

Sith priest and HOLY WATER are so near.

The catholick *leven* seems to be fermenting in him.

P. 177. See, here he comes; and I must PLAY my theme.

Old quarto, *meliùs*, PLY.

P. 185. The villain is alive in Titus's house,
AND as he is, &c.

I read, DAMN'D as he is, &c.; as afterwards, p. 187:
See justice done on Aaron that DAMN'D Moor.

And here I have done with this *damn'd* Play. Dear Macbeth lies next; but I will not enter upon him here.

To conclude therefore with an excursion or two.

2 Henry IV. p. 310:
Have we not HIREN here.

A certain parcel of Free-masons, that are very zealous to have me of the order, do pretend to explain this. They say, Shakespeare was a Free-mason, and was paying honour here to an old brother of their Society. They will have him therefore to read,
Have we not HIRAM here?

i. e. the King of Tyre, so often mentioned in Scripture, a friend to David and Solomon, in furnishing them with *Masons*, &c. and consequently was one of the fraternity. They therefore imagine that Pistol here calls Sir John, *Hiram*; intimating that he was as friendly and bounteous as that Prince is supposed upon record. I do not know what I should say to this, if I had once taken their oath: but I cannot

I cannot say the discovery much accords with my ideas on the subject.

I will venture to give you one of more certainty. Twelfth Night, p. 246:

> Why should I not, had I the heart to do 't,
> Like to th' Egyptian thief, at point of death,
> Kill what I love? a savage jealousy,
> That sometimes savours nobly.

We were both at a loss for this piece of history: I think, I have now found it. This Egyptian Thief was THYOMIS, who was a native of *Memphis*, and at the head of a band of robbers. Theagenes and Chariclia falling into their hands, Thyomis fell desperately in love with the lady, and would have married her. Soon after, a stronger body of robbers coming down upon Thyomis's party, he was in such fears for his mistress [*indignum ratus aliquem alium Chariclid potiri*], that he had her shut into a cave with his treasure: It was customary with those barbarians, *when they despaired of their own safety, first to make away with those whom they held dear,* and desired for companions in the next life. Thyomis, therefore, benetted round with his enemies, [*præcipuè cùm veluti retibus hostium copiis circumdatus esset*] raging with love, *jealousy*, and anger, [*amore verò, zelotypiâ et irâ furens*] went to his cave, and, calling aloud in the Egyptian tongue, so soon as he heard himself answered towards the cave's mouth by a Grecian, making to her by the direction of her voice, he caught her by the hair with his left hand, and with his right plunged his sword into her breast. Heliodor. Æthiopic. lib. I. cap. 3.

I am, dearest Sir, your most affectionate and obliged humble servant, LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER LII.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Wyan's Court, Feb.* 26, 1729-30.

I hope this will find you in a perfect state of health, though I have not had the pleasure of hearing from you since the 18th instant, in which you acknowledged the receipt of two of mine, No. 18 and 19; since which I have sent 20, 21, 22, and 23.

I now proceed to Macbeth.

P. 192. So from that spring whence comfort seem'd to come,
DISCOMFORT SWELL'D.

The sense of this is certainly very plain, but is water properly said to *swell* from a spring? I have guessed, DISCOMFORTS WELL'D. To *well*, you know, is to rise as water does from a spring.

So Chaucer, Troilus, book iv. verse 709:

Her tearis, they ganin so up to WELL.

So, in his Testament of Love, p. 480, of Urry's edition:

I can no more, but here outcast of all wellfare abide the day of my deth, or els to se the sight that might all my WELLYNGE sorrowes voide, and of the flode make an ebbe.

P. 193. ——— I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks,
So they re-doubled ——

I have no idea of cannons being overcharged with cracks. I would read,

As cannons overcharg'd; with double cracks
So they redoubled ——

Ibid. Norway himself, with numbers terrible,
Assisted by that most ——

Would not the sense have been every whit as full, if the Poet had said, Norway assisted, as to say Norway himself assisted? I therefore think there is a further

a further *energy* to be restored, which has been lost by the false pointing:

> Norway, himself with numbers terrible,
> Assisted by ——— and so more terrible.

P. 193. Point against point, *rebellious* arm 'gainst arm.

But let us look back here, and see who it is that brings this *rebellious arm;* why, it is Bellona's bridegroom; and who is he but Macbeth. I can never believe our Author meant any thing like this. I read,

> Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm —

And so the loyal Macbeth fought hand to hand against the disloyal traytor.

P. 194. He shall live a man *forbid.*

Does this mean simply, *forbid* to sleep?

As in Midsummer Night's Dream, p. 95:

> When thou wak'st, let love *forbid*
> Sleep his seat on thy eye-lid.

Or, does *forbid* here signify, as under a curse, an *interdiction?* So, afterwards in this Play, p. 246:

> By his own INTERDICTION stands accurst.

And so an outlaw, amongst the Romans, was said to be *aquâ & igni* INTERDICTUS.

P. 195. The WEYWARD sisters, —

I am sure I shewed you my emendation of this to WEIRD, *i. e. wizard:* so will avoid repetitions.

P. 196. Or have we eaten of the INSANE *root,*
Which takes the reason pris'ner?

Insana radix, scil. quæ insanos reddit; ut, *Pallida Mors.* Hector Boethius, giving us an account of Sueno's army being intoxicated by bread and ale put upon them by their subtle enemy, says, that there is a plant which grows in great quantity in Scotland, called *Solatrum amentiale:* that it has a quality of laying to sleep; or of driving into madness, if a more than ordinary quantity of it be taken in medicine. Shakespeare doubtless alludes to this Plant.

Plant. Theophrastus and Dioscorides also notice it. Dioscorides mentions the root of it, drunk in wine, to have these effects (as Shakespeare here does); and they all agree expressly that an exorbitant dose of it makes the patient fancy he sees APPARITIONS.

P. 197. His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which would be thine, or his. Silenced with that, —

This I cannot say I understand; or what the King was silenced with.

P. 198. ——————— present FEARS
Are less than horrible imaginings.

I remember, you change this to FEATS. I will tell you, dear Sir, how I had conceived it; that the terrors at the *instant of committing* an execrable action, do not come up to those horrid apprehensions which fill up the interval betwixt the *contriving* and *executing* it. Unless thus explained, to be sure, fears and horrible imaginings are synonymous. It is an observation of Machiavel's, that things which seem to be, and are not, are more feared *far off*, *than near at hand.* And in his Mandragola he thus expresses himself: "E sono molte cose, che discosto paiono terribili, insopportabili, strane; & quando tu ti appressi loro, le riescono humane, sopportabili, domestiche. Et però si dice, che sono maggiori li spaventi, che i mali." Act III. Scene xi.

P. 199. That swiftest WIND of recompense is slow.

Folio, *rectiùs*, WING.

P. 200. ——————— by doing ev'ry thing
Safe tow'rd your love and honour.

I do not apprehend what our Poet means by *safe* here.

P. 203. Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters to beguile the time.
Look like the time.

I think, verily, the wife means here that Macbeth looks so full of thought and solemn reflection upon the

the purposed act, that people may comment upon the reason of his gloom; and therefore desires him, in order to blind the eye of observation, to wear a face of pleasure and entertainment. I restore thus:

Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters. — To beguile the time,
Look like the time; &c.

So again, p. 207, Macbeth says,

Away, and MOCK the TIME with *fairest* SHOW.

And Macduff, at p. 245,

—— the TIME you may so HOODWINK.

P. 211. Balm of hurt minds, great Nature's second COURSE,
Chief nourisher in Life's feast.

I am so little versed in the nature of regular entertainments, that I do not know whether the *second course* is always replenished with the most nourishing dishes; but I rather think, *feast* following made our Editors serve up this *second course*. I think it should be,

—— great Nature's second SOURCE —

i. e. we seem dead in sleep; and by its refreshments, Nature, as it were, wakes to a *second* life.

P. 216. *To countenance this horror.* — RING THE BELL.
Lady. ———— *What's the business.*

Macduff had said, at the beginning of his speech, *Ring out the* alarum bell; but, if the bell had been rung out immediately, not a word of what he says could have been distinguished. *Ring the bell,* I say, is a marginal direction in the Prompter's Book, for him to order the bell to be rung at the minute that Macduff ceases speaking. In proof of this, please to observe, dear Sir, that the hemistich ending Macduff's speech, and that beginning the Lady's, make up a complete verse. Now, if *Ring the bell* had been a part of the text, can we imagine the Poet would have begun Lady Macbeth's speech with a broken line?

P. 217.

P. 217. His *silver* skin LAC'D with his golden blood.

For *lac'd* you, Sir, proposed to read, LAQU'D; but I am afraid, *che c'est un peu plus recherchée.* By LAC'D, I am apt to imagine our Poet meant to describe the blood running out, and diffusing itself into little winding streams, which looked like the *work of lace,* upon the skin.

So Cymbeline, p. 31:

—— white and azure, LAC'D
With blue of heav'n's own tinct.

And Romeo and Juliet, p. 273:

Look, love, what envious streaks
Do LACE the sev'ring clouds in yonder East.

Goary blood is most absurd. I know the vulgar say, *all of a gore-blood.* But Shakespeare, I dare say, wrote, GOLDEN.

So above, p. 212:

—— If he BLEED,
I 'll GILD the faces of the grooms withal.

Besides, our Poet aimed at a contrast in the terms.

So Troilus, p. 276:

I had as lieve Helen's GOLDEN tongue had commended Troilus for a COPPER nose.

And again, p. 289:

I 'll hide my SILVER beard in a GOLD beaver.

Et alibi passim.

P. 217. In the great hand of God I stand, and THENCE.

I do not take our Poet's image here, or what he means by *thence.*

P. 218. Beauteous and swift, the *minions* of THEIR race, —

I am pretty certain all the copies err in this reading. I restore,

—— the minions of THE race:

i. e. excellent *racers;* not the best of their *breed.* Shakespeare is fond of this way of expressing himself. So above, p. 192:

Like VALOUR'S MINION carved out his passage.

King

King John, p. 26:

Fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy MINION.

First Part of Henry IV. p. 181:

Who is sweet FORTUNE'S MINION, and her pride.

And again, p. 183:

Gentlemen of the shade, MINIONS of the MOON, &c.

P. 221. Let ev'ry man be master of his time
Till sev'n at night, to make society
The sweeter welcome: we will keep ourself
Till supper time alone: —

I point it thus:

Till sev'n at night. To make society
The sweeter welcome, we will, &c.

and think we do not come at the Poet's sense without this change.

P. 224. Acquaint you with the perfect SPY o' th' time,
The moment on 't, —

Quid sibi vult, Spy? Will it signify the very *nick, crisis, critical minute* of time?

Ibid. ———— for 't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; and with him,—

It is pity the Editors should grudge us Shakespeare's reason, why this murder should be done at some distance from the palace, when the oldest copies furnish us with one. Restore,

———— Palace; always thought,
That I REQUIRE a CLEARNESS: and with him, &c.

You and I know how minutely our Poet uses to follow History in his circumstances. Now hear Holinshed (from whom he has copied this whole tale), in his History of Scotland, p. 172: "He willed therefore the same Banquho with his son named Fleance to come to a supper that he had prepared for them, which was indeed, as he had devised, present death at the hands of certain murderers, whom he hired to execute that deed, appointing them to meet with the same Banquho and his son *without the palace*, as they returned to their lodgings, and there

there to slea them, so that *he would not have his house slandered,* but that in time to come he might CLEAR HIMSELFE, if any thing were laid to his charge upon any *suspicion that might arise.*"

P. 227. You do not give the cheer; the feast is COLD
That is not often vouched while 't is making.

SOLD, say the old books: which, in my opinion, ought not to have been degraded. The Queen would say, that *guests* in no manner pay for their cheer*, &c.

P. 229. ——— Oh, these flaws and starts
(IMPOSTORS to true fear,) —

I do not understand the tendency of this word here. I have guessed, IMPORTERS to — *i. e.* that convey, bring in, lead to, &c.

As below, p. 255:

—— those linen cheeks of thine
Are COUNSELLORS to fear.

P. 231. —— Why so, — BE GONE —
I am a man again.

The old books read,

Why so — BEING GONE,
I am a man again.

For Macbeth speaks this upon the ghost vanishing.

P. 232. We 're yet but young INDEED.

I read, IN DEED; *i. e.* but little inured yet to blood and cruelty.

So above, p. 226:

Things bad begun make themselves strong in ill.

So again, p. 258:

Direness, familiar to my slaught'rous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.

3 Henry VI. p. 208:

Made impudent with use of evil deeds.

Antony and Cleopatra, p. 20:

Not IN DEED, madam, for I can *do* nothing,
But what *indeed* is honest to be done.

* The meaning is,—That which is not *given cheerfully,* cannot be called a *gift;* it is something that must be paid for.

JOHNSON.

As

As Troilus, dear Sir, should, in the order, fill up a part of my next, I should be glad to know, if you have yet any ways supplied the chasm of your book in that Play; or whether you can supply that volume, or procure any other edition of Shakespeare, in your neighbourhood; otherwise, I believe, it will be best for me to pass on to the next Play, and not trouble you with *quærenda* upon it.

I am, dearest Sir, your most affectionate and obliged friend and humble servant, LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER LIII.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Wyan's Court, March* 2, 1729-30.

I think, I can have the satisfaction, before I proceed on the remainder of Macbeth, to greet you with another discovery, as certain as that of the Egyptian thief killing his mistress. And it pleases me the more, because it clears up a passage, upon which we have only advanced dark and wild conjectures, and not been able to satisfy ourselves.

2 Henry IV. p. 310:

> Die men like dogs! — Give crowns like pins!
> Have we not HIREN here?

Pistol and Dol have been quarreling for above a page before: her broad abuses throw him into the height of one of his fustian passions. Falstaff had ordered him to quit the room; and Bardolf persuades him to go, lest matters should rise to a brawl; upon which, in his drunkenness and vein of blustering honour, he falls into fresh rants; defies the consequences of the riot; and, clapping his hand on his sword, cries, *Let come what will,* have we not *Hiren* here? *Shall I fear, that have this trusty and invincible sword by my side?*—For, as the famous King Arthur's sword was called *Cali-*

burne

burne and *Ron;* as Edward the Confessor's (which to this day is carried before our Kings at their coronation) was called *Curtana;* as Charlemagne's, *Joyeuse;* Orlando's, *Durindana;* Rinaldo's, *Fusberta;* Rogero's, *Balisarda;* so Amadis du Gaul's was called HIREN.—Now as this Romance was first written in Spanish, we may perhaps gather the reason of this name from that language. La Crusca explains *hiriendo* (the gerund from *hirir) en frappant, battendo, percotendo.* From hence it seems probable that *hiren* may be derived; and so signify a *swashing, cutting,* sword. And admitting this to be the *eclaircissement* of the passage, what wonderful humour is there in the good Hostess so innocently mistaking Pistol's drift, fancying that he meant to fight for a strumpet in the house, and therefore telling him, *On my word, Captain, there 's none such here? What the goodjer; do you think I would deny her?*

And now on to MACBETH.

P. 234. ———— The SONS of Duncan,
From *whom* this tyrant holds the *due of birth,*
LIVE in the *English Court,* and ARE receiv'd
Of the most pious Edward, &c.

Thus I correct, in spite of these unobserving Editors:

The SON of Duncan, &c.
LIVES in the *English Court,* and IS, &c.

And the proofs of the emendation are obvious. In the first place, Macbeth could not be said to hold the due of birth from both Duncan's sons. The succession to the crown was the right of Malcolm: and Donalbaine could have no claim to it, as long as his elder brother, or any of his issue, were in being. In the next place, the sons of Duncan did not both shelter in the English Court. Upon the discovery of their father's murder, the brothers thus confer together:

MALC. What will you do? Let 's not consort with them:

To

To shew an unfelt sorrow, is an office
Which the false man does easy. I'll to ENGLAND.
DON. To IRELAND, I; our *separated* fortune
Shall keep us both the safer.

A determination, it is plain, they immediately put into act, or Macbeth had very bad intelligence, p. 221:

We hear our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In *England* and in *Ireland*.

Nor were they together, even at the time when Malcolm disputed his right with Macbeth, as appears afterwards, from p. 254:

Who knows, if DONALBAINE be with his brother?
Len. For certain, Sir, he IS NOT.

Besides, Hector Boethius and Holinshed (the latter of whom our Author precisely follows) both inform us, that Donalbaine remained in Ireland till the death of Malcolm and his Queen; and then, indeed, he came over, invaded Scotland, and wrested the crown from one of his nephews.

P. 237, 238. *Apparition of an armed head rises.*]
Apparition of a bloody child rises.]
Apparition of a child crowned, with a tree in his hand, rises.]

I cannot see a reason, from any circumstances in the story, for this particular apparatus, and furniture of these ghosts, why one should be only an armed head, another a bloody child, and the third equipped with a tree.

P. 238. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

Does this mean that, had he never so many ears, his whole faculty of hearing should be employed? I remember, our Poet has expressed himself much more oddly in Hamlet, p. 269:

We shall obey, were she *ten times* our mother.

Which I do not very well understand. It is the very reverse of that easy and intelligible way of expressing, which we meet with in Richard the Second, p. 164:

Were he twenty times
My son, I would appeach him.

P. 238.

P. 238. And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And TOP of sov'reignty.

But is the Crown properly the *top* of sovereignty, or only the emblem and distinguishing mark of that high rank? I would read,

And TYPE of sov'reignty.

So 3 Henry VI. p. 209:

Thy father bears the TYPE of *King* of Naples.

Richard the Third, p. 380:

The high imperial TYPE of this earth's glory.

Ibid. Rebellious HEAD rise never.

So I have corrected this passage, with you, in my "*Shakespeare Restored.*"

P. 239. Eight Kings appear and pass over in order, and Banquo last, with a glass in his hand.

The Editors have blundered even in this stage-direction. I correct thus:

Eight Kings appear and pass over in order (and Banquo), THE *last with a glass in his hand.*]

For it is not Banquo that brings the glass, as is evident from the following speech:

And yet the EIGHTH appears, WHO bears a glass
Which shews me many more.

P. 241. —— to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion, and his TITLES.

What is the meaning here of leaving his *titles;* that by flying he ran the hazard of being attainted, and so forfeiting his family honours?

Ibid. But *float* upon a wild and violent sea
Each way, and MOVE.

It would be something of a wonder had they floated and *not moved.* Sure this is a reading too flat for our Author. I read,

Each way and WAVE.

i. e. they not only float backward and forward, but are the sport of each distinct and particular wave; which exaggerates the thought.

P. 244. —— I 'm young, but something
You may DESERVE of him through me.

I had corrected this with you; and brought another passage, in which, *vice versâ*, the error had been committed upon the other word.

The old quarto of Lear (printed 1608):

——————— an eye DESERVING
Thine honour from thy suffering.

where the sense evidently demands DISCERNING.

P. 246. ——————— This avarice
STICKS deeper; *grows* with more pernicious *root*
Than Summer-SEEMING Lust; —

I had corrected with you, dear Sir, long ago, *Summer-teeming;* and brought this passage in proof from 2 Henry VI. p. 130:

Now 'tis the Spring, and weeds are *shallow-rooted,*
Suffer 'em now, and they 'll *o'ergrow* the garden.

But I have a little exception to *sticks* deeper. I should think STRIKES deeper; a tree, or plant, is said by the gardeners to *strike,* when it shoots its fibres out *deep* into the earth, and begins to feel its root.

P. 247. I am yet unknown to WOMEN.

The first folio, certainly better, WOMAN.

P. 250. He has no children.

In this beautiful, short reflection, you think that Macduff is weighing the unequal reparation that he can have from Macbeth, in that the Tyrant has no children for him to destroy in revenge. I rather imagine, that Macduff is dwelling on the object of his distress, and reflecting that Macbeth, having no children, cannot feel the pangs of his sorrow, or he could not have been so cruel.

So Constantia, in King John, p. 48:

He talks to me, that never had a son.

And so Queen Margaret, in 3 Henry VI. p. 281:

You have no children, butchers; if you had,
The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse.

P. 254. And many UNRUFF'D youths.

I restore,

I restore, UNROUGH, as I hinted to you upon King John, p. 75:

This UNHAIR'D sauciness.

P. 255. I have liv'd long enough, my WAY of life
Is fall'n into the *sear*.

i. e. I suppose, the progress of my life.

This expression is very like one of Menander's, in his Fragments, p. 250, edit. Clerici:

——— ἐπὶ ΓΗΡΩΣ ὈΔΩ͂.

P. 258. And all our yesterdays have lighted *fools*
The way to STUDY Death.

But, sure, it would sort better with the character of wise men to *study* how to die, from the experience of past times. The old copies read, DUSTY Death. I doubt not but it should be,

The way to DUSKY Death.

P. 259 I 'gin to be weary of the Sun.

—— tædet cœli convexa tueri. VIRG. Æn. iv. 451.

P. 263. In the *unshrinking station* where he *fought*,
But *like a man he dy'd*.

Nam ferè, quem quisque *vivus pugnando locum ceperat*, eum *amissâ animâ* corpore tegebat. SALLUST. de Catilinâ.

P. 264. ——— By the grace of HEAV'N
We will perform in measure, time, and place.

All the old copies, GRACE. I cannot imagine why Mr. Pope should have degraded a reading, which not only dismounts the rhyme intended, but dispossesses a mode of expression familiar with our Poet.

So, All's Well that Ends Well, p. 111:

The greatest *grace* lending *grace*.

(As the first folio reads).

So, 3 Henry VI. p. 222:

And, *spight* of *spight*, needs must I rest awhile.

Antony and Cleopatra, p. 6:

Now for the *love* of *love* and his soft hours.

Et alibi pluriès.

So much, dear Sir, for Macbeth. I have too little space left to begin on the succeeding Play; and therefore will release you at once, by confessing myself, dearest Sir, your most affectionate and obliged friend and humble servant, LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER LIV.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Wyan's Court, Mar.* 3, 1729-30.

This will reach you, accompanied with another of mine of the same date (No. 25) in which I perfected my enquiries on Macbeth. I now proceed on Troilus and Cressida (such part of it, I mean, as is comprized in your imperfect book; till I hear you are furnished with a better copy).

Prologue. And corresponsive and *fulfilling* bolts.

I read, *full-filling*, *i. e.* bolts large enough to *fill up* their whole staples.

Ibid. BEGINNING IN THE middle: starting thence,
To what may be digested in a play.

The old folio reads,

——————— starting thence AWAY,

and makes a rhyme, which, I think, was designed by the Poet towards the close.

To avoid the dragging Alexandrine in the first line of the couplet, we may read:

'GINNING I' TH' middle; starting thence AWAY, &c.

Dramatis Personæ. Four speaking characters are left out of this list; viz. A Bastard Son of Priam; Cassandra, a Prophetess, daughter of Priam; Alexander, Cressida's man; Boy to Troilus.

P. 269. ——————— I'll *unarm again*.
Why should I *war without* the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel *battle here within?*

What a consonance is there betwixt this thought, and the Fourteenth Ode of Anacreon.

Μάτην δ' ἔχω βοείην,
Τί γὰρ βαλώμεθ' ἔξω,
Μάχης ἔσω μ' ἐχούσης;

P. 271. Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie INTRENCH'D.

From

From several quotations in my "*Shakespeare Restored*," I endeavoured to prove that we ought to read with the first folio, INDRENCH'D.

P. 271. The cignet's down is harsh, and SPIRIT of SENSE
Hard as the palm of ploughman.

In a former of yours, you objected to *spirit of sense* as unintelligible. I believe, our Poet means by it, that most *exquisite sensation* which can be communicated by the *touch*; and I am very apt to think the text sincere, because the Poet, speaking afterwards of the powers of the eye, uses the same expression, p. 323:

——————— Nor doth the eye itself
(That most pure SPIRIT of SENSE) behold itself
Not going from itself, &c.

P. 272. And he's as teachy to be *woo'd* to WOE,
As she is stubborn, chaste, against all *suit*.

I read,

——————————— woo'd to WOOE,
As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.

P. 273. Before the sun rose, he was HARNEST LIGHT.

I restored formerly, HARNESS-DIGHT, *i. e.* armed, dressed in his armour.

Ibid. A man, into whom Nature hath so *crowded* humours, that his valour is *crushed* into folly, his folly SAUCED with discretion.

Considering the words, *crowded*, and *crushed*, for the better agreement of the metaphors throughout, I have guessed FARCED.

P. ..... Good-morrow, ALEXANDER.

I think the Editor's note here more absurd than the poor innocent words he would cashier. Pandarus, being of a busy, fiddling, insinuating, character, it is natural for him, as soon as he has given his cousin the good morrow, to pay his civilities too to his attendant; who, I am persuaded, is the *Alexander* here intended. *Paris* had no patent from any one for ingrossing the name to himself. But, perhaps, our Editor, because we have had an *Alexander*

ander the Great, Pope Alexander, and *Alexander Pope*, cannot consent to have so eminent a name prostituted to a common *valet*. It falls out very unluckily, however, for his remark, that though Paris is, for the generality, in Homer called *Alexander*, yet in this Play of our Author, by any one of the characters introduced, he is called nothing but PARIS.

P. 277. That 's true, make no question of that: TWO and fifty hairs, quoth he, and *one* white; that white hair is THE * father, and all the rest are his sons.

I read here, and in the preceding speech, ONE and fifty.—How else can the number make out Priam and his sons?

Ibid. Hark, they are coming from the field; shall we stand up here, and see them as they pass towards Ilium?

This conduct of the Poet, in making Pandarus decypher the warriors as they pass, seems an imitation of Homer's Helen on the walls. This incident, you know, dear Sir, was borrowed by Euripides, in his Phœnissæ; and again copied by Statius in the Ninth Book of his Thebais, where he makes Phorbas shew to Antigone the heads of the Theban army.

P. 278. *Cress.* Will he give you the nod?
Pand. You shall see.
Cress. If he do, the rich shall have more.

I doubt not but a jest is designed in the odd conclusion Cressida here makes: but, I confess, I am in the dark as to the allusion.

P. 281. Things won are done, *the soul's joy lies in doing.*
First folio,

——————— joy's soul lies in the doing.

P. 282. With due observance of thy GOODLY seat.
I would read, GODLIKE.
So, p. 287:

Which is that GOD in office, GUIDING men?
Which is the *high* and *mighty* Agamemnon?

* Folio, 1623, reads, MY.

P. 283. Troy, yet upon HIS basis, had been down.
I read, HER. So, p. 285:

And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not HER own sinews.

P. 284. Quite from their FIXTURE.
We must read, FIXURE; *à fixus, fixura.*
Ibid. ——————— Right and wrong,
Between whose endless jar Justice resides)
Would lose their names, and so would Justice too.

Est modus in rebus; sunt certi denique fines,
Quos ultrà citràque nequit consistere rectum.
HOR. 1 Sat. i. 106.

P. 286. They call this bed-work, mapp'ry, closet-war.
I think rather,

——— bed-work mapp'ry, closet-war.

As Cymbeline, p. 49:

A cell of ign'rance; travelling a-bed, &c.

P. 289. ——————— His youth IS flood;
I 'll pawn this truth, &c.
First folio, *rectiùs,*
——————— His youth IN flood,
I 'll pawn, &c.
i. e. though he be in the prime, and flood of his youth, &c.
Ibid. ——————— Let me touch your hand:
To our pavilion shall I lead you first:
Achilles shall have word, &c.
I think the right pointing is this:
——————— shall I lead you? First,
Achilles shall have word, &c.
P. 290. ——————— who miscarrying,
What heart from hence receives the conqu'ring part!
To steel a strong opinion to themselves;
I regulate thus:
What heart from hence receives the conq'ring part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves!
P. 291. ——————— and make him fall
His crest, that prouder than blue Iris *bends.*
I do not take the Poet's image here; why, *bends?* That does not seem the antithesis to *fall.* Nor

is

is Iris ever represented with *plumes* to answer to *crest*.

P. 292. Speak then, you UNSALTED leven, speak.

This is a reading of no age, nor authority; but coined to supply the degraded WHINID'ST, which the Editors knew not what to make of. Might it not be,

Speak then, you UNWINNOW'D leaven, &c.

i. e. you leaven made of the foulest, most unpurged grain, never boulted. Supra, p. 270:

Ay, the BOULTING; but you must tarry the LEAV'NING.

P. 295. There 's Ulysses, and old Nestor (whose wit was mouldy ere THEIR grandsires had nails on their toes.)

This is one of these Editors' wise riddles.

But we must read,

E'er YOUR grandsires,

speaking to Achilles, Ajax, and Patroclus.

As above, p. 289:

Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man,
When Hector's grandsire suck'd.

P. 296. After so many HOURS, lives, speeches spent.

Annòn, YEARS.

That after sev'n YEARS siege, yet Troy walls stand; p. 281.

Ibid. Weigh you the worth and honour of a king
(So great IS our dread father) in a scale, &c.

What wonderful news Troilus is here made to tell his elder brethren, that their father is a king!

But we must restore, with the old folio,

——————— and honour of a king
So great AS our dread father, in a scale, &c.

P. 297. To make the service greater than the GODS.

Folio, *rectiùs*, GOD.

P. 299. *Virgins* and *boys*, *mid-age* and wrinkled OLD,
Soft *infancy*.

As all the rest are substantives, I think, this should rather be, ELD, *i. e.* elders, old folks.

As, Merry Wives, p. 277:

The superstitious idle-headed ELD.

P. 299.

P. 299. Now, YOUTH Troilus, do not the high strains.
O harmony of versification! But we must restore with the old copies,
Now, YOUTHFUL Troilus.

P. 300. Paris and Troilus, you have both said *well*:
AND on the cause.
I read,
BUT on the cause:
i. e. they have spoken well in general; *but* glossed but very superficially on the particular point in question.

P. 301. After
I was advertis'd, their great gen'ral slept,
the old folios add,
While emulation in the army crept.

P. 304. —— And war and lechery confound all!
Here we must add, *Exit Thersites.*

Ibid. HE sent our messengers.
I read,
WE sent our messengers.
Supra, p. 289:
Achilles shall have word of this intent;
So shall each lord of Greece from tent to tent.
Or,
He SHENT our messengers.
i. e. rated, contemned. As in Antony, p. 26:
You did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did GIBE my MISSIVE out of audience.

P. 308. I will knead him, &c.
This I had long ago placed to Ulysses.

P. 309. What musick is this?
Serv. I do partly know, Sir: it is musick in parts.
The first folio reads,
I do BUT partly know, &c.

P. 312. *Pand.* What says my sweet queen?
My cousin will fall out with you.
Dr. Thirlby gives us this remark: Pandarus must be supposed to have forgot himself, if he speaks this ..... I think the latter branch of the sentence

sentence should be spoken by *Paris*. But Shakespeare has himself hinted, that Pandarus and Paris are cousins.

P. 312. I 'll lay my life, with my DISPOSER Cressida.

I cannot conceive, upon what account Paris is made to call Cressida his *disposer;* or what the term can mean here.

Ibid. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Is Pandarus throwing a wanton slur upon his niece; and hinting that she sadly wanted such a man bedfellow as Helen had in Paris?

And now, dear Sir, I am come to the place where the *hiatus* in your book begins: unless I hear that the imperfection is supplied to you, my next must proceed at p. 337.

I am, dearest Sir, your most affectionate and obliged friend and humble servant, LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER LV.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Wyan's Court, Mar. 6,* 1729-30.

I have received the pleasure of yours (No. 27) of the 2d instant. Before this shall reach you, you will have received an explanation of *Hiren* (in my No. 26) that, I think, will admit it no longer to remain a mystery. I have likewise ventured to proceed to those parts of *Troilus* that precede the chasm in your book: and will now resume them from that page where your book begins again to be perfect.

I will only take notice of one intermediate passage as an imitation.

P. 319. ———— To be *wise* and *love*,
Exceeds man's might, and *dwells with gods* above.

Amare et sapere vix *Deo* conceditur.—Sed malim, DEIS scil. ethnicis: ut obiter annotare licet.

P. 338.

P. 338. *Troi.* No remedy. When shall we see again?
Hear me, my love; be thou but true of heart.

In the first place, the Editors have left out a verse which we must supply from the old folios; in the next place it is evident from the second verse here, and the close of Troilus's subsequent speech, that, *when shall we see again?* is none of his question.

I restore thus:

Troil. No remedy.
Cress. A woeful Cressid' mongst the merry Greeks!
When shall we see again?
Troil. Hear me, my love: be thou, &c.

This is perfectly in character for Cressida; so Imogen, when her husband is on the point of going into his banishment: Cymbeline, p. 9:

——————O the gods!
When shall we see again?

Ibid. Hear *while* I speak it, love.

Read, with the first folio,

Hear, *why* I speak it, love.

Ibid. A kind of GODLY jealousy.

Our Poet, by this epithet, seems to have had in view 2 Corinthians, xi. 2: "For I am jealous over you with a GODLY jealousy."

P. 340. To SHAME the SEAL of my petition towards thee
By praising her.

I am far from clear in the meaning of this phrase.

P. 341. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
Anticipating time. With starting courage,

I chuse to read,

Anticipating time with starting courage.

P. 343. ACH. 'Tis done like Hector, BUT securely done,
A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
The knight oppos'd.

I cannot imagine why it should be inferred, when Hector is indifferent whether the combat was to be only a breathing, or carried to extremity, that this concession

concession is *securely* made in him. Besides, Agamemnon and Æneas were discoursing on this point, and it seems necessary for Agamemnon to make the reply; and then it is very suitable to Achilles, in the displeasure he had of Ajax being allotted to the combat, to give an invidious turn to it. I would regulate it thus:

ACHIL. 'Tis done like Hector.
AGAM. —— But securely done.
ACHIL. A little proudly, &c.

Or, thus,

AGAM. 'Tis done like Hector: NOT securely done.
ACHIL. A little proudly.

i. e. when Agamemnon has gallantly confessed, it is done like Hector, and without any regard to the hazard: it is natural for Achilles to reply; "What though it is not securely done? yet it is proudly done, and with contempt to his opponent."

P. 345. Not Neoptolemus so mirable, &c.

We agreed, I remember, that Shakespeare must have forgot the truth of the story, in this mention of Neoptolemus. But looking into an old Treatise, (printed by Wynkyn de Worde, anno 1503, called the *Recyles* and Sieges of Troy) I find there that among the list of the warriors, that came with Agamemnon before Troy, Neoptolemus is mentioned; without any notice of his being the son of Achilles, or of his not coming to the war till after his father's death. (And the spurious Dares Phrygius has committed the very same fault.) And to this old Treatise it is, (and not to Lollius, or Chaucer, as the Editors imagine,) that our Author owes his subject; for hence only he could derive the name of Hector's horse, Galathe; Troilus's horse being taken by Diomede; and several other circumstances that I could particularize.

P. 349. ——— The gen'ral state, I fear,
Can scarce intreat you TO be odd with him.

Does

Does Ajax mean that Achilles has so little regard for the common cause, that he will hardly be prevailed upon to fight with Hector? or must we read,

——————— NOT be odd with him.

i. e. the general posture of our affairs is so bad, that they can scarce persuade you *not* to engage against Hector. *Sed minùs placet.*

P. 350. How now, thou *core* of envy?
Thou crusty BATCH of Nature.

I read, BOTCH. So, above, p. 292:

Were not that a BOTCHY *core?*

Ibid. Well said, ADVERSITY.

If the text be right here, as I am afraid it is, this is a very singular use of the word. The meaning should be, *well said, cross-purposes*: but that *adversity* ever before signified this, I hardly can imagine.

P. 351. —— Take, and take again such *preposterous discoveries?*

What *discoveries?* Does Thersites allude to the invention of unnatural lewdness?

P. 353. *Ulyss.* She will sing to any man at first sight.
Thers. And any man may SING TO HER, if he can take her *cliff*; she's *noted.*

Should not this be, may SING HER, *i. e.* make music of her, play upon her, &c. so *cliff* and *noted* seem to require.

P. 356. And gives memorial dainty kisses to it:
As I kiss thee.
DIO. Nay, do not snatch it from me.
Cress. He that takes that, must take my heart withal.

I cannot think all is sound here. Can Diomede say, *nay, don't snatch it from me,* when it appears that Cressida had it some time before?

Cress. It is no matter, now I have 't again.

I conjecture thus:

And gives memorial dainty kisses to it.
DIO. As I kiss thee.
[*Diomede kissing her, offers to snatch it.*

CRESS

CRESS. Nay, do not snatch it from me:
He that takes that, must take my heart withal.

P. 357. That doth invert THAT TEST of eyes and ears.
I think, TH' ATTEST.

Ibid. If there be *rule* in *unity* itself.
This, indeed, I do not understand.

P. 360. ——————— It were as lawful
For us to count we give what's gain'd by thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

I do not clearly apprehend how this inference tallies with the beginning of Andromache's argument. The text varies in the old folio, and makes it still more perplexed:

——————— It is as lawful:
For we would count give much to as violent thefts,
And rob, &c.

Ibid. Let GO thy sinews.
First folio, *meliùs*,
Let GROW thy sinews.

Ibid. When many times the CAPTIVE Grecians fall.
I think rather, CAITIFF.

P. 363. Hence, *brothel*, lacquy!
The Editors here make Troilus call Pandarus *brothel;* which is absurd. But we must read,
Hence, brothel-lacquy!
i. e. thou base attendant on a brothel.

Ibid. O' th' other side the policy of those crafty SWEARING rascals.

But why *swearing?* What did Nestor and Ulysses *swear?* I make no doubt it should be, SNEERING rascals; *i. e.* they had collogued with Ajax, and trimmed him up with praises, in order to have stirred Achilles's emulation; but their policy in this was disappointed.

P. 367. *Achil.* Now do I see thee: have at thee, Hector.
Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.
Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan:
I cannot

I cannot understand what our Poet means here: Achilles is upon the point of attacking Hector; Hector bids him take breath; Achilles will not accept of the courtesy; yet pretends to be restive, and leaves Hector with a threat that he will be up with him anon.

P. 368. One bear will not bite another.

——— Sævis inter se convenit ursis.—JUVEN.

P. 369. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth;
And, stickler-like, the armies SEPARATE.

But, with the Editors' permissions, we must read, SEPARATES. Night is the *stickler*, that puts an end to the engagement, and separates the armies. I am apt to think Mr. Pope did not know the word, or the office of the person intended by it. The French call these gentry *moyenneurs, arbitres, personnes interposées.* They were called *sticklers* at first, I presume, at our bear-gardens; but they are now so genteel as to call them *seconds.*

And now, dear Sir, I have run through those parts of Troilus which are contained in your book: I will beg leave to fill up the little space left with three or four queries, drawn from those pages that are wanting with you, in the answering of which you will have no necessity of referring to the text.

P. 319. True swains in love shall in the world to come
Approve their truths by Troilus; when their rhymes,
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare
Want similies; truth tir'd with iteration,
As true as steel, as PLANETS to the moon,
As sun to-day, &c.

The old copies read,

——— As PLANTAGE to the moon.

I am at a loss to know which is the right reading. I have not Astronomy enough to know, how far the *planets* may be said to be *true to the moon*: on the other hand, I have a notion, from Almanacks, &c. that

that there is a direction for *planting*, and *setting* particular *herbs*, at a certain *period* of the *moon*.

P. 321. *Calch.* Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
Th' advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompence. Appear it to your mind,
That, *thro' the sight I bear in things to come*,
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possessions,
Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes, &c.

Calchas is here pressing for some reward from the Grecian Princes, for his having come over to them: but does it in any kind add to his merit with them, to say, gentlemen, by my prescience I found my country must be subdued and ruined, and therefore I have left house and home in time, to come and serve you?—Is not this odd?

Ibid. ——————— but this Antenor,
I know, is such a WREST in their affairs,
That their negotiations all must slack
Wanting *his* manage.

Should it not be, such a *rest*; *i. e.* a *stay*, a *prop*?

P. 333. Ha, ha! alas, poor wretch: a poor CHIPOCHIA, hast not slept to night?

Pandarus says this to his niece, after she had made *wanton the night with* Troilus, as our Author expresses it in Othello. But I can find no such term as *chipochia*. I suspect, it should be, a poor CAPOCCHIA; *i. e.* poor fool; capocchio, è capocchione, signify, *balordo*; lourdaut, tête sans cervelle; or, as the Spaniards say, cabeça sin seso.

I have now done with the Seventh Volume; and Cymbeline, I think, we have on both sides fully canvassed: so that my next must be upon *Romeo*.

I am, dearest Sir, your most affectionate and obliged friend and humble servant,

LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER

LETTER LVI.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Wyan's Court, Mar.* 7, 1729-30.

I now proceed to Romeo, the plot of which, our modern Editors tell us, is taken from a Novel of Bandello. It is true, he wrote a Novel on this subject: but the distresses of Romeo and Juliet are no fictitious tale. Girolamo da Corte, in his "History of Verona," gives us their story with all its particulars. It happened about the beginning of the fourteenth century: and the Historian calls our young lover Romeo Montecchi, and his mistress Julietta Capello. Our Shakespeare (according to custom) varies very little, either in his names, characters, or other circumstances, from truth and matter of fact.

To shew how recent the memory of this tragical story is still among the Veronese (as far as a Traveller may be depended on) it may not be unentertaining to you, if I transcribe a passage from Captain Breval's "Travels into Italy." "As I was surveying the churches (says he) and other religious places about Verona, my Guide (or as the Italians call him, my *Cicerone)*, made me take notice of an old building, which had been formerly a Nunnery, but was converted into an House for Orphans about an hundred years since. The substance of what I could gather from him concerning it was this: that, at the time when the alteration was making, in the pulling down of a wall, the workmen happened to break down an old tomb, in which there were found two coffins, which, by the inscription yet legible upon the stone, appeared to contain the bodies of a young couple, that had come by their death in a very tragical manner about three centuries before. The gentleman, it seems, was the most accomplished cavalier in all respects; as, on the other hand, the

lady was the most celebrated of her sex, both for virtue and beauty, in Verona. But, as their marriage was kept private, upon the account of an inveterate enmity between their houses (which were the noblest, as well as most powerful, in that great city), a kinsman of the bride's attacked the bridegroom one day in the open street, sword in hand, and had the misfortune to be left dead by him upon the spot. This immediately alarmed all the lady's friends and relations; and they pursued the unhappy offender, who had withdrawn himself from justice into a neighbouring state (for the laws against duels were exceedingly severe) with all the warmth and rigour imaginable, insomuch that they obtained of the Podestà a sentence of perpetual banishment against him, under pain of losing his head if he ever appeared more within the walls of Verona. The separation, which was the unavoidable consequence of this sad accident, was a thunderclap to each of our young lovers: and the lady (whose marriage, as I have said before, was a secret) being persecuted by her parents, who had then a mind to bestow her upon a very rich Nobleman that was desperately in love with her, found no other way to extricate herself out of this difficulty, but by taking a dose of poison, which put an end to her life; and she was buried privately, according to the custom of those times, in a great stone-chest, which lay close to the wall of that Monastery, so that the body might be come at with ease. A few days after this had been done, her husband (whom these sad tidings had reached in his banishment) posted away to Verona in disguise, came to see her by night, broke off the lid, and the next morning was found dead, run through with his own poinard, close by his beloved wife, and with his arms embracing her corpse. We may easily suppose how great a noise this tragedy made, not only in Verona, but all throughout Italy: and the lady's parents were so touched with remorse and

and compassion upon it, that they ordered both the bodies to be deposited in one tomb; where the workmen having discovered them, as I have said, three hundred years after, all the city flocked to see what was left of two such extraordinary persons.—This account, that I had from my *Cicerone*, immediately called to my mind the celebrated story of Romeo and Juliet, which is the subject of one of the finest pieces of Shakespeare, &c."

I designed this, dear Sir, for your entertainment; of which if it fails, I am to beg pardon for so long an abuse of your patience. I am willing to believe Captain Breval did not invent this narrative from the story of the Play; because he has left untouched the whole affair of the Confessor, the sleeping potion given instead of the poison, the statues erected in memory of Romeo and Juliet, and several other particulars, that are in our Poet, and borrowed by him from the Novel of Bandello. Now to the Play itself:

P. 121. A troubled mind *drew me from* COMPANY.

Your conjecture of CANOPY is most ingenious, and absolutely necessary, were we to retain the reading of these modern Editors. But the old quartos and the two first folios all concur in reading,

——— DRAVE ME TO WALK ABROAD.

P. 124. ——————— only poor,
That when she dies, *with beauty dies her store.*

I do not clearly understand this. I think Romeo's next speech rather requires,

——————— with her dies beauty's store.

P. 127. ——————— let there be weigh'd
Your *lady's love* against some other *maid.*

I read,

Your *lady-love* against, &c.

P. 130. But no more deep will I ENGAGE mine eye,
Than your consent gives strength to make it *fly.*

All the old books read, ENDART, which the metaphor in the next verse seems to demand.

P. 131. Tut, DUN's the mouse, the constable's own word. This is a perfect riddle to me.

P. 132. Of HEALTHS five fathom deep.

Dr. Thirlby conjectures, DELVES, *i. e.* pits, ditches, trenches. But, with submission, I think the text right; and alludes to drinking deep to their mistresses' healths. I find the like expression in Westward-hoe, Act V. Scene 1:

> Troth, Sir, my master and Sir Goslin are guzzling; they are dabbling together FATHOM deep: the knight has drunk so much HEALTH to the gentleman yonder on his knees, that he has almost lost the use of his legs.

P. 140. ——————————— for thou art
As glorious to this NIGHT, being o'er my head.

I think, the simile rather requires, to this SIGHT, *i. e.* to my eyes.

P. 142. ——————— at lovers' perjuries
They say Jove laughs.

Jupiter ex alto perjuria ridet amantum.

Ovid. De Art. Amand. i. 635. et Tibull. lib. iii. eleg. 7.

They had likewise, you know, a Greek proverb to the same effect. Hesychius, in Ἀφρόδισιος ὅρκας, takes notice of a circumstance that I can neither recollect, nor trace: that Hesiod first feigned that *Jove* and *Io* swore to each other; πρῶτος δὲ Ἡσίοδος ἔπλασε τὸς περὶ τὸν Δία, καὶ τὴν Ἰὼ ὀμ.

P. 145. In plants, herbs, STONES, and their true qualities.

For nought so vile, that *on the earth doth live.*

But do *stones live* on the earth, or live at all? As the whole speech seems to relate to vegetation, I suspect, either STEMS, or FLOWERS.

P. 153. *Romeo.* Ay, nurse, what of that? Both with an R.
Nurse. Ah mocker! that 's the dog's name.
R. is for the nó, &c.

This odd stuff of the Nurse's, for my heart, I do not know what to make of.

P. 159.

P. 159. ALLA STUCATHO carries it away.

I think, we must restore, AH! LA STOCCATA, &c. *i. e.* the name of a pass in fencing.

P. 164. ——————— Say thou but AY;
And that bare vowel AY shall poison more.

I question whether the Grammarians will take this new vowel on trust from Mr. Pope, without suspecting it rather for a diphthong.

I read, with the old books:

——————— Say thou but, *I*;
And that bare vowel, *I* shall, &c.

P. 165. RAVENOUS dove, feather'd raven,
Wolvish-rav'ning lamb.

These two noble hemistichs, I dare answer, are not genuine. The first, *ravenous*, I take to be blundered out of *raven* and *rav'ning*, which follow: and, throwing it out, I will venture to restore one fine verse:

Dove-feather'd raven, wolvish-rav'ning lamb!

P. 182. After

Like death, when he shuts up the day of life,

we must restore the two following lines from the old copies,

Each part, depriv'd of supple government,
Shall stiff, and stark, and cold, appear like death.

Ibid. After

Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua,

we must likewise restore this very necessary line,

And this shall free thee from this present shame.

P. 186. After

To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,

all the old copies add,

And there die strangled e'er my Romeo comes?

P. 189. Oh, peace for shame ———————

All the old copies read,

Peace ho for shame, confusions: care lives not
In these confusions.

It is certain they are a little corrupt, but I think I can set them right:

Peace,

Peace, ho! for shame. Confusion's CURE lives not
In these confusions.

But there are about a dozen lines more in this speech, that our Editor has thought fit to leave out; which, though not fine ones, yet contain very good doctrine, and are vastly in character for the Friar. After

——————— now heav'n hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid.
Your part in her you could not keep from death;
But heav'n keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was her promotion;
For 'twas your heaven she should be advanced:
And weep you now, seeing she is advanced
Above the clouds, as high as heav'n itself?
Oh! in this love you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well.
She 's not well married, that lives married long;
But she 's best married, *that dies married young* *.

P. 195. Enter Romeo, and PETER with a light.

Here all the Editors, I think, blunder. I make no doubt but it should be, BALTHAZAR. Vide supra, p. 191:

——————— How now, BALTHAZAR?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the Friar?

And then Balthazar opens to Romeo the tidings of his lady's death. And yet, at p. 203, *Peter* is made to say:

I brought my master news of Juliet's death,
And then in post he came from Mantua
To this same place, to this same monument, &c.

which makes it plain that *Peter* must be changed to Balthazar. The source of this blunder seems easy to be accounted for. Peter's character ending at the Fourth Act, it is very probable the same person might play Balthazar; and so be quoted on in the Prompter's book, as Peter.

* Perhaps, "dies unmarried young."

P. 197.

P. 197. After

I 'll bury thee in this triumphant grave,

the Editor has left out a few lines, that, in my opinion, by no means ought to be lost:

A grave!—O no, a lanthorn, slaughter'd youth:
For here lies Juliet; and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd!
How oft, when men are at the point of death,
Have they been merry! which their keepers call
A lightning before death:—O, how may I
Call this a lightning?

And so much for Romeo.

You will herewith, dearest Sir, of the same date, receive No. 27, from

Your most affectionate and obliged friend and servant, LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER LVII.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Wyan's Court, Mar.* 10, 1729-30.

Though the present (which I venture to trouble you with) is not immediately to the affairs of Shakespeare, yet it has a reference, as you will find, by the scheme I am upon. As it is necessary I should now inform the publick, that I mean to attempt to give them an Edition of that Poet's text, together with my corrections, I have concluded to give this notice, not only by advertisements, but by an occasional pamphlet, which, in order to retaliate some of our Editor's kindnesses to me, I mean to call, *An Essay upon Mr. Pope's Judgment, extracted from his own Works; and humbly addressed to him.* In this, as I have determined not to confine myself to his Shakespeare, but to some Criticisms that he has made,

made, and some that he might have made, upon Homer; I take the liberty to send you the following extract for your judgment; and will second it with some others of the same, if I have the pleasure of your encouragement to do it. I only premise, that my diffidence of my own strength, and my conviction of yours, makes me very desirous to be safe before I venture to launch out too far.—*Vestigia nulla retrorsùm.*

"* * * * Now, when you have made so very unhappy a figure in Criticisms started upon us by you *ex mero motu;* it may be unreasonable, perhaps, to hint at a passage, upon the correction of which you might have built some little reputation of learning and sagacity. But I have promised to go through my instances; and so you must be content to stand the test of them.

"You have, *dear Sir,* out of your extraordinary tenderness to my fame, dignified me with the title of a *word-catcher.* Permit me then to acquaint you, and so you may at your best leisure acquaint the world, that I have been so fond as to exercise this office in some other languages besides English. Nay, I have been so impudent as to suspect that Eustathius sometimes wants *restoring,* where he has never before, that I know, been suspected to be faulty. And upon this score, I most heartily congratulate with you, that you have not done yourself the *discredit* of attempting to see an error in him; and I as heartily congratulate myself, that the *discredit* of curing him has been reserved for me by you, and others the *less learned* Editors, or Translators, of Homer.

"As the Episode of Thersites has been pretty much bandied about during our *good-natured* controversy, and you may have had some reason to look back to this part, and the Commentaries upon it, I will chuse to give you an instance at present, wherein, by my art of *word-catching,* I will endeavour to prove,

prove, that the Editors of Eustathius have abused him by obtruding a comment, which the good Bishop had not the least intention of making, with regard to Thersites. Thus then our Commentator; as the present copies exhibit him; * Κωμῳδῶν μὲν γὰρ, ΚΑΤΑΡΡΙΠΤΕΙ τὸν Θερσίτην· which the learned Gisbert Cuper† having occasion to quote, has thus translated: "Comicè scribens DEJICIT Thersitem." This Translator certainly understood his Author to mean, that Homer, writing in the comic strain, THROWS DOWN Thersites. But, *dear Sir*, do not you and I know this to be false in fact? Neither Homer meant to *throw down* Thersites: nor even does he make Ulysses, who had a stroke at him, *knock him down*. That Hero, indeed, struck him across the shoulders with Agamemnon's sceptre so smartly, that Thersites cowred, and writhed himself with pain; and had a bump on his back raised with the blow. But, if Thersites was not knocked down, what shall we do in this case? It is confessed on all hands, that καταρρίπτειν is to be translated *dejicere, projicere, prosternere:* and Cuper's version therefore is not to be found fault with. As I said at first, the fault is in the printed copies of Eustathius: and I will make bold, only by the change of a single letter, to restore to you his genuine words and meaning. It is evident to me, that Eustathius wrote and meant thus: Κωμῳδῶν μὲν γὰρ, ΚΑΤΑΡΡΑΠΤΕΙ τὸν Θερσίτην· which I would thus translate: *Comœdum autèm agens,* [*Poetà*] *Thersitem* [*operi suo*] *assuit.* [*vel, inserit.*] *i. e.* The Poet, assuming the comic character, INTERWEAVES the Episode of Thersites. And what think you now, Mr. Pope? Did your Eustathius need restoring, or are you obstinate for retaining the old reading? If you do not care to be a convert simply on the evidence of good sense, it is an old trick with us *word-catchers* to try whether we can-

* Romæ, p. 208. Bas. p. 196. † In Homeri Apotheos. p. 79.

not

not reinforce what is advanced by some authority. Now my emendation seems to be not a little confirmed by another passage of Eustathius, about forty pages higher, concerning this very Thersites*: εἶτα ΔΙΑΣΚΕΥΆΖΩΝ τὸν λόγον πρὸς τὸ γελοιῶδες καὶ κωμικώτερον, ἔτω ΔΙΑΓΡΆΦΕΙ τὰ κατὰ τὸν Θερσίτην· *i. e.* the Poet, then adapting his matter to ridicule and the comic, thus paints out what relates to Thersites. For is not this in other words as much as to say, that the Episode of Thersites is *interwoven* to diversify the grandeur of his subject by a *comic incident?* But, if this confirmation does not sufficiently strike you, it shall still farther be strengthened by our Author's words, immediately preceding the passage before us in question. And we *word-catchers*, Sir, are a strange species of animals, that love to go thorough-stitch with every thing we once take in hand; and where we start an error in *one* Author, and find *another* Author blundering upon that Author, we cannot rest till we set both right with the same labour. I must beg your pardon for the necessity of troubling you with too many *crooked* Letters; but some Readers, perhaps, may not be disgusted with a Greek quotation or two.

I have hinted, that the learned Cuper had quoted this passage from Eustathius; I will now shew you manifestly that Eustathius is not more grievously injured by his Editors in the passage that I have already corrected, than he is by the misinterpretation of Cuper in one part of the following quotation †: Τραγικοὶ δε, τὸ σεμνότερον· ὑψεσι γὰρ τὰς τῶν πραγμάτων περιπετείας. κωμικοὶ δὲ, τὸ ἐλαττον· Οὐδὲν γὰρ ἡρωϊκὸν παρ' αὐτοῖς· ἀλλὰ χάριν γέλωτος ΕΥΤΕΛΕΙΆΣ ἡ Κωμῳδία ϛοχάζεται, ταῦτα δὲ πάντα παρὰ τῷ ποιητῇ εὕρηται· κωμῳδῶν μὲν γὰρ, καταῤῥιπτεῖ τὸν Θερσίτην. But now for Cuper's version ‡: Tra-

* Romæ, p. 216. Basil. p. 163. ΠΑΤΤΕΙΝ, μηχανᾶσθαι, ΚΑΤΑΣΚΕΥΑΖΕΙΝ. Hesych.

† Romæ, p. 258. Basil. p. 196.

‡ In Homeri Apotheos. p. 79.

gici

gici id quod magnificum est imitantur: extollunt enim rerum casus: Comici verò deterius imitantur; nihil namque apud ipsos heroïcum. Sed Comœdia risûs gratiâ sectatur PROSPERA: Ea omnia apud Poetam inveniuntur: comicè enim scribens, *dejicit* Thersitem. You will give me leave to render this into English, for the sake of some readers; and then we shall be all upon an equal foot as to the reasoning of the passage: "The Tragic Writers imitate that which is grand and magnificent; and heighten all the events and turns of their fable: the Comic Writers imitate that which is more low and mean; they have nothing of the heroic in them. But Comedy, for the sake of exciting laughter, pursues PROSPEROUS in Episodes. All these imitations are found in our Poet; for, writing in the Comic character, he THROWS DOWN Thersites."

"Now does not this contain a rare deduction of reasoning, and worthy to be put into syllogism? PROSPEROUS incidents are the subject of Comedy. Homer sometimes writes Comedy; for, when he does so (for example), he THROWS DOWN Thersites. But is the *throwing down* any person properly to be called a *prosperous* event? It is true, a man being tripped up, or falling awkwardly, may raise a horse-laugh. But do you imagine Eustathius meant this to be the end of Comedy? I flatter myself, you almost by this time begin to smell the certainty of my emendation, from the odd figure this parade of mock-reasoning has made. But, if you are not yet thoroughly convinced, I will proceed to shew you the absurdity of Cuper's version; and then, by translating the passage as it ought to be, make my own correction clear beyond all dispute or hesitation.

Εὐτελείας σοχάσεται, you must observe, Cuper renders sectatur PROSPERA. But the learned man had forgot himself. The Grammarians, indeed, inform us, that εὐτελία [ab εὖ & τελεῖν,] does signify *fœlicitas, prosperitas:* but εὐτέλεια [ab εὖ & τέλος] is always

always understood to mean *frugalitas, mediocritas, tenuitas, vilitas, futilitas*, &c. Or, if we will render it by adjectives, *Quod in se habet mediocre, tenue, leve*, &c. You remember, I doubt not, what Horace says of Comedy, *ex* MEDIO *res arcessere*; that it fetches its subjects from low life; from what is mean and ordinary. This will in some measure help to explain Eustathius's definition: as it convinces me I shall hit his sense in rendering it, "Comœdia verò, risûs gratiâ, TENUIORA [vel, quæ in se PARUM DIGNITATIS habent,] sectatur. Ea omnia apud Poetam [nostrum] inveniuntur: Comœdum enim agens, Thersitem [operi suo] ASSUIT."

"Now, by the assistance of my Correction and Translation, we will see how the whole passage stands as to the reasoning part; and so I shall leave it to your judgment.

"The Tragic Writers," says Eustathius, "imitate that which is grand and magnificent, and heighten all the events and turns of their fable. The Comic Writers imitate that which is more *low* and *trivial*: they have nothing of the Heroic in them. But Comedy, for the sake of exciting laughter, takes in *light* and ORDINARY incidents. All these imitations are found in our Poet; for he, assuming the Comic character, *interweaves* the Episode of Thersites."

"I cannot help thinking this is clear sense and connective reasoning: and if I deceive myself in this opinion, I shall be sick for the future of my province of a *word-catcher*." I will only add, that though I do not believe Spondanus made the correction that I have here proposed upon Eustathius (for if he had, he would certainly have given it us in his Commentary); yet he says something like the observation of this learned Bishop touching the Episode of Thersites. *Solet Poeta res turbulentas jocosâ aliquâ temperare in Comœdiarum modum: qualis est hæc* INSERTA *narratio Thersitæ, illius* RIDICULI *inter Græcos hominis.*"

And

And now, dearest Sir, I may be heartily afraid that I have over-fatigued you. I could have given it to you much more concisely; but I chose rather to transcribe it from my papers at that full length to which I have been forced to draw it for the sake of the *ignorant vulgar*, if you shall determine for me that it will stand the test of the public censure. I should be glad to know if in your set of Pope's duodecimo edition, you have the ninth volume, which contains the contested Plays of our Shakespeare: if you have, I will venture to promise you some entertainment from the emendations that I have made upon Locrine and Pericles, by way of excursion, if you will indulge me in this liberty.

I am drawing so near the end of my task, that, like a boy with a dear sweet morsel, I am afraid of eating it quite up; and am for extending my pleasure in spite of gluttony.

But I ought in mercy to spare you now, by confessing myself at once, dearest Sir,

Your most affectionate and obliged humble servant, LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER LVIII.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Wyan's Court, Mar.* 14, 1729-30.

I now proceed on to *Hamlet*:

Dramatis Personæ.—This story was not invented by our Author; though from whence he took it I know not.] I shall beg leave to substitute this short remark: —*The story, with most of its material circumstances, is extracted from Saxo Grammaticus's Danica Historia.*—The Historian calls our Poet's hero, Amlethus; his father, Horwendillus; his uncle, Fengo; and his mother, Geruth. The old King in single combat slew Collerus, King of Norway. Fengo makes away with his brother Horwendillus, and marries his wi-

dow

dow Gerutha. Amlethus, to avoid suspicions of policy, assumes a form of utter madness. A fine woman is planted upon him, to try if he would yield to the impressions of love. Fengo contrives that Amlethus, in order to sound him, should be closeted by his mother. A man is concealed in the rushes to overhear their discourse: whom Amlethus discovers and kills: When the Queen is frighted at this behaviour of his, he tasks her about her criminal course of life, and incestuous conversation with her former husband's murderer: confesses his madness is but a cloak to preserve himself, and secure his revenge for his father; to which he enjoins the Queen's silence. Fengo sends Amlethus to Britain; two of the King's servants attend him, with letters to the British King, enjoining the death of Amlethus. Amlethus, in the night-time coming at their commission, over-reads it, forms a new one, and turns the destruction, designed on himself, on the bearers of the letters. Amlethus, returning home, by a wile surprizes and kills his uncle.

This, dear Sir, is the ground-work of our Poet's plot: and how happily he has adapted his incidents to the story, I need not observe to you.

P. 210. Shark'd up a list of LANDLESS resolutes,
For food and DIET, to some enterprize
That hath a stomach in 't.

The two old quartos, in 1605 and 1611, read LAWLESS; not but *landless*, I think, may do full as well. But is not *food* and *diet* a mere tautology? I have made a conjecture to avoid this, which I gladly submit to your judgment:

Shark'd up a list of landless resolutes,
For food; and DIETED to some enterprize
That hath a stomach in 't.

i. e. trained up, or, in the simple signification, fed, maintained.

P. 214. Take thy fair hour, Laertes, time be thine,
And thy best graces; spend it at thy will.

I would point thus:

—— time

——————— time be thine;
And thy best graces spend it at thy will.

P. 215. You are the most immediate to our throne,
And WITH no less nobility of love,
Than that which dearest father bears his son,
Do I *impart* toward you.

But *what* does the King impart? We want the substantive to this verb. I read,

And WITH 'T no less nobility of love, &c.

i. e. I not only declare you my successor, but with this impart to you the same cordial love, that the fondest father can impart to a son.

P. 216. ——— Frailty, thy name is woman!

Very like that short satiric reflection of Virgil:

——————— Varium et mutabile semper
Fœmina.

P. 220. ——————— Do not SLEEP,
But let me hear from you.

I think rather, SLIP, *i. e.* omit.

P. 221. And how no soil, nor CAUTEL.

I do not know what our Author means by this word here: or, if derived from Cautela, how it can accord with the sense to be required here.

P. 227. And for the day *confin'd* to FAST in fires.

I had, as you may perceive by Mr. Pope's Appendix, conjectured ROAST, and backed it with some shew of authorities: *sed facti pœnitet.* Indeed, for a *spirit* to be said *to fast* in fires, I cannot help thinking is nonsense. What, if we should read,

And for the day CONFINED FAST in fires?

P. 228. Duller should'st thou be than the fat weed,
That ROTS itself in EASE on Lethe's wharf,
Wouldst thou not *stir* in this.

Here a weed is supposed to *rot* by ease, but in Antony by motion, p. 18:

——————— *Lackying* the varying flood
To ROT itself by *motion.*

But, what is it that makes weeds flourish, but ease, *i. e. still weather?* Antony, p. 10:

O then we *bring forth weeds,*
When our *quick winds lye still.*

And

And 3 Henry VI. p. 229:

For what *doth cherish weeds*, but *gentle air?*

And Henry V. p. 456, almost Burgundy's whole speech.

We must certainly restore, from the old quartos,

That ROOTS itself in ease, &c.

P. 230. ——— The table of my memory.

Æschylus twice uses this form of expression. Eumen. ver. 275:

ΔΕΛΤΟΓΡΑ'ΦΩ, δὲ πάντ' ἐπωπᾷ ΦΡΕΝΙ'.

And Prometheus, ver. 788:

Ἣν ἐγγράφȣ ȣ ΜΝΗ'ΜΟΣΙΝ ΔΕ'ΛΤΟΙΣ ΦΡΕΝΩ̃Ν.

P. 235. Ungarter'd, and down-GYVED to his ancle. *i. e.* literally, *fetter'd down* to his ancle. *Annon potiùs*, down-GYRED, *i. e.* rolled down, in folds.

P. 239. *Gives him threescore thousand* crowns in annual fee.

Thus I *restored*. Mr. Pope says, that this alteration was made from the Edition of 1637; but he may find it, if he pleases, in those old quartos which he pretends to have collated, in 1605 and 1611. Then how arch he is upon me, in this laconic sneer,—*which in his ear is a verse!*—I own it is; and I will venture to prove to the Editor, that two syllables may by pronunciation be *resolved* and melted into *one*, as easily as *two* notes are *slurred* in musick. A redundance of a syllable, that may be so sunk, has never been a breach of harmony in any language that I know of. We must pronounce,

Gi's 'm three | score thou | &c.

The Editor might have remembered his Homer, Iliad i. ver. 5:

Βορέης καὶ Ζέφυρος.

Or Iliad, v. 6:

Γαλακτοφάγων, ἀβίωντε.

Or, Virgil, Georg. i. v. 482:

Fluviorum rex Eridanus, camposque per omnes:

And again, Georg. ii. v. 295:

Parietibusque premunt artis, et quatuor addunt.

And

And again, Æn. ii. v. 442:

Hærent parietibus scalæ.

Or, to descend to one English instance, because it is a pretty singular one, how would our Editor reconcile himself to this verse of Ben Jonson's Volpone, Act III. Sc. 1:

But parasites, or subparasites. And yet

The scansion must be thus:

But para | sites, or | sub-pa | rasites. | And yet |

Where the two first syllables of the same word in one position make a *trochee*, and in the other a *spondee*?

Ibid. ——— Since brevity 's the *soul* of wit,
And tediousness the LIMBS and *outward flourishes*.

I do not know whether *limbs* is designed the antithesis to *soul*; but as by *outward flourishes* our Poet seems to allude to the first draughts of painters, I suspect we should read,

And tediousness the LINES, &c.

P. 240. And pity, IT is true.

The Editor says, I make this *material* correction:

And pity, 'TIS, 'TIS true.

How do I make it, when it is the genuine reading of both the old quartos: and is not Polonius industriously affecting to jingle?

Let Mr. Pope look back to the preceding line:

That he is mad, 'TIS true; 'TIS true; 'TIS pity, &c.

Ibid. To the *celestial*, and my *soul's idol*, the most BEAUTIFIED Ophelia.

This is, indeed, a vile epithet in the sense that Hamlet would use it: and can only signify, as that other passage expresses it, *beautied with plast'ring art*.—As *celestial* and *soul's idol* are the introductory epithets, what if, to keep up the climax, we should throw out a single letter, and suppose our Poet might have wrote,

——— The most BEATIFIED Ophelia:

i. e. most blessed, hallowed, adored; which Polonius might very well call a vile phrase too.

P. 246. *Ham.* How chances it they TRAVEL? Their *residence* both in reputation and profit was better, both ways.

Ros. I think, their INHIBITION comes by the means of the late innovation.

What *inhibition?* If Rosencraus meant to answer Hamlet's question closely, methinks, it should be ITINERATION.

Ibid. ——— An airy of children, little YASES.

This term I am absolutely unacquainted with.

P. 247. Ah, that they do, my lord, Hercules and his LOAD too.

But what is Hercules's *load? Annon potiùs,* CLUB?

P. 257. My honour'd lord, *I* know right well you did. Old quarto, *meliùs,* YOU know, &c.

P. 263. ——Or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse? whose epitaph is, *For oh, for oh, the hobby-horse is forgot.*

This epitaph again occurs in Love's Labour Lost, p. 246. I believe it has some satirical flirt on the times, if happily we can trace it. I will lend all the light I can, and doubt not of your assistance.—In the first place, did not *Wasseling* and *May-games* begin to be obnoxious, immediately upon our Scotch Monarch's accession?—And, in the next place, was not riding on hobby-horses one part of the diversion of these May-games? I will give you my reason for this suspicion, and why I imagine the Precisians might be offended at it. In Beaumont and Fletcher's "Women Pleased," (where by the way, we have the character of *Soto*, the farmer's son, mentioned by my Lord in the Taming of the Shrew, p. 8:) we have one Bomby, a cobler, who is an enemy to wakes and maypoles.

I will quote to you some part of his Scene, because it goes much to the text of hobby-horses, and may lead to explanation:

Bomb. Surely I'll dance no more; 'tis most ridiculous:
I find my wife's instructions now mere verities,

My

My learned wife's; she often hath pronounc'd to me
My safety: 'Bomby, defy these sports, thou art damn'd else.'
This BEAST of Babylon I will ne'er back more:
His pace is sure prophane, and his lewd wee-hees
The *sons** of Hymyn and Gymyn, in the wilderness.
Farm. Fye, neighbour Bomby, in your fits again?
Your zeal sweats; this is not careful, neighbour,
The HOBBY-HORSE is a seemly hobby-horse.—
Bomb. I do defy thee, and thy foot-cloth too;
And tell thee to thy face, this prophane RIDING
(I feel it in my conscience, and I dare speak it),
This unedified AMBLING hath brought a scourge upon us,
This hobby-horse Sincerity we liv'd in,
War and the sword of Slaughter: I renounce it,
And put the BEAST off thus, the beast polluted.
And now no more shall hop on high Bomby,
Follow the painted pipes of high pleasures,
And with the wicked dance the devil's measures.
Away, thou pamper'd JADE of vanity,
Stand at the livery of lewd delights now,
And eat the provender of prick-ear'd folly!
My dance shall be to the pipe of persecution.
Farm. Will you dance no more, neighbour?
Bomb. Surely, no.
Carry the *beast* to his *crib:* I have renounced him,
And all his works.
Soto. Shall th' HOBBY-HORSE *be forgot then?*
The hopeful HOBBY-HORSE, shall he lie founder'd?
Farm. He will dance again, for certain.
Bomb. I cry out on 't.
'Twas the forerunning sin brought in those tilt-staves,
They brandish 'gainst the Church, the Devil calls *maypoles.*
Soto. Take up your HORSE again, and girth him to you,
And girth him handsomely, good neighbour Bomby.
Bomb. I spit at him.
Soto. Spit in the horse'-face, cobler?
Thou out-of-tune, psalm-singing slave!
Spit in his visnomy?
Bomb. I spit again, and thus I rise against him,

* *Certè,* SONGS

Against this *beast*, that signified destruction,
Foreshew'd i' th' fall of monarchies.

Soto. Take up the hobby-horse!

Come, 'tis a thing thou hast lov'd with all thy heart, Bomby;
And wouldst do still but for the round-breech'd brothers.

I will only add that in Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair, when Rabby-Busy, the Puritan, comes into the fair, and is asked by the Toyman to buy rattles, drums, babies, &c. he in his zeal cries out:

> Peace, with thy apocryphal wares, thou prophane Publican! thy bells, thy dragons, and thy Tobie's dogs. Thy HOBBY-HORSE is an *idol*, a very *idol*, a fierce and rank idol: and thou the Nebuchadnezzar, the proud Nebuchadnezzar of the fair, *that set'st it up for children to fall down to and worship.*

I am, dearest Sir, your most affectionate friend and obliged humble servant, LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER LIX.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Wyan's Court, Mar.* 17, 1729-30.

I have now received the great pleasure of two of yours (Nos. 28 and 29), dated the 12th and 15th instant. The very kind regard you have for my character, which you are so partial to rate much beyond my desert, is a proof of such friendship as I shall ever highly esteem, because it must be the offspring of a truly generous mind. For which reason, your most necessary caution against *inconsistency*, with regard to my opinion of Shakespeare's *knowledge in languages*, shall not fail to have all its weight with me. And therefore the passages that I occasionally quote from the Classics shall not be brought as proofs that he imitated those originals, but

but to shew how happily he has expressed himself upon the same topics. Thus far, I think, I shall be safe; and should I venture to hint that the resemblance in thought and expression (which we should allow to be *imitation* in one whose learning was also questioned) may sometimes take its rise from strength of memory, and those impressions which he owed to the school. And if we may allow a possibility of this, considering that, when he quitted the school, he gave into his father's profession and way of living, and had, it is likely, but a slender Library of Classical Learning; and considering, what a number of Translations, Romances, and Legends, started in his time, and a little before, most of which, it is very evident, he read; I think it may easily be reconciled, why he rather schemed his plots and characters from these more latter informations, and went back to those fountains, for which he might entertain a sincere veneration, but to which he could not have so ready a recourse.

This is only the last *fermentation* of that opinion, which I will take due care shall not *o'er-leaven* the mass. It is no small satisfaction to me, that you approve my design with regard to my Antagonist's *judgment;* and, particularly, that you allow my correction of Eustathius to pass muster. And how easily am I drawn to indulge my own vanity, and postpone the remainder of Hamlet for a post, when friendship, I hope, rather than complaisance, is so kind to tell me, you are impatient for a little more trouble of the same sort!

Ecce, iterùm Crispinus! I submit to your judgment another fragment. I shall only premise, by way of connexion, that I had been replying to my Adversary's charge, my fixing *dreadful anachronisms* upon our Poet; which, but for me, might have lain hid; and on the other hand, shewing that our Editor had fixed others upon him, to which our Poet may well plead, "Not guilty."

"But

"But who shall dare make any words about this freedom of yours towards Shakespeare, if it can be proved, in your fits of criticism, that you make no more ceremony with good Homer himself? I cannot perfectly determine with myself (such a *general prepossession* I have of your *talents*), whether you are most unhappy in advancing criticisms of your own, or in adopting the mistaken one of others; or, in making none at all, where a small share of credit might have been purchased by attempting it. But, nothing, as I said before, so well as an instance: and therefore I will examine these three points in their order.

"And, first to try a criticism of your own advancing. In the Eighth Book of the Odyssey, where relating the episode of the Loves of Mars and Venus; and that, upon their being taken in the net by Vulcan:

——————— the God of Arms
Must pay the penalty for lawless charms;

you are so kind, *gravely* to inform us, that "Homer in this, as in many other places, seems to allude to the Laws of Athens, where Death was the punishment of Adultery."—But how is this significant observation made out?—Why, who can possibly object any thing to the contrary?—Does not Pausanias relate, that DRACO, the Athenian Law-giver, granted impunity to any person that took revenge upon an Adulterer? and was it not also the institution of SOLON, that, if any one took an Adulterer in the fact, he might use him as he pleased?—These things are very true; and, to see what a good memory and sound judgment in conjunction can achieve! Though Homer's date is not determined down to a *single* year, yet it is pretty generally agreed that he lived above 300 years *before* either Draco or Solon; and that, it seems, has made him seem to allude to the very Laws that these two Legislators propounded above 300 years *after*. If this inference be not something like an anachronism,

or

or *prolepsis*, I will look once more into my Lexicons for the true meaning of the words.

"It appears to me, that somebody, besides Mars and Venus, has been *caught in a net* by this Episode; and it is well if no second instance come in, to confirm you what treacherous tackle this *net-work* is, if not cautiously handled.

"II. But let us see whether you have any better luck, where you only embrace a criticism; and implicitly make it your own, by not mentioning who first advanced it. I could not wish a more signal instance of your fatality in this respect, than from an *hypercritical* note, inserted in the first Book of your Odyssey, upon this passage of Statius:

Qualis ubi, audito Venantum murmure, Tigris
Horruit in MACULAS.——

"The generality of Readers had understood the Poet's meaning to be, that, when a tigress heard the noise of the hunters, she immediately whets up her rage, and *calls forth her spots*, as Cowley has expressed it: till Bernartius came and told us, that *maculæ* here does not signify the *spots* of the *beast*, but the *meshes* of the *hunting-net*. And, not content to commit a single blunder, the unlucky Critick quotes another passage, from Claudian, in which we have another simile of a tigress, and there too *maculæ* is to be interpreted the meshes of the net:

——————— totamque virentibus iram
Dispergit MACULIS.

"A much more learned man than Bernartius, I mean Gaspar Barthius, has given a different explication to these *virentes maculæ*: and because I am pretty sure he has hit it, I think it not amiss to transcribe his own words: "Ut efferatam cognoscere possis ex ipsis MACULIS, velut HORRENTIBUS aut flagrantibus iracundiâ. Viridem pariter noster alibi pardum appellat. Dispergit autem iram MACULIS, cum crines varii coloris subriguntur."

"Now

"Now it happens very unfortunately for Bernartius, whose opinion you attempt to pass upon us for your own, that neither in Statius, nor Claudian, is our tigress supposed to be driven upon the toils. In the first Author she only hears her hunters, calls up her anger, and prepares for the encounter. In the latter, her whelps are stolen from her; and she pursues the robber's horse at full speed to recover them from him.—Well: "But it is impossible, you say, to imagine that the hair of any creature can change into spots; and if any creature could change it by anger, would not the spots remain, when the passion was over?"

"Now, who can forbear admiring the force of Reason, when it comes so finely off without straining her? I agree with you, indeed, that no creature can change into spots, as you mean it. But, if you will give me leave to tell you a secret, I may chance to clear up the present seeming difficulty of both these passages; and, perhaps, call up some spots that will not remain when your anger is over. I would not advise you to venture at stroking back the hair of a tigress; but, if you will make the experiment with less danger upon a mottled cat, you shall find that wherever this creature's fur is spotted, the skin and grain of her flesh is underneath party-coloured, and tinged with the different complexion. The same effect, upon trial, would be produced in the tiger, and so downwards to a poor scalded pig, that has in its life-time been interspersed with spots.

"Now as you agree, that it agrees with the nature of the tiger to roughen and erect his hair when he is angry; where is the impropriety to say, when he so erects and sets it on end to that degree, as to discover the different hue and marks of his hide underneath, that his fury makes him *horrere maculas*, or call forth and distinguish his spots to view? This is clearly implied by Barthius's above-cited explication: *Dispergit autem iram* maculis, *cum crines varii*

varii colores subriguntur." This seems the genuine sense of both our Poets, without the least allusion to the meshes of an hunting-net. But, since you have been so unawares caught in a net by the bare mention of an *hypercritick*, I would advise you to avoid being seduced into the like snares for the future; and rather shew your judgment in these moot points, if I may be allowed the expression, by prudently *keeping it to yourself.—Tantùm.*"

There is one point in these two last criticisms, dear Sir, that I beg you most frankly to give me your opinion upon. These Notes, or Collections upon the Odyssey, are owned by Mr. Broome as his: and would it be perfectly right, and candid, to wound him through the Editor's sides? On the other hand, Mr. Broome says, that, if his performance has merit, either in *these*, or in *his* part of the Translation, it is but just to attribute it to the *judgment* and *care* of Mr. Pope, *by whose pen every sheet was corrected.* So that they are equally principals in error: for the latter, sure, should have expunged every thing that he was aware was erroneous. Again, though my "*Shakespeare Restored*" was some time published before the Odyssey, Mr. Broome, you know, has exorbitantly complimented Mr. Pope upon his Edition of Shakespeare; in which, though he has thrown no slur at me, yet it carries a tacit insult of opinion. However, I would by all means avoid any thing that might be censured as invidious, or possibly come within the compass of any thing like ill-nature.

I am not so fond of being in the right, as to desire to shew it by purchasing such an imputation. I think I shall have stock enough of matter to make the Editor blush for demerits purely his own, and in which his Assistants are not concerned.

A short word with regard to your Paterculus. If the following passage has not come under your suspicion, I can send you the transcript of a correction

of

of it by Jeremiah Markland, in his "Epistola Critica," addressed to Bishop Hare, lib. ii. c. 36, "Auctoresque Carminum Varronem, ac Lucretium, neque ullo in suscepti operis sui CARMINE minorem Catullum."

By next post I hope to trouble you with the continuation of my queries on Hamlet; and am, dearest Sir, your most affectionate and obliged friend and humble servant, LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER LX.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Wyan's Court, Mar.* 21, 1729-30.

I proceed to trouble you now (as far as my paper will give me leave) with the remainder of Hamlet:

P. 264. We shall know by this fellow.

The old quartos very rightly place opposite to this, in the inner margin,

Enter Prologue.]

P. 265. Now what my love is, proof hath made you know,
And as my love is FIX'D, my fear is so.

From the tenor of the context I had read, SIZ'D. So I now find the first folio reads: the quarto, in 1605, *ciz'd;* and that in 1611, *cizst.*

But the old quartos have a couplet immediately following these verses (which, why the Editor has suppressed, he best knows), that prove mine to be the right reading:

Where love is GREAT, the littlest doubts are fear;
Where *little* fears grow *great*, *great* love grows there.

P. 267. With Hecate's BANE, thrice blasted, ——

No such weed, or simple, that I ever heard of.

I restore, from the authority of all the old copies,

With Hecate's BAN thrice blasted, ——

i. e. her spell, her curse.

P. 267.

P. 267. ——— his name's Gonzago; the story is extant, and writ in choice Italian.

I have not been able yet to trace the Author, from whom Shakespeare gleaned this story.

P. 268. ——— with two Provincial Roses on my RAY'D shoes, get me a fellowship in a CITY of Players, Sir?

I had conjectured RAIS'D shoes; *i. e.* shoes, like the *Cothurni* worn by the old Tragedians. If *ray'd* be the true reading, I presume it must be understood, *spangled*, or *striped*, with some shining ornament; *calcei bracteati*, glittering with *rays* of gold. But why *city* of Players? Because of the word *fellowship*, the Editor immediately thought of *City Companies*. I dare say the degraded word, which is authorized by the first and second folios, is the true reading; in a CRY of Players; *i. e.* a share, by the vote of a Company of Players.

So, in Troilus, p. 326:

The CRY went once for thee.

So, Coriolanus, p. 242:

You common CRY of curs, &c.

And so, 2 Henry IV. p. 333:

For all the country in a general voice
CRY'D hate upon him.

Ibid. A very, very—PEACOCK.

I have, as Mr. Pope says, been willing to substitute any thing in the place of this *peacock*. The Editor thinks a fable alluded to, of the Birds chusing a King; instead of the eagle, a *peacock*. I suppose, he must mean the Fable of Barlandus, in which it is said, the birds, being weary of their state of anarchy, moved for the setting up of a king; and the *peacock* was elected on account of his gay feathers. But, with submission, in this passage of our Shakespeare, there is not the least mention made of the *eagle* in antithesis to the *peacock*; and it must be by a very uncommon figure, that *Jove* himself stands in the place of his *bird*. I think, Hamlet is setting his

his father's and uncle's characters against each other; and means to say, that, at his father's death the state was stripped of a godlike Monarch, in excellence rivaling Jove; and in his stead reigned the most despicable animal that could be: a mere *paddock*, or toad; a *puttock*, a *kite*, one that would prey on the republic; or, a *meacock*, a base, dastardly creature, unequal to protect the Realm. Either of these three readings, perhaps, is preferable to the Editor's *peacock*.—*Sub judice lis est.*

P. 271. ——— as doth hourly grow
Out of his LUNACIES.
Guild. ——— We will provide ourselves.

This last verse, dear Sir, you perceive, is unnecessarily an Alexandrine. Some of the old editors that saw, instead of *lunacies*, a *monosyllable* was wanted, read,

Out of his BROWS.

But I am at a loss for the sense of the word here: I restore,

Out of his LUNES.

The Editors did not remember that this is one of the Poet's own words in the Winter's Tale, p. 280:

These dang'rous, unsafe LUNES i' th' King —
Beshrew them!

Ibid. To keep those many bodies safe, *that live*
And feed upon your Majesty.

I *restored*, and regulated the verses thus:

To keep those many, MANY, bodies safe,
That live, and feed, upon your Majesty.

Mr. Pope, in his Appendix, says, *I redouble the word* many (as if I did it arbitrarily); but I have the warrant of the four oldest editions for it, as he ought to have observed.

P. 274. Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid TIME.

I have read, as Mr. Pope says, conjecturally, BENT. All the old editions read, HENT. The word is corrupt, and we must either restore, *bent*, or HINT.

So,

So, Tempest, p. 12?

——— it is a HINT
That wrings mine eyes to't.

And Antony and Cleopatra, p. 25:

When the best HINT was giv'n him, he o'erlook'd
&c.

Et alibi passim.

P. 275. You are the Queen, your husband's brother's wife,
AND (would it were not so) you are my mother.

The Editor here will not embrace a reading of mine, and a pointing that I imagine betters the sense; and, therefore, I have not yet the worse opinion of my conjecture. Hamlet, I say, loves and honours his mother; and does not so much wish that she was not his mother, as that she was not his uncle's wife.

I therefore would read,

You are the Queen, your husband's brother's wife,
BUT 'would it were not so! — You are my mother.

P. 276. That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman blind?

Here Mr. Pope says, I insert some lines not to be found before the edition of 1637, and *very bad ones.* I will not stand up too rigidly for the goodness of the lines: but what Collators are the Editor and his Assistants! They are in the oldest quartos, and therefore indisputably genuine.

I will give you the whole passage for your judgment:

——— *and what judgment*
Would step from this to this? Sense, sure, you have,
Else could you not have motion; but, sure, that sense
Is apoplex'd; for madness would not err;
Nor sense to extacy was ne'er so thrall'd,
But it reserv'd some quantity of choice,
To serve in such a diff'rence.—*What devil was't,*
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,

Ears

Ears without hands, or eyes, smelling *sans* all;
Or but a sickly part of one true sense,
Could not so mope. — *O shame*, &c.

Bad as these lines are, I am persuaded, the first motive of leaving them out was to shorten Hamlet's speech, and ease the Actor; and the reason why they find no place in the first folio, is, that that edition was made from the Playhouse castrated copies.

P. 277. In the rank sweat of an INCESTUOUS bed.

I chuse, ENSEAMED, the Editor says. I do so, and for this material reason, that it is authorized by all the old books.

P. 279. That monster Custom, who all sense doth eat,
Of habit's DEVIL, is *angel* yet in this; —

I would read and point it thus:

——— who all sense doth eat
Of habit's EVIL, is, &c.

i. e. of the evil of habit.

P. 281. *Queen.* Ah, my good Lord, what have I seen to night?

In both the old quartos, before this verse the Queen says,

Bestow this place on us a little while.

The mystery of which, and why it was left out, I will presently explain to you.

In those old books the direction of the entrance stands thus:

Enter King and Queen, with Rosencraus and Guildenstern.]

To them, therefore, it is that the Queen speaks; and bids them quit the presence a little, while she replies to the King's demands. Now the pride and impertinence of the Players, who hate nothing more than the *ideò tantùm venire ut exeant*, first obtained to have this line left out; and, because nothing was given to them to speak, that Rosencraus and Guildenstern

stern might be excused the formality of entering with the King and Queen.

P. 282. And what's untimely done.

Mr. Pope says that I here re-place some imperfect verses, which, though of a modern date, seem to be genuine. But our Editor is used to speak without book. They are no more modern than our Author himself, and are found in both the old quartos.

P. 285. Thou may'st not coldly LET
Our sov'reign process, &c.

Mr. Pope declares, in his Preface, that he substitutes no reading but what is *ex fide codicum*. But all the copies whatever, that I have seen, concur in reading, coldly SET; *i. e.* coldly receive, neglect, or slight.

P. 286. To pay five ducats,
FIVE I would not farm it.

We have suspected,
To pay five ducats FINE,
I would not farm it:——

P. 290. Feeds on this wonder, keeps himself IN CLOUDS.

Dr. Thirlby has conjectured, INCLOS'D; *i. e.* private, close in his apartment; and directs to this passage, at p. 298:

——————— But, good Laertes,
Will you do this, keep CLOSE within your chamber?

But, with submission, I think the conjecture wholly unnecessary; and that the reference comes full in proof against it, Laertes being advised to keep himself *close* by the King, which would have been absurd counsel, if he had done so before. Certainly, the text wants no alteration;

To keep himself in clouds,

is to be reserved, and mysterious in his conduct.

Ben Jonson uses the expression in his Devil's an Ass, p. 279:

These, Sir, are businesses ask to be carried
With caution, and IN CLOUD.

P. 291.

P. 291. If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, in your revengé,
(That sweepstake,) YOU WILL draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser.

The Editors have made the King guilty of a conclusion here, which, I dare say, the Poet never intended. I point the passage thus:

——————— in your revenge
(That sweepstake) WILL YOU draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser? ——

And then Laertes's answer is rational and proper.

P. 295. Who dipping all his *faults* in their affection,
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his GYVES to graces.

Does the King mean here, that, if he had proceeded against Hamlet in a legal manner for the death of Polonius, and confined and *fettered* him, that the multitude loved him so well, they would have esteemed his fetters an *ornament* to him? I own, I do not understand this. I have conjectured,

Convert his GYBES to graces.

i. e. they are so doatingly enamoured with him, that even *gybes, mocks, fleering*, &c. would in him be construed graces.

P. 297, 8. *after*,

——— 't would be a SIGHT indeed
(so all the old copies; not *fight*)
If one could match you. ——

The two oldest quartos, which the Editor pretends to have collated, add,

——— The scrimers * of their nation
He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them. ——

P. 298. For goodness growing to a PLEURISY, &c.

I had, with you, marked in my book, PLETHORY. But I was a little dubious, partly upon the *accental*

* i. e. fencers, skirmishers.

syllable

syllable falling so wrong in the verse, the *p* being long; and if pronounced so here, harsh and unmusical: and partly, because I am not sure but our Poet might mistake the nature and occasion of a pleurisie, as Beaumont and Fletcher seem likewise to have done in *Custom of the Country*, p. 330:

And those *too many* excellencies, that feed
Your pride, turn to a PLEURISY, and kill
That which should nourish virtue.

Ibid. Like a *spendthrift's* sigh.

This is the Editor's own blunder: all the best copies read,

Like a spendthrift sigh.

i. e. a sigh without occasion, an unnecessary one, and prodigally spent.

I must leave the Fifth Act to my next; and for the present conclude myself, dearest Sir, your most affectionate and obliged friend and humble servant,

LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER LXI.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Wyan's Court, Mar.* 26, 1730.

I proceed directly on to the Fifth Act of Hamlet:

P. 303. In youth when I did love, &c.

I have found that the stanzas sung by the Gravedigger are not of Shakespeare's composition, but owe their original to the old Earl of Surrey's Poems. Many others of his occasional little Songs I doubt not but he purposely copied from his contemporary Writers, either as they happened to be ridiculous to those times, or as he had a mind to do them honour.

Apropos, while I remember it: in As You Like It, p. 343, 4, 5, you know, there are several little copies of verses on Rosalind, which are said to be *the right Butter-woman's rank to market*, and *the very*

false gallop of verses. Dr. Thomas Lodge, a Physician who flourished early in Queen Elizabeth's reign, and was a great Writer of the Pastoral Songs and Madrigals which were so much the strain of those times, composed a whole volume of Poems in praise of his mistress, whom he calls *Rosalind.*

If I can meet with this book, it is forty to one but we find our Author's Canzonets on this subject to be scraps of the Doctor's Muse: and perhaps those of Biron too, and the other Lovers, in Love's Labour Lost.

P. 303. One that COULD circumvent God, might it not?

Shakespeare, certainly, was never guilty of this prophanation. I read, from the old quartos, one that WOULD, &c. *i. e.* would, if it were in his power.

Ibid. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at LOGGERS with them?

I read, LOGATS. I do not know what sort of game this was; but there is a Statute against it, among many others, 33 Henry VIII.

P. 309. Woo't drink up ESILL.

There is no such river that I can find in Denmark. I presume it should be, YSSEL: from which the Province of Over yssel takes its name in the German Flanders.

Ibid. KING. This is mere madness.

The oldest quartos, much more properly in my opinion, give this speech to the QUEEN.

Ibid. When that her golden *cuplets* are disclos'd.

I do not know what the cuplets are in a dove, nor, consequently, what the *disclosing* them means.

P. 310. ——————— No leisure bated.

Can this signify, no time, no delay or respite allowed; for so the sense requires?

As in the next page we find,

NOT shriving-time allow'd.

P. .....

P. ..... And stand a *comma* 'tween their amities.

I do not know what a *comma* can signify, but a *stop*; which, methinks, is opposite to the sense here required. According to the idea I have at present conceived of the passage, it should be, either,

And stand NO comma 'tween their amities.

i. e. as no bar should stand between their friendships:—Or,

And stand a comma 'tween their ENMITIES.

i. e. as peace should intervene, and prevent their enmities.

P. ..... After this line,

So Guildensterne and Rosencraus go to 't.

the first folio makes Hamlet begin with a verse, which I cannot imagine why the Editor should, *if knowingly*, throw out.

Why, man, they did make love to this employment.

i. e. it was of their own seeking. It is not, it is true, in the oldest quartos, but yet we find, in p. 224:

That I to your assistance *do make love.*

P. 312. —— 'Tis very cold; the wind is Northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. Methinks, it is very sultry and hot for my complexion.

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry, &c.

—— Ignieulum brumæ si tempore poscas,
Accipit endromidem; si dixeris ÆSTUO, SUDAT.
Juven. Sat. iii. 102, 3.

P. 313. After Hamlet says,

I beseech you, remember ——

I will give you two speeches from the old quartos that I think are very necessary to be restored, as shewing thoroughly the *foppery* and *affectation* of Osrick, and the *humour* and *address* of Hamlet in accosting the other at once in his own vein and style.

Osr. Nay, good my lord, for my ease. — Sir, here is newly come to court, Laertes; believe me, an abso-

lute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and great shew; indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or kalendar of gentry; for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you; though, I know, to divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetic of memory; and yet but raw neither, in respect of his quick sail: but, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article; and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror, and who else would trace him, his umbrage; nothing more.

Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, Sir? — Why do we wrap the gentleman in our rawer breath? [*To Horatio.*

P. 314. He did so with his dug, before he suck'd it.

i. e. he ran away with his dug, before he sucked it; which, I confess, I do not very well understand. The first folio reads something more intelligibly:

He did COMPLY with his dug, before he suck'd it.

P. 316. And in the cup an ONYX shall he throw.

I, as Mr. Pope hints, am for the degraded reading, UNION: and I will submit my reasons for it to you.—The *onyx*, as the Naturalists have described it, is a species of *lucid* stone, of which the Antients made both *columns* and *pavements* for ornament: and, if I am not mistaken, neither the *onyx*, nor *sardonyx*, are jewels which ever found place in an imperial crown. On the other hand, an *union*, we are informed, is the finest sort of pearl; and has its place in all crowns and coronets. Theodoret expresses himself to our purpose (I do not know expressly where, but, I presume, upon St. Matthew vii. 6, about casting pearls before swine): I find him quoted by Ramirez de Prado, in his "Pentecontarchus: "Non enim interest utrum UNIO statuatur in *cœno*, an verò situs et insertus in CORONAM *resplendeat*." Besides, let us consider what the King says in the very subsequent page:

Stay,

Stay, give me drink: Hamlet, this PEARL is thine:
Here's to thy health.

The terms, upon which the King was to throw a jewel into the cup were, if Hamlet gave Laertes the first hit: which Hamlet does. Therefore, if an *union* be a *pearl*, and an *onyx* a gem or stone differing in its nature from pearls, the King saying that Hamlet has earned the *pearl*, it amounts to a demonstration, that it was an UNION-pearl which he meant to throw into the cup.

P. 320. And from his mouth whose voice will draw NO more.

The Editor must certainly understand by this, *who no more will draw breath, as being dead.* But our Author would never have used this expression; nor is it his meaning. We must correct, from the authority of the old books:

And from his mouth, whose voice will draw ON more.

Hamlet, just before his death, had said,

But I do prophesy, th' election lights
On Fortinbras, *he has my dying voice,*
So tell him, &c.

Accordingly, Horatio here delivers that message; and very justly infers, that Hamlet's voice will be seconded by others, and procure them in favour of Fortinbras's succession.

And so much for *Hamlet.*

I am now, dear Sir, to acknowledge the receipt of yours, in which you do me the favour of putting my argument with regard to Thersites into a true syllogism. I wish I may be able to trace in any Authors that εὐτελὴς may signify *hilaris, festivus;* it will vastly improve and diversify the period in Eustathius, and make his definition of Comedy more complete.

I have likewise the pleasure of yours (No. 30) of the 23d instant, in which you reply to part of my queries on Hamlet. I am much indebted for your advice with relation to Dr. Broome. I would not give

give a handle for purposely making an enemy: I hope rather I shall find materials to whip Mr. Pope separately for blunders purely his own. I am extremely glad to hear of a farther harvest of emendations from the passages marked out by the Editor as distinguishably fine. I did not design peremptorily to object to PLETHORY; only to submit to you, from the quotation of *the Custom of the Country*, whether both Poets might not have mistaken the cause and nature of a *pleurisy*.

As I have some room left, dear Sir, give me leave to submit to you a conjecture I have made upon a passage of Athenæus, lib. xiv. chap. 14: Λέγων πέντε γένη εἶναι αὐλῶν, [1]παρθενίες, [2]παιδικὲς, [3]κιθαριστηρίες, [4]τελείες. Here Athenæus expressly says from Aristoxenus, that there were *five* sorts of pipes; and yet, on numbering them up, specifies but *four*. Neither Natalis Comes, nor Casaubon, nor any body else that I know of, have given the least hint of the manifest defect in our Author. I have ventured to supply him thus: [4]τελείες, ΚΑΙ' [5]ΔΑΚΤΥΛΙΚΟΥΣ. Cœlius Rhodiginus, in the Ninth Book, .. th Chapter of his "Antiquæ Lectiones," has these words: Tibiarum quasdam legimus vocari [1]*Parthenias*, quasdam verò [2]*Paedicas*, item *Andriæ* (quæ dicuntur [3]*Teliæ* et Hyperteliæ); sunt et [4]*Citharisteriæ*, *ac* [5]DACTYLICÆ. I am aware it may be objected, that the *Dactylic* pipes keeping company in Rhodiginus with the *four* other sorts mentioned by Athenæus, is no proof that they likewise did so in Athenæus. But, to remove that objection, it is very probable that Cœlius Rhodiginus transcribed this very observation from our Author. And, the learned Casaubon ought to have observed, Athenæus in the 24th chapter of his Fourth Book gives us expressly all these *five* species of pipes together.—Ἀλλὰ καὶ περὶ αὐλῶν . . . . . ὃ μόνον τὲς [1]Παυθενίες καλεμένες, καὶ [2]Παιδικὲς, ἀλλὰ καὶ τὲς Ἀνδρείες, (οἵτινες καλεῦνται [3]τέλειοί τε καὶ

καὶ ὑπερτέλειοι·) καὶ τὰς [4]κιθαριςηρίας δὲ, καὶ τὰς [5]ΔΑΚΤΥΛΙΚΟΥΣ. If an Author with any certainty is to be expounded, or supplied, from himself, I think, this authority turns my conjecture into a demonstration, that Athenæus in his Fourteenth Book meant to repeat what he had before said in his Fourth, however the manuscripts came to be defective.

I am, dearest Sir, your most affectionate and obliged friend and humble servant,

LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER LXII.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Wyan's Court, Mar.* 28, 1730.

I now proceed to Othello, a Play with which I cannot help being infinitely charmed, though I cannot be wholly blind to some of its absurdities. Cynthio, to whom our Poet owes the ground-work of his fable, seems to have designed his Novel a document to our fair young ladies against disproportioned marriages; "di non se accompagnare con huomo, cui la natura et il cielo, et il modo della vita, disgiunge da noi:" but Shakespeare inculcates no such moral from the disastrous end of Desdemona. Mr. Rymer is so hypercritically virulent against the conduct, manners, sentiments, and diction of the Play, that he sometimes makes me downright angry at his censures; though I cannot forbear, at the same time, laughing at the freedom and coarseness of his raillery. Take a sample of him, for instance:

"Shakespeare in this Play calls them the *super-subtle Venetians*. Yet examine thoroughly the Tragedy, there is nothing in the noble Desdemona that is not below any country chambermaid with us. And the account he gives of their Noblemen and Senate;

Senate, can only be calculated for the latitude of Gotham. The character of the Venetian State, is to employ strangers in their wars; but shall a Poet thence fancy that they will set a Negro to be their General? or trust a Moor to defend them against the Turk? With us, a Black-a-moor might rise to be a Trumpeter; but Shakespeare would not have him less than a Lieutenant-general. With us, a Moor might marry some little drab, or small-coal wench. Shakespeare would provide him the daughter and heir of some great Lord, or Privy Counsellor; and all the Town should reckon it a very suitable match. Yet the English are not bred up with that hatred and aversion to the Moors, as are the Venetians, who suffer by a perpetual hostility from them: *Littora littoribus contraria.* Nothing is more odious in nature than an improbable lye; and, certainly, never was any Play fraught like this of Othello with improbabilities."

But now to the text.

P. 325. ——— Three great ones of the City,
In personal suit to make me his Lieutenant,
OFT' CAPT to him: ——

I chuse to read, with the first folio,

OFF-CAPT to him; ——

i. e. stood cap in hand, soliciting him.

So, in Antony:

I have ever held my CAP OFF to thy fortunes.

P. 326. Wherein the TONGUED CONSULS.

I think we should read, as I have formerly hinted to you,

TOGED COUNS'LORS.

I will now give you my reasons for this change. In the first place, TOGED is the reading of the oldest quarto.

Then, p. 328, Iago says to Brabantio:

Zounds! Sir, you're robb'd,
For shame, put on your GOWN.

Now,

Now, I think, it is pretty certain, Iago does not mean, "slip on your night-gown," but your gown of office, your senatorial gown, your gown of authority, and pursue the thief that has stolen your daughter.

Again, this reading seems to be very proper here, in opposition to *soldiership:* and so you know the phrase is frequently used by the antient writers.

> Cedant ARMA TOGÆ.—CIC. in Officiis.
>
> Sed, quod PACIS est insigne & otii, TOGA; contra autem ARMA, tumultus atque BELLI.
>
> CIC. in Pison.
>
> —— paternisque Lucii Paulli virtutibus simillimus, omnibus BELLI ac TOGÆ dotibus, &c.

Then, dear Sir, to explain to you why both here, and at p. 332,

> And many of the *Consuls*, rais'd and met,

I am of opinion we should read, *Couns'lors.* The Venetian Nobility constitute the Great *Council* of the Senate, and are a part of the Administration, and summoned to assist and counsel the Doge, who is Prince of the Senate, and in that regard has only precedency before the other Magistrates.

At p. 334, the Officer says to Brabantio,

> The Duke 's in COUNCIL, and your noble self,
> I 'm sure, is sent for.

And, at p. 336, the Duke says to Brabantio,

> We lack'd your COUNSEL, and your help to-night.

Besides, though the Government of Venice was Democratic at first, under CONSULS and Tribunes, that form of power has been totally abrogated since Doges have been elected. And whatever *Consuls* of other States may be resident there, yet they have no more a voice, or place, in the public councils, or in what concerns Peace or War, than Foreign Ambassadors can have in our Parliament.

P. 326 ——— must be LED and *calm'd.*

There is no consonance of metaphors in these two terms.

I have

I have no doubt but we should restore, from the first folio,

BE-LEED and calm'd.

P. 331. ——— and my demerits
May speak, UNBONNETING, ——

I cannot agree with Mr. Pope, that this can signify, *without pulling off the bonnet.*

Lear, p. 401:

UNBONNETTED he runs, &c.

Now, if by *unbonnetted* we are to understand, *with the cap pulled off*; by analogy, *unbonnetting* must mean *the action of pulling off the cap.* The old books all agree in reading UNBONNETTED.

This appeared absurd to me; and therefore I proposed, which the Editor has not thought fit to embrace,

——— and my demerits
May speak, AND BONNETTED, to as proud a fortune:

i. e. though Brabantio be a Senator, yet, if my merits are put in the scale against his dignity, there is no reason but I may *keep my hat on,* and account myself on a fair equality with him.

P. 332. *Cass.* I do not understand.
Iago. He 's married.
Cass. To WHOM?

Surely, this is a terrible forgetfulness in our Author. How came Cassio such a stranger to this affair, when it afterwards appears he went a wooing with Othello, and took his part in the suit?

What? Michael Cassio!
That came a wooing with you, and many a time
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
Hath ta'en your part?

P. 334. Bond Slaves and PAGANS shall our Statesmen be.

I have long had a suspicion of *Pagans* here. They are as strict and moral, we find, all the world over, as the most regular Christians in the preservation of private

private property. The difference of *faith* is not at all concerned; but mere human policy, in ascertaining the right of *meum* and *tuum*.

I therefore imagine that our Poet might rather have wrote,

Bond Slaves and PAGEANTS shall our Statesmen be.

i. e. if they let such injurious actions go unpunished, our Statesmen must be *slaves, cyphers in office,* and have no power of redressing.

P. 337. That will confess PERFECTION so could *err.*

Perfection erring, seems a solecism *in terminis.*

P. 339. And of the canibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi; and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. ——

I do not know why this should be any more degraded than this passage of the Tempest, p. 49:

—— or that there were such men,
Whose heads stood in their breasts! which now we find
Each putter-out of *one* for *five* will bring us
Good warrant of.

I would observe, that both these passages, in my opinion, were inserted by our Author to shew his particular deference for Sir Walter Raleigh. That gentleman, in his Travels, tells us, "That, next unto Arvi, there are two rivers, *Atoica* and Caora; and on that branch which is called Caora (says he) are a nation of people whose heads appear not above their shoulders; *which, though it may be thought a mere fable, yet for mine own part I am resolved it is true, because every child in the Provinces of* Arromaia and Canuri *affirm the same.* They are called *Ewaipanomes:* they are reported to have their eyes in their shoulders, and their mouths in the middle of their breasts; and that a long train of hair groweth backward between their shoulders. The son of Topiawari, whom I brought with me into

into England, told me that they are the most mighty men of all the land, and use bows, arrows, and clubs, thrice as big as any of Guiana, or of the Orenoqeponi; and that one of the Iwarawakeri took a prisoner of them, the year before our arrival there, and brought him into the borders of Aromaia, his father's country. And farther, when I seemed to doubt of it, he told me that it was no wonder amongst them, but that they were as great a nation, and as common as any other in all the provinces.—It was not my chance to hear of them till I was come away; and if I had but spoken one word of it while I was there, I might have brought one of them with me, *to put the matter out of doubt.* Such a nation was written of by *Mandeville*, whose reports were holden for fables many years; and yet, since the East Indies were discovered, we find his relations true of such things as heretofore were held incredible. Whether it be true, or no, the matter is not great: for mine own part, I saw them not; but *I am resolved, that so many people did not all combine, or fore-think to make the report.* To the West of Caroli are diverse nations of CANIBALS, and of those Ewaipanomes without heads."

Sir Walter Raleigh made this Voyage to Guiana in 1595. Mr. Lawrence Keimish, who went the next year, and who dedicates his Relation to Sir Walter, mentions the same people; and, speaking of a person who gave him considerable informations, he adds, "he certified me of the headless men, and that their mouths in their breasts are exceeding wide."

Perhaps, we may be able to account for the mystery of these supposed headless nation. Olearius, speaking of the manner of cloathing of the Samojedes, a province of Northern Muscovy, says, "Their garments are made like those that are called Cosaques, open only at the necks: when the cold is extraordinary, they put their cosaques over their heads,

heads, and let the sleeves hang down, their faces being not to be seen but at the cleft which is at the neck. *Whence some have taken occasion to write, that in these Northern countries there are people without heads, having their mouths in their breasts.*"

Sir Walter, about the time that his before-mentioned Travels were published, is styled Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard, Warden of the Stannaries, and her Highness's Lieutenant-General, &c. And, if we consider the reputation any thing from such a person, and at that time in such posts, must come into the world with, we shall be of opinion that passage of Shakespeare need not be degraded for the mention of a story, which, however strange, was countenanced with such an authority. I should rather think this passage, as also the other, do in some measure fix the chronology of his writing Othello, as well as the Tempest; *viz.* that as neither of them could be wrote before the year 1597, so the mention of these circumstances should persuade us, they appeared before those Travels became stale to the publick, and their authority too narrowly scrutinized.

I am, dearest Sir, your most obliged and affectionate friend and humble servant,

LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER LXIII.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Wyan's Court, Mar.* 31, 1730.

To proceed with Othello:

P. 341. Due REVERENCE of place and exhibition.

Thus, indeed, the old quarto; but the first folio and all the other copies that I have seen, concur in, REFERENCE; *i. e.* that proper apartments and allowance be allotted for her.

P. 342.

P. 342. ——————— I therefore beg it not
To please the palate of my appetite;
Nor to comply *with heat the young affects*,
In my DEFUNCT and proper satisfaction;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind.

Either I am dull beyond the usual degree, or this is a period of as stubborn nonsense as the Editors have obtruded upon poor Shakespeare throughout his whole works. The passage seems to me never to have been understood; since the blunders of it have been original from the first printed copy, and thence most faithfully deduced *de die in diem*. What a preposterous creature is this Othello, to fall in love with, and marry, a fine young woman; when *appetite*, and *heat*, and *proper satisfaction*, are *dead* and *defunct* in him!

But, if we are to take his own word, he was not reduced to this fatal unperforming state, p. 378:

——————— Or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years, yet THAT 'S NOT MUCH.

Again, why should our Poet say, the young *affect* heat? Youth certainly *has* it, and has no occasion, or pretence, of *affecting* it: whatever superannuated lovers may have. And again, would he after *defunct* add so absurd a collateral epithet, as *proper*? But I think I may venture to affirm, that *affects* was not designed here as a verb; and that *defunct* was not designed here at all.

Let us try if a very slight change will not rescue the Poet's meaning from absurdity, and establish a most plain and easy sense. I restore thus:

——————— I therefore beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite;
Nor to comply with heat, the young AFFECTS,
In my DISTINCT and proper satisfaction;
But to be free and bounteous to *her* mind.

Othello might very well call his love a young AFFECT [or affection], as he was but just married, and

and had not yet enjoyed his bride. I think the sense and reasoning are very clear. I do not, says he, beg her company to indulge and gratify my own distinct pleasure. in the joys of a new bridegroom; but to comply with her, in her request and desire of accompanying me. That our Poet chuses to use *affects* for affections, you know, dear Sir, there are many instances.

So, Love's Labour Lost, p. 227:
And ev'ry man with his AFFECTS is born.

And so, Richard II. p. 107:
As 'twere to banish his AFFECTS with him.

(For so both the old quartos and folio read.) And in this he is an imitator of his two great masters, Chaucer and Spenser.

Ibid. ——————— Foil with WANTON DULLNESS
My *speculative* and *offic'd* instruments,
That my DISPORTS corrupt, &c.

Wanton dullness, methinks, is a suspicious phrase; and though I confess there is an antithesis betwixt *wanton* and *speculative*, *dullness* and *instruments*, yet as the word *disports* immediately follows, I am half inclined to think our Poet might have wrote,

——————— foil with WANTON DALLIANCE.

It is an expression he much affected.
Than *wanton dalliance* with a paramour.

So, Henry V. p. 393:
And silken *dalliance* in the wardrobe lies.

And Richard III. Act III. Sc. 7:
Not *dallying* with a brace of courtezans.

P. 344. If the BALANCE of our lives had not *one* scale of reason to poise *another* of sensuality, &c.

The first and second folio reads,
If the BRAINE of our lives ———————

I make no doubt but Shakespeare wrote,
If the BEAME of our lives ———

And

And my reason is, that he always uses *balance* in the sense of a *scale*, and never, that I remember, for the *beam* that poises the scales. Tempest, p. 28:

Weigh'd between loathness and obedience, at which end the BEAM should bow.

All's Well, p. 118, 9:

We *poizing* us in her defective *scale*
Shall weigh thee to the BEAM.

2 Henry VI. p. 120:

And poise the cause in justice equal scale
Whose BEAM stands sure.

Hamlet, p. 292:

Thy madness shall be paid with weight
Till our *scale* turn the BEAM.

Richard II. p. 146:

In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light,
But in the BALANCE of great Bolingbroke.

2 Henry IV. p. 331:

I have in equal BALANCE justly weigh'd, &c. &c.

P. 347. ——— ANOTHER ship of Venice
Hath seen a grievous wreck ———

What *other* ship? There is no *first* ship mentioned. We must read, with the first folio, and a quarto that I have, printed in the year 1630:

A NOBLE ship of Venice, &c.

P. 352. How say you, Cassio, is he not a most profane and liberal COUNSELLOR?

I should imagine the context demands CENJURER. for Iago was judging with great freedom of the sex, not giving any advice relating to them.

P. 358. If consequence do but approve my DREAM.

We both agreed in suspecting this place, though not exactly in the cure of it. I had marked in my book, "approve my DEEM," *i. e.* my opinion, the judgment I have formed. So, Troilus, p. 338:

I true?—How now;—What wicked DEEM is this?

P. 365. ——— For that he hath *devoted*, and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and DEVOTEMENT of her parts and graces.

Something

Something like this is said of Antony, in the very beginning of that Play:

——————— Now bends, now turns,
The office and DEVOTION of their view
Upon a strumpet's front.

But I cannot persuade myself, our Poet would have said that Othello *devoted* himself to the *devotement*. I read, DENOTEMENT.

P. 368. Enter Cassio, Musicians, and Clown.

The direction for this entrance does not seem entirely right. The scene should be, before Othello's palace. Cassio should speak with the musicians; after his speech, they should play their serenade; and then the Clown should enter, as from the house.

P. 373. Excellent WRETCH!

Wretch, I think, can scarce be admitted to be used, unless in *compassion*, or *contempt*: but Othello is speaking here with *admiration*, or fondness, of Desdemona. I read,

Excellent WENCH!

Wench and *lass* in Shakespeare's time were not used in that low and vulgar acceptation as they are at this time of day. Vide infra:

——————— Thou ill-starr'd wench,
Pale as thy smock!

So, Antony, p. 31:

Royal WENCH!

So, *lass*; vide Antony, p. 107:

Now boast thee, Death! in thy possession lies
A LASS unparallel'd.

And so likewise, *girl*, Antony, p. 81:

——————— What, girl? though grey
Do something mingle with our younger brown, &c.

In all which places they are used with dignity.

P. 374. ——————— I do beseech you,
THOUGH I perchance am vicious in my guess.

I own, I cannot understand the reasoning of this passage.—"*Though* I, perhaps, am vicious in my guess (says Iago) and conceit but imperfectly, pray, do not let your wisdom therefore give you disturbance,

ance," &c.—*Hoc minimè videtur Shakespearianum.* I have conjectured:

——————— I do beseech you,
THINK, I perchance am vicious in my guess.

And then this is a fair reasoning, why Othello should not build too much on Iago's suspicions. So again afterwards, p. 377:

——————— In the mean time,
Let me be THOUGHT too busy in my fears, &c.

P. 375. Oh! beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is a green-ey'd monster, which doth MOCK
The meat it feeds on.

I am at a loss to form any idea to myself, how jealousy mocks its own food, or the cause on which it subsists. No passion whatever is more in earnest than jealousy, or more intent on the object that exercises it. But jealousy, we know, is generally mistaken in its object; and raises to itself uneasinesses from its own mistaken conceptions.

What if we should then read?

Oh! beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is a green-ey'd monster, which doth MAKE
The meat it feeds on.

i. e. jealous persons feed on the matter of their own suspicions.

Ibid. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough;
But riches endless, is as poor as WINTER,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.

If *winter* had been put here in contrast to the fertility of *summer* or *autumn*, or if *poor as winter* be any known proverbial expression, I should have nothing to object.

But I rather think the context requires,

——————— Is as poor as WANT,

i. e. as poverty itself.

P. 382. ——————— If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating STEAMS, &c.

All the old copies, that I have seen, read (and, I think, more rightly), STREAMS.

P. 384.

P. 384. ——————— Let him command,
NOT to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody business ever.

You favoured me, dear Sir, with an emendation upon this passage; but, with the change of a single letter, and a regulation of the pointing, I had understood it thus:

——————— Let him command,
NOR, to obey, shall be in me *remorse*.

I will have no remorse, no compunctions, in obeying his commands, let them be ever so bloody.

Macbeth, p. 202:

Stop up th' access and passage to REMORSE,
That no compunctious visitings of Nature
Shake my fell purpose.

P. 388. So shall I cloath me in a forc'd content,
And shut myself up in some other course
To Fortune's ARMS.

I cannot see why Mr. Pope should depart from the reading of the old copies here:

To Fortune's ALMS.

So, in King Lear, i. 1:

——————— Let your study
Be, to content your lord; who hath receiv'd you
At Fortune's ALMS.

As I finish here with the Third Act, I will reserve the other two for my next.

John, Act I. Sc. 1:

——————— My face so thin,
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
Lest men would say, look where three-farthings goes.

We agreed, dear Sir, that one of our old coins is alluded to in this passage*. I will give you a passage from Beaumont and Fletcher's Scornful Lady, p. 272, that will either help towards explaining our Poet, or make work for speculation:

—— He had a bastard, his own toward issue, whipt, and then cropt, for washing out the ROSES in THREE-FARTHINGS to make 'em *pence*.

* See the Letter to Mr. Folkes hereafter.

As I have a little room still left, dear Sir, without ceremony I will submit to your judgment (because I shall have occasion to use the passage) an explanation of mine upon Suidas, where Kuster by his own confession and his version of the place, it is evident, was wholly in the dark. Vide Σοφοκλῆς Σοφίλε. — Καὶ λόγον [καταλογάδην, addunt priores Editiones], περὶ τῆ Χορῆ, πρὸς Θέσπιν καὶ Χοίριλον ἀγωνιζόμενος. Which Kuster having thus translated—et orationem de chorô, de quo CUM Thespide et Chœrilô contendebat,—he very ingenuously confesses, that the place is obscure to, or rather suspected by, him: *for how could Sophocles contend with Thespis and Chœrilus, who both lived a great while before his time?* This question, indeed, is very reasonably put, considering he is quite *sand-blind*, as honest Launcelot calls it, as to our Lexicographer's meaning. If I do not too rashly fancy that I understand this place, I own it is neither obscure to me, nor do I suspect it. I point and render it thus: Καὶ λόγον καταλογάδην, περὶ τῆ Χορῆ πρὸς Θέσπιν καὶ Χοίριλον ἀγωνιζόμενος. Et declamavi, PROSAICE, (sermonem solutâ oratione fecit) chorum ad Thespidis et Chœrili [emortuorum] fabulas concedendum strenuè impetraturus. Sophocles, it seems, loved some of the pieces of Thespis and Chœrilus so well, that he wished to revive them; and solicited the Archon, as it was usual, that a *Chorus* might be *granted* him (*i. e.* the expenses of it defrayed) for that purpose. The learned Kuster seems not to have remembered here any thing περὶ τῆ Χορὸν αἰτεῖν, *vel* λαμβάνειν: or that a *Chorus was granted* to Jophon, when he exhibited one of his father Sophocles's plays after his decease: or that Law, which the Athenians made through respect to Æschylus after his death, that the person should be *allowed a Chorus*, who would revive any of his pieces; the recollection of which, in my opinion, makes Suidas very intelligible here.

I am,

I am, dearest Sir, your most affectionate and obliged friend and humble servant,

LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER LXIV.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBUTRON.

DEAR SIR, *Wyan's Court, Apr.* 11, 1730.

Business has obliged me to intermit a few posts, as the want, I suppose, of materials sufficient for your reply has occasioned the silence on your part; for the latest received is No. 31 of the 30th of March.

I now proceed to the remainder of *Othello:*

P. 392. CONVINCED or SUPPLIED them.

I altered this to CONVINCED or SUPPLED them, as Mr. Pope takes notice. Whether he thinks the alteration right, I do not know: I am sure I do not understand the vulgar reading. My emendation seems to make the sense of the passage easy and intelligible; that there are some such long-tongued knaves in the world, who, if they through the force of *importunity* extort a favour from their mistress, or if through her own fondness they make her pliant to their desires, cannot help boasting of their success. To *convince*, here, the Editor might have observed, is not, as in the common acceptation, to make sensible of the truth of any thing by reasons and arguments, but to *overcome, get the better of,* &c. So, Macbeth, p. 207:

——————— his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassel so CONVINCE, &c.

And again, p. 247:

——————— Their malady CONVINCES
The great assay of art.

And so, Cymbeline, p. 16:

Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier to CONVINCE the honour of my mistress.

So,

So, *to supple*, is a verb formed from the adjective, and used in our Author's time in the sense that I here make it bear. Beaumont and Fletcher, in Spanish Curate, p. 522:

He's monstrous vex'd and musty at my chess-play,
But this shall SUPPLE him, when he has read it.

P. 392. ——————— Work on,
My med'cine WORKS!

I read, with a very slight change,

——————— Work on,
My med'cine, WORK!

P. 394. And his unbookish jealousy must construe
POOR Cassio's smiles, gestures, &c.

Why *poor*? Iago had too much rancour against Cassio to speak compassionately with regard to him. Or is *poor*, here, meant in contempt; as the *poor tool* of my revenge? I had once suspected (but, perhaps, there is no occasion for the change) OUR Cassio's smiles, as Iago twice before expresses himself; p. 356:

I'll have OUR Michael Cassio on the hip:

And p. 358:

—— Now 'mongst this flock of drunkards
Am I to put OUR Cassio in some action, &c.

P. 398. This fail you not to do, as you will ——

This line should certainly be printed in *Italics*: Othello does not here speak to any body, but is reading aloud a part of the letter.

P. 399. Are his wits safe? Is he not OF LIGHT brain?

The old quarto reads,

——————— Is he not LIGHT OF brain?

And so the emphasis is much smoother. It is likewise our Author's mode of expression, Lear, p. 409:

False *of* heart, light *of* ear, bloody *of* hand, &c.

P. 400. I should have found in some place of my soul
A DROP of patience.

I should think Othello's circumstances, as he is stating them, should rather require a PROP of patience. But our Poet has elsewhere the same manner of expression.

P. 402.

P. 402. ——— Turn thy complexion *there*,
Patience, thou young and rose-lip'd cherubin;
I HERE look grim as hell.

Othello is here made to make an apostrophe to Patience, bidding her turn her complexion, and then says, that he himself looks as grim as hell. But I do not think this was our Poet's intention; or that he meant to discontinue his figure. I read,

——— Turn thy complexion there,
Patience, thou young and rose-lip'd cherubin,
I, THERE look grim as hell.

i. e. Ay, do not only turn thy complexion, but look as grim as a Fury.

P. 402. Made to write whore upon? What, committed?

What, as I take it, should be the *accusative* governed of *committed*.

Besides, the verse halts a little. I read,

Made to write whore upon? What, WHAT committed?

which addition supports the numbers, gives an energy to Othello's passion, and makes a proper answer to Desdemona's question.

P. 408. She was in love, and he she lov'd prov'd MAD,
And did forsake her.

Should it not rather be, BAD? *i. e.* dishonestly forsook her.

Ibid. ——— I 've much ado
BUT to go hang my head all at one side.

I would read, NOT.

P. 411. I've rubb'd this young GNAT almost to the sense.

The tenderest rub we could give a *gnat*, would rather rub him out of all sense. But, I think, I observed to you upon Love's Labour Lost, that the old quarto reads here, QUAT.

P. 423. COME, guard the door without, let him not pass, &c.

I chuse to read, as if Montano were speaking to the attendants:

SOME guard the door without, &c.

As in Titus Andronicus, p. 141:

SOME bring the murther'd body, SOME the murth'rers.

And

And now, dear Sir, I have run through this part of my task; in which I have given you very great trouble, and received back on my part very great satisfaction. The best acknowledgment I can make will be in the grateful confession of your assistance. I shall with singular pleasure sacrifice to gratitude a portion of my praise; which at the same will be repaid in the pride of having so generous and meritorious a Coadjutor. But, as Hamlet says,

"A little too much of this."

I could wish, if it be not too troublesome, you will at a leisure hour throw your eye over the Editor's Preface, and favour me with the remarks that occur to you upon it.

As I have still some room, *stulta est clementia perituræ parcere chartæ.* I will fill up with an emendation or two that I have occasionally made in turning over Aristophanes, of which I beg your opinion whether you think me right.

Acharnenses, ver. 733:—Ἀκέστον δῆ, ποτέχετ' ἐμὶν τὰν γαστέρα. The poor Megarean, who, out of hunger, comes to sell his two daughters disguised as porkers, bids them listen to him, and instead of saying, Lend me your *attention*, he cries, Lend me your *belly*; and this, says the Scholiast, the Poet does, to hint at their being ready to starve; and then closes his note with these words: ΜΙΚΡΑ᾽ δὲ ἡ ἔννοια τῷ Ποιητῇ. Tenue vero quoddam innuere vult Poeta. I do not understand the Scholiast; or, if I do, I am satisfied he is wrong .....

I have no doubt but the old Commentator wrote, ΜΙΑΡΑ᾽ δὲ ἡ ἔννοια τῷ Ποιητῇ, *i. e. Malignus,* nempè, est Poetæ animus: in Megarenses *invidiosum* sese exhibet. The Scholiast might very properly make such a remark, when the Poet, to expose the extreme poverty and distress of the people, brings a father selling his own children for bread. And the whole difference of the sentiment, you see, depends on the mistake of a K for an A.

This

This puts me in mind of a passage or two in Suidas, upon which Kuster has not acquitted himself with any better accuracy. In Ἡμερινὰ ζῶα, the Lexicographer, enumerating certain sea-birds, says, Θαλάσσια δὲ, ἀλκυὼν, ΑΗΔΩΝ, κήϋκες, αἰθυίαι, &c. Bochart, as you will observe, by Kuster's subjoined note, suspected the place, and thought that ἀηδὼν was only a different reading for ἀλκυὼν, which at first had possession of the margin, and thence crept into the text. Kuster embraces this suspicion of Bochart, because he does not see how a NIGHTINGALE should have a place among sea-birds. True; but, with submission to both these learned men, I am persuaded that Suidas wrote, Θαλάσσια δὲ, ἀλκυὼν, ΧΕΛΙΔΩΝ, κήϋκες, &c.

I need no more mention to you that the Naturalists tell us of *sea-swallows*, than that swallows are found on the banks of rivers.

Again, in v. Αὐτόχθονες. Suidas, explaining this word, tells us the Athenians were so called: and then he tells what other people were called so too. Αὐτόχθονες δὲ καὶ Ἀρκάδες, καὶ Αἰγινῆται, καὶ ΑΘΗΝΑΙΟΙ ἐκαλοῦντο. You will readily agree with me, I dare say, dear Sir, that Suidas would not tell us that the Athenians were called αὐτόχθονες, and so were the Arcadians, and Æginetæ, and ATHENIANS. What monstrous stupid tautology! I make no scruple to read, καὶ ΟΙ ΘΗΒΑΙΟΙ ἐκαλοῦντο. Please only for confirmation to turn back to Ἀθηναίων δυσβουλία, and there we find the Author thus explaining himself,—Ὅτι αὐτόχθονες οἱ Ἀθηναῖοι ἐλέγοντο, καὶ Ἀρκάδες, καὶ Αἰγινῆται, καὶ ΘΗΒΑΙΟΙ. And Harpocration gives us the very same account, and quotes Hellanicus for it.

But to return to Aristophanes; I mean, the Prolegomena in Kuster's Edition of that Poet; whence I hope to entertain you with an emendation at this moment—*Quod felix faustumque sit!*

In the ....th of these Prolegomena, we meet an extract

extract from Platonius about the differences in the several species of Comedy; at the conclusion of which there are these words: ὁρῶμεν ἓν τὰς ὀφρῦς, ἐν τοῖς προσώποις τῆς Μενάνδρε κωμῳδίας ἱποίας ἔχει, καὶ ὅπως ἐξεσραμμένον τὸ ΣΩΜΑ, καὶ ϑδὲ κατὰ ἀνθρώπων φύσιν. Which Julius Cæsar Bullenger, in his tract "De Theatro," has thus translated: Videmus igitur apud Menandrum qualia *supercilia*, quantaque personæ habent, quàm absono, perverso ac distorto sint *corpore*, et à naturâ hominum alieno. Platonius, you will observe, dear Sir, is particularly speaking of the Comic MASKS: that in the Old Comedies they were made to resemble the faces of the persons to be satirized; so that by these the audience distinguished whom the Actor represented. In the Middle and New Comedies such a liberty became dangerous to the Poet; and therefore, says he, we see how Menander contrived his masks. Now I would fain know, how the distortions of the body are concerned in this subject. I have two conjectures on this passage; and submit that the passage must either be read, καὶ ὅπως ἐξεσραμμένον τὸ ΣΤΟΜΑ, and thus allude to the distortion of the Lips in the Old Masks; or else, which I rather incline to, καὶ ὅπως ἐξεσραμμένον τὸ ΟΜΜΑ, in regard to the GOGGLED and *distorted* EYES in their masks. Julius Pollux, lib. iv. c. 19, is very particular about Stage Masks; and we see from him that the Eyes in them were adapted to the quality of the character represented. Some had ὀφθαλμως σκυθρωπὸς,—βλέμμα λυπηρὸν,—τὴν ὄψιν καϑηφὴς,—ἐντονώτερος τὸ βλέμμα,—νωθρὸς τὴν ὄψιν,—τὸ βλέμμα δριμὺς.—And some were, which comes more immediately to my correction, ΣΤΡΕΒΛΟΝ τὸ ΟΜΜΑ, καὶ ΔΙΑΣΤΡΟΦΟΣ τὴν ΟΨΙΝ. And as to the old Roman Masks, Diomedes Grammaticus tells us; Personis primus uti cæpit Roscius Gallus, OCULIS PERVERSIS, nec satis decorus in personis, &c.

And now let me beg pardon, and give you respite.

I am, dearest Sir, your most affectionate and obliged friend and humble servant, LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER

LETTER LXV.*

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Wyan's Court, May . . ,* 1730.

Since my last, I am to acknowledge the receipt of yours, wherein you say my Letters shall be sent up by the Newark carrier; and also another (No. 1) in which you give me advice of their being delivered, and that I am to expect them as this day.

In the latter, I am obliged to you for the pleasure of several accurate emendations and conjectures, being a part of that harvest which I am to expect from your second tillage of our Author.

Among the others, I am prodigiously struck with the justness of your emendation on Midsummer Night's Dream, p. 136:

And the wolf BEHOWLS the moon.

I remember no image whatever of the wolf *simply* gazing on the moon; but of the *night-howling* of that beast we have authority from the Poets.

Virgil, Georg. i. 486:

——————————— et altè
Per noctem resonare, *lupis ululantibus*, urbes.

And again, Æneid. vii. 16:

——————— *serâ sub nocte* rudentum:
Setigerique sues, atque in præsepibus ursi
Sævire, ac formæ magnorum *ululare luporum*.

I have alluded to this night-howling of the wolf in my "Orestes." Circe is supposed to apply to magick to know the issue of her passion for Orestes; and upon this I have introduced a priest of Hecate, describing the proper season of those infernal operations. As I had an ambition in this of attempting

* By a memorandum on this Letter in Warburton's hand, it appears that an intermediate letter (now missing) was "filled with emendations of Aristophanes and Suidas."

to

to copy my Great Master *(absit verbo vanitas!)* who is so excellent in all his metaphysical descriptions, I will submit my mimickry of him to your favourable, or rather partial, perusal:

'T is now the very noon of silent Night;
When Nature's duller sons are steep'd in rest:
And only murth'rers and magicians wake.
Wolves cease to howl; and the shrill-yelping cur
No longer bays the moon. The hoarse wind sleeps;
The lazy, slacken'd, surge scarce beats its shore:
And the moist element above is hush.
This solemn hour demands our potent rites:
While shiv'ring ghosts steal from the recent shroud,
And glide disquiet to their late-lov'd homes:
While demons frolic; and the Fairy's tread
Makes bare the ringlets in the flow'ry field.

You certainly, dear Sir, seem to me no less just and happy in your emendation of this passage in Much Ado About Nothing, p. 96:

If low, an AGLET very vilely cut.

You say, somewhere else, though now you cannot recollect the place, Shakespeare again uses this similitude, to denote a little person. I suppose, the following passage in the Taming of the Shrew, p. 24:

Why, give him gold enough, and marry him to a puppet, or an AGLET-baby.

I submit it to you whether an emendation ought not to take place likewise in this passage of the Second Part of Henry the Fourth, p. 282:

I was never mann'd with an AGOT till now: but I will set you neither in gold, nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master for a *jewel.*

Methinks, it would be very humourous in Falstaff here to describe his dwarf of a page by the resemblance to an *aglet:* unless you think the word *jewel* following requires *agot.*

Henry

Henry IV. Part I. p. 189:

I then all smarting with my wounds being COLD,
To be so pester'd, &c.
Out of my grief, and my, &c.

You very justly observe, that the infinitive passive here has no preceding verbal to govern it: and therefore, and because Hotspur at that period is represented *breathless*, and dry with rage, so that his wounds could not be *cold*, you ingeniously substitute *galled*.

I will tell you, dear Sir, how I had lately solved this passage to myself. I agree with you, the preceding verbal is wanting: but I imagine, with submission, Hotspur's wounds might be *cold*. The fight was done, you observe, before this trim Lord came to him; and though he might be then breathless and dry, yet before he returned his answer about the prisoners, we find this fop stood prating deliberately, *ever and anon* smelling to his pouncet-box, and *still* smiling and talking; was offended at dead bodies being brought across his nose, and descanted wisely on guns, and drums, and wounds, and parmacity, and salt-petre: so that, in this interval, the blood might congeal enough to make Hotspur feel the smarting of his wounds.

I therefore, to supply the preceding verbal wanting, and not molest the words of the text, had made this transposition of two of the verses, a remedy that you know we are frequently forced to have recourse to, against the heedlessness of our Author's Editors:

I, then all smarting with my wounds being cold,
Out of my grief, and my impatience
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what; &c.

I shall be glad of your consent to this suspicion of mine, in your next; but not unless you think I am right in it.

I wil now trouble you with a passage in Hamlet, which, I at present imagine, I never understood till the other day.

P. 309.

P. 309. ——— Come, shew me what thou 'lt do.
Woo't *weep?* woo't *fight?* woo't *fast?* woo't *tear thyself?*
Woo't drink up ESILL, eat a crocodile?
I 'll do 't, &c.

Because there was no such river as *Esil* in Denmark, we agreed, you may recollect, that the Poet must have wrote YSSEL. But Hamlet, sure, is not daring Laertes to perform an impossibility (as, Drink up a river, for example, and I will do the same): but he rather seems to mean, Wilt thou resolve to do things the most shocking and distasteful to human nature, behold me as resolute; *i. e.* Woo't thou enter into a course of deep sorrow? woo't thou venture thy life in combat? woo't thou abstain from sustenance? woo't thou rip up thy bowels, &c.

I therefore suspect that our Poet wrote,
Woo't drink up EISEL, eat a crocodile.

i. e. Woo't thou drink up any proportion of *vinegar,* and I 'll swallow the same draught. The proposition, indeed, is not very grand; but the doing it might be as distasteful and unsavoury as eating the flesh of a crocodile. And now there is neither an impossibility, nor an anticlimax. Besides, the lowness of the idea is in some measure removed by the uncommon term. Both Minshew and Skinner acknowledge the word; and interpret it, *vinegar:* but we have still a better authority.

Chaucer, Romaunt of the Rose, p. 217:

So evil hewed was her coloure,
Her semed to have livid in langoure;
She was like thing for hungir ded,
That lad her life onely by bred
Knedin with EISEL *strong* and *egre;*
And therto she was lene and megre.

But, lest Chaucer's authority should be thought of too long a date, and the word to have become obsolete in our Author's time, I will produce a passage where it is again used by himself.

In

In a Poem of his, called "A Complaint," he thus expresses himself:

> Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
> Potions of EISEL 'gainst my strong infection;
> No bitterness, that I will bitter think,
> Nor double penance to correct correction.

I have just, dear Sir, received from the carrier the packet of my Letters *, very carefully put together; and I will take care to keep them in the same regular order for their return. I am, dearest Sir, your most affectionate and obliged friend and humble servant, LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER LXVI.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Wyan's Court, Sept.* 15, 1730.

I have received the favour of yours of the 7th instant, and greatly rejoice in a new alphabet † begun (in which order, I think, it will be best to follow you), and wish your occasional second perusal may start materials sufficient to compleat it. I would by no means wish you to restrain your genius, or the scope of your suspicions, so long as you are pleased to indulge me in such a labour; for, though every conjecture should not upon trial prove standard, give me leave to say, without flattery, there is something so extremely ingenious in all you start, that I would with great regret be defrauded of such a fund either of entertainment, or erudition. It has not been yet in my power fully to weigh every emendation in your

* This packet contained the Original Letters of Theobald, from which those here presented to the Reader are actually printed.

† The manner in which the few subsequent Letters are distinguished, A, B, C, &c.

last:

last: but to some of them I am prepared to speak in present.

Midsummer Night's Dream, p. 123:

—— found Demetrius like a GEMELL, ——

This is so finely guessed, and gives so natural a sense where before there was none at all, that I wish heartily the word had ever been used again by Shakespeare; or that I could meet with it either in Spenser, Chaucer, or any of the old Glossaries. Our Author, you know, once has *jimmold*, or *gimmald* (Henry V. p. 441), a *ring of two rounds*, from *gemellus*; and *gemells*, Skinner tells us, is a word in Heraldry, to signify a *pair of bars*. But neither of these, I am afraid, will sort with our allusion. But then again, on your side, Blunt and Phillips both acknowledge such a word as GEMINELS to signify *twins*. I have no exception to the derivation of the term; I only wish, they had subjoined an authority by whom it had been adopted into English. Upon the whole, I cannot but embrace your emendation: and though the word should be an ἅπαξ λεγόμενον, yet the appositeness of its usage may well excuse Shakespeare for coining it. It may not be amiss, perhaps, to observe, that our Author, more than once, has employed, upon occasion, the same thought.

So, Twelfth Night, p. 249, concerning the resemblance betwixt Sebastian and Viola:

A nat'ral perspective, that IS, AND IS NOT.

Comedy of Errors, p. 58:

One of these men is GENIUS to the other.

But to propose an odd conceit to you, and call over the word GIMMOLD. Both Minshew, &c. have a GIMMEW-ring: and let us see what sort of a ring this is. It is common with us, you know, to tie a thread round a finger, when we dare not wholly trust our memory. The French, as we may learn from Cotgrave, have a ring which is called *souvenance*, with several *hoops*, whereof one is always let down

down for remembrance; and Shakespeare might possibly have a view to this ring.

Timon, Act IV. Sc. 3, p. 146:

O BLESSING-breeding Sun!

This compound adjective so finely assists the sense, as well as restores a contrast in the terms, that I have not the least doubt but the emendation ought to be embraced.

Lear, p. 361:

Who covers faults, at last with shame derides.

I cannot say, dear Sir, that this was ever obscure to me. I always took it, that *who*, the relative here, was to be referred to *Time* in the foregoing line, which is personalized by our Poet; and that the meaning was, that Time, who for a while sometimes conceals enormities, at last lays them open, and betrays the enactors to shame and contempt.

So we see, speaking of himself, in the Winter's Tale, p. 301:

I that please some, try all; both *joy* and *terror*
To *good* and *bad*; that MAKE and *unfold* error. —

The sense here is very obvious, and not bad; but, as a contrast in the terms seems plainly designed by the Poet, I would, by adding one letter, if you approve of the change, read,

——— that MASKE and *unfold* error;—

and then we have the very thought which occurs above in Lear.

Lear, p. 369:

To SAY little, ——

rectè, ut nihil suprà.

Ibid. p. 421:

That BRAVES your ordinance, ——

I had likewise marked thus in the margin of my book, but had some doubts remaining concerning the word *slaves*; because, to *beslave* a man, is used not only in the acceptation of *calling names*, but of *insulting*,

ing, and *using contemptuously*; which last significations will tally with our Poet's meaning; *i.e.* contemns, makes your ordinances *slaves* to his own appetites.

Lear, p. 434:

I 'le ABLE them.

Here again I had with you marked *bail* in my margin; but I was a little staggered as to the certainty of the conjecture, because I had found, I *able them*, in Beaumont and Fletcher, though I cannot at this instant refer to the passage; and that, possibly, it may mean, I 'll *justify*, *countenance* them.

Troilus, p. 273:

—— his valour is CRUSH'D into folly.

You propose, a CRUSH unto folly. The conjecture is truly ingenious; but, I am afraid, to be disputed: for why should his valour be a covering to his folly, if his folly at the same time had an air of discretion? I rather think, the Poet designed an antithesis in his description. That so many different qualities and humours were stuffed in Ajax, that no one single quality had room, or power, to act distinctly, without being tinctured and infected by some opposite quality. *Crush'd into*, at first view, seems an odd phrase; but, I think, hardly to be questioned, considering the preceding terms; *Nature hath so crowded humours* (and to preserve the metaphor more entire, you may remember, I proposed in the following words to read, *Folly* FARCED *with discretion*).

Shakespeare has again used the same kind of language in Cymbeline, p. 6:

I do extend him, Sir, within himself,
CRUSH him together.

Ibid. p. 345:

Not Neoptolemus' sire irascible.

As much as I am pleased with this emendation, give me leave to say, dear Sir, that there are several reasons for contesting it. In the first place, why should Hector here decypher Achilles by such an obscure

obscure periphrasis as calling him the sire of Neoptolemus, no where else mentioned by that name in this Play? for, where he mentions him before, p. 326, he calls him "young Pyrrhus." And to have given him both the appellations might, perhaps, have raised an ambiguity to an English audience; which he has scrupulously declined in another instance, calling Paris only Paris, and never Alexander. In the next place, as intimately acquainted as Shakespeare might be with the circumstances of this famous siege, it does not appear to me, either from this Play, or from the quotation in Hamlet, that he knew Pyrrhus, the son of Achilles, was likewise called Neoptolemus. On the contrary, I have strong reason to suspect he took them for distinct Princes; and now to tell you why. You must know, though Shakespeare borrowed his whole hint of Pandarus's character, and some circumstances relating to Cressid, from Chaucer's Translation of Lollius; yet for most of the particulars of the siege, he was neither indebted to that Poem, nor to Homer, but to an old book, translated from the French, and printed in black letter by Wynkin de Worde in 1503, treating of the Three Sieges and Destructions of Troy: for there, in the list and parade of the Heroes that engaged in this expedition, mention is made of King Neoptolemus, and his form and bulk are described; and he is made to mix in several battles before the death of Hector; is called a strong knight, encounters one King Archilogus, and Sarpedon; and is at last slain by Achilles. Shakespeare, therefore, I believe, was seduced by this authority; and being taken in, perhaps, with the sounding name of *Neoptolemus*, and finding him to make some figure as a warrior, he might be induced to enhance his character with some strokes, that, as you observe, are more peculiarly applicable to Achilles.

For farther proof of our Poet's trading with this Author, I will mention to you a few circumstances,

which he could pick up no where else, and which he has thought fit to transplant into his Play:

First, The corrupted names of the six gates of Troy, in the Prologue.

2dly, Hector's horse *Galathe*, p. 365.

3dly, The Sagittary appalling the Grecians. Ibid.

4thly, The bastard Margarelon, p. . . .

5thly, Cassandra's warning to Hector the day he was killed, p. 362.

6thly, Diomedes getting one of Cressid's gloves, p. 356. . . . . .

Lastly (not to be too prolix and circumstantial) this sentiment of Troilus, p. 361, that a man ought not to be merciful in war, but take the victory when he can get it.

You are very kind, dear Sir, in desiring to share the fruits of my reading Aristophanes; which you will give me leave to transmit to you when it least interferes with the business of Shakespeare: as, for the present, I must beg leave, without farther ceremony, to subscribe myself, dearest Sir,

Your most affectionate and obliged humble servant, LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER LXVII.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Wyan's Court, Sept. 26*, 1730.

I have received the great pleasure of yours, marked B; though I am to regret the notice given in your Postscript, that I am not to expect above two or three letters more, as the fruits of your *new view*. You will give me leave, as concisely as may be, to run over the contents of yours; and, first, as to those particulars which seem to me incontestable.

Your illustration of BID the BASE, from Milton, puts that phrase out of all dispute.

As

As You Like It, p. 315. I agree with you, that splitting the speech betwixt Rosalind and Clown gives it a particular cast of humour.

Ibid. p. 336. I have not Selden's Table Talk by me, to transcribe the story you mention; but will take care to get it in time.

Ibid. p. 339:

Because thou art not SHEEN, —

And p. 357:

—— exult, and RAIL at once, —

Both incomparable emendations.

Cymbeline, p. 35:

—— learn, being TORT, forbearance.

The reading, before, was certainly absurd; and this, though a quaint word, mends the reasoning.

Ibid. —— SELF-FINGERED knot.

There is nothing obscure to me in your argument to support this reading. I had amended it so with you long ago; and, unless my memory deceives me, I proposed it to you, with this passage from Troilus, p. 358, subjoined, for confirmation:

The bonds of heav'n are slipt, dissolv'd, and loos'd,
And with another knot FIVE-FINGER-tied, &c.

I am now to speak to those other conjectures, which are not yet so thoroughly convincing to me.

As You Like It, p. 373:

I will deal with thee in poison, &c.

Here, you say, you fancy the Author had a mind to touch upon Sir Thomas Overbury's affair. With submission, I am apt to think not. Sir Thomas, you may please to remember, was not poisoned till 1615. Shakespeare died in April 1616; and had quitted the stage, and retired to a country life some time before his decease; so that, if there is the hint which you imagine in these words, we must account for it from a subsequent interpolation of the Players, who did not publish this Comedy till the year 1623.

As

As You Like It, p. 381:

When earthly things, made even,
ATONE together.

You propose AFFINE; and think the other reading is nonsense. But I am afraid our Shakespeare did not think so; neither do I imagine that he had any view to that Scripture text, of there being joy in heaven upon a sinner's repentance: he seems to me to mean, that Heaven is pleased when parties on earth agree, and are reconciled; for in these senses he has elsewhere used the word ATONE.

Coriolanus, p. 258:

He and Aufidius can no more ATONE,
Than violentest contrariety.

For thus both the old folios read; though Mr. Pope has foolishly substituted, BE ONE.

And so again, Antony and Cleopatra, p. 27:

——— to forget them quite,
Were to remember, that the present need
Speaks to ATONE you.

i. e. to reconcile you, one to the other.

Cymbeline, p. 88:

Well, I will find him.
FOR, being now a favourer to the BRITON,
No more a Briton, *I've resum'd again*
The part I came in. ——

You say, read ROMAN. I am apt to think, if we consider circumstances strictly, there will be no occasion to disturb the text. The words which are in *italicks* are remarkable to confirm the present reading..... Posthumus, who thought his wife was dead, and was now resolved not to survive her, in his fit of despair, comments thus with himself:

Well, I will find Death; *for*, being now a favourer of the British party *in heart*, though *in garb* I am no longer a Briton, I have resumed the party and equipage I came in; and, as such, I shall be taken prisoner, and killed by the victors.

And

And immediately after, p. 89, we see he is taken prisoner as a Roman, and delivered over by the British King to a gaoler: so that Posthumus here had thrown off his peasant's disguise, and again resumed the appearance of an Italian.

Perhaps, we ought to read,

——————— I 've resum'd again
The PORT I came in.

i. e. the quality, and genteel mien. *Sed nihil assero.*

Now a word more to Troilus.

I can easily acquiesce to reading,

Not Neoptolemus' SIRE so mirable, &c.

But still, dear Sir, it cannot be without convicting our Poet of an enormous *prolepsis* and absurdity: for it is supposing that Hector should so far precisely foreknow the event of the war, as that Achilles should be slain; that applications should be made to Pyrrhus to succeed his dead father in the siege; and, more than this, that he should be called Neoptolemus on account of his commencing so *early a warrior*. There is no means of avoiding this charge of inconsistence, but by supposing Shakespeare was misled by Wynkin de Worde's Romance, to make Neoptolemus a distinct warrior. I know, the Tragic Poets of all ages have indulged themselves in such *prolepses*; but I remember, your Author, Velleius Paterculus, and for a very good reason, thinks it unpardonable in them:

> Nihil enim ex personâ Poetæ, sed omnia sub eorum, qui illo tempore vixerunt, dixerunt.
>
> Lib. i. cap. 3

Coriolanus, p. 221:

> And Censorinus, darling of the people,
> (And nobly nam'd so FOR being twice Censor)
> Was his great ancestor.

Neither of the old folios acknowledges the monosyllable FOR; and the insertion of it introduces a falsehood in fact, for Censorinus was not called so on account of his being twice Censor, but because he *then* procured

procured an acceptable law to pass, that nobody for the future should carry that office twice.

I would read,

And nobly NAMED so, twice being Censor; —

i. e. the second time that he bore that dignity.

Coriolanus, p. 264:

A pair of Tribunes that have RACK'D for Rome,
To make coals cheap. ——

This passage, I think, we never disturbed; though I am clear it is hardly right.

Should we not read,

—— RECK'D for Rome, ——

i. e. taken particular care for Rome?

At nunc tandèm manum de tabulâ.

I am, dearest Sir, your most affectionate and obliged humble servant, LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER LXVIII.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Dec. . . 1730.*

Though I have spared you so long by my late silence, I cannot omit tendering you the compliments of the season, with wishes of more happy new years than, I am sure, your own philosophic temper will suffer you to wish yourself.

But, though I talk of having spared you, I should, perhaps, however, have been troublesome; had I not, like Sir Francis Wronghead, been pretty much taken up in a solicitation, which I am now almost ashamed to mention: but, *vetus verbum hoc quidèm est, communia esse amicorum inter se omnia;* and so out the mystery must come.

You remember well, that Mr. Cotesworth was the gentleman who gave Mr. Eusden his Lincolnshire Rectory;

Rectory; and, as consequently, he was the person who had the earliest notice of Eusden's death *, the account no sooner reached us, but the women spurred me up to put in for the withered laurel. Accordingly, I with Lord Gage attended Sir Robert Walpole; was commanded by him to attend at Windsor; had his warmest recommendations to the Lord Chamberlain †; nay, procured those recommendations to be seconded even by his Royal Highness: and yet, after standing fair for the post at least three weeks, had the mortification to be supplanted by *Keyber* ‡. But, as the vacancy has been so supplied, I think, I may fairly conclude, with Mr. Addison's Cato,

The post of honour is a private station.

I have since waited on Sir Robert, to thank him for the trouble I gave him in that solicitation; and have the privilege to keep in his eye, with assurances of service. But, now I have frankly unburthened myself to you, as freely give me your friendly advice.

Shall I pursue this dream of expectation, and throw away a few hours in levée-haunting? Or will it be more wise to wake myself at once from a fruitless delusion, and look on promises but as Courtiers' oratory? You will do me the justice to believe, my first quest was not on the motive of vanity, but to assist my fortune. The same reason still remains, and I would fain sit down to my little studies with an easy competency. But I should be sorry to dance a vain dependence, and be rolling the stone of Sisyphus too long. I shall wholly determine myself on your decision; and till then suspend the subject.

Dear Shakespeare ought always to have a place in my correspondence with you; and I will now trouble you with two passages, that have all along escaped our notice, and perhaps our suspicion.

* The Rev. Mr. Eusden died at his Rectory of Coningsby, in Lincolnshire, Sept. 27, 1730.

† Charles duke of Grafton then enjoyed that office.

‡ Colley Cibber was the successful candidate.

Hamlet,

Hamlet, p. 262:

And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's STITHY.

i. e. his *anvil.* But is an anvil the very foulest thing in a smith's shop?

I suspect we should read,

As Vulcan's SMITHY.

i. e. the *forge*, that foul puddle in which the unpurged metal is dipped and quenched: which has more consonance to a troubled imagination, than the external soil and grime of an anvil.

Our Poet has a thought much of the same cast, you may remember, in Troilus, p. 329:

My mind is troubled like a *fountain stirr'd*,
And I myself *see not the bottom of it.*

And, if my suspicion be right, it will help to cure another passage in Troilus, which passage seems mainly to assist my correction, p. 348:

But by the *forge* that STITHIED Mars's helm,—

It is plain the forge does not help to *anvil* the metal, but only prepares it for the *smithery*, or artist's mechanism: and therefore here too I make no doubt we should read SMITHIED.

LETTER LXIX.

To MARTIN FOLKES, Esq.

SIR, *Wyan's Court, Nov.* 17, 1731.

The happiness I received in the late occasional interview with you would not yield me that opportunity which I wished, without breaking into company, of informing you, that I have now actually signed articles with Mr. Tonson: and am preparing with all expedition to put out as correct an Edition of Shakespeare as it is in my power; so that I soon hope to convince the Publick, as well as my Friends, that the insinuations of my Adversaries have been very

very unjustly leveled against me. And, now I have carried this material point, I beg leave to assure you, Sir, that no pains, or any thing within my ability, shall be wanting on my side, to answer either the ends of my own reputation, or the expectations of those who have done me the honour of their encouragement. But I beg pardon for expatiating now on this subject. You were pleased, Sir, to give me leave to hope, that I may beg some information from your Cabinet, in respect to certain of our old English Coins, in which I am but very poorly versed, as there are a few passages in Shakespeare which I would willingly clear up by an instruction of this sort. I will beg leave to trouble you with two or three instances from King John; which I think demand some explanation.

Act I. Scene 2. Because he hath a half face like my father,
With that half face would he have all my land?
A half-fac'd groat five hundred pounds a year!

Stow, in his Survey of London, p. 47, tells us, that King Henry the Seventh, in the year 1504, appointed a new Coin, *viz.* a groat and half-groat, which bear but half-faces.

Your extensive Collection, Sir, I doubt not, will set me in a much clearer light towards describing this Coin. I suppose our Poet alludes to it, notwithstanding the historical anachronism.

There is another passage in this Scene, Sir, much more obscure, and which will require some explication.

Bast. ——— My face so thin,
That in my ear I durst not stick a rose,
Lest men should say, look where three farthings goes.

Camden, in his 'Remains,' in the chapter of *Money*, tells us, that Queen Elizabeth first coined the pieces of three-pence, three-half-pence, and three-farthings, with this motto, ROSA SINE SPINA. This learned Antiquary, I am afraid, has not distinguished so accurately here as I could wish. I apprehend he means, that this Queen first coined these small pieces with such a motto; for I find by Holinshed, in his History of that Reign, p. 1194, that she, in her third year, *viz.* 1560, upon calling-in the base copper coins, only restored these little silver coins. And in his other volume, where he gives a description of England, p. 218, he tells us, that King Edward the First, in the 8th year of his reign, first coined the penny, and smallest pieces of silver roundwise, which before were square, and wont to bear a double cross with a crest, in such sort that the penny might easily be broken either into halves or quarters.

Now

Now I conceive, Sir, as Shakespeare so often puns upon crosses (*i. e.* afflictions), and the coin so called; it will not be unacceptable that I should give a short description of this money, and likewise of the three-farthings with the large rose. And I presume, from a passage in Beaumont and Fletcher, the three-farthings and the penny had a difference in the stamp.

Scornful Lady, p. 272, of Rowe's edition: 'He had a bastard, his own toward issue, whipt, and then cropt, for washing out the roses in three-farthings to make them pence.'

As these inquiries, Sir, are made for the publick, I flatter myself you will pardon the impertinence of a trouble I have no right to demand. I would not presume to wait on you about them, till I know when my visit may be least unseasonable.

As I have been hitherto upon King John, I beg leave to add, that I have made a discovery to explain this passage, Act I. Sc. 4: "Knight, knight, good mother; Basilisco like, why am I dubbed?" the humour and satire of which, if perchance you have not found out, I am persuaded it will entertain you; and I dare warrant it has not been understood these hundred years.

I remember, Sir, you gave me a fine emendation upon Midsummer Night's Dream; and, as it will be my ambition to be just to all my friends for their assistance, I hope I shall be indulged in the privilege of acknowledging my obligation.

Believe me proud, Sir, of any opportunity, with the truest respect, of confessing myself, your most obedient and obliged humble servant,

LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER LXX.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Wyan's Court, Nov.* 18, 1731.

I received safe by the waggon "*Shakespeare Restored*," with your MS packet inclosed, for which I am much indebted. As to the book, I all along intended

intended it to beg your acceptance; but, indeed, now it will be of less worth than ever, if God spare me life a few months to finish the Edition of our Poet's Works. I have likewise since received yours (marked II.) a reply to the contents of which shall engage a part of this (I beg to premise, by the bye, that the confession I made in my last of my own difficulties had not the least glance, or aim, of trespassing on your friendship.) I agree with you perfectly as to such conjectures that bear the face of probability, and yet upon which I must not venture to tamper with the text, that they should however be submitted to judgment in a note. I mean to follow the form of Bentley's Amsterdam Horace, in subjoining the notes to the place controverted. As to the *three printed criticisms* with which you obliged me and the publick, it is a very reasonable caution that what is gleaned from them should come out anonymous; for I should be loth to have a valued friend subjected, on my account, to the outrages of Pope, virulent though impotent. I am extremely obliged for the tender concern you have for my reputation in what I am *to prefix to my Edition*: and this part, as it will come last in play, I shall certainly be so kind to myself to communicate in due time to your perusal. The whole affair of *Prolegomena* I have determined to soften into *Preface*. I am so very cool as to my sentiments of my Adversary's usage, that I think the publick should not be too largely troubled with them. *Blockheadry* is the chief hinge of his satire upon me; and if my Edition do not wipe out that, I ought to be content to let the charge be fixed: if it do, the reputation gained will be a greater triumph than resentment.—But, dear Sir, will you, at your leisure hours, think over for me upon the contents, topics, orders, &c. of this branch of my labour? You have a comprehensive memory, and a happiness of digesting the matter joined to it, which my head is often too much embarassed

barrassed to perform; let that be the excuse for my inability. But how unreasonable is it to expect this labour, when it is the only part in which I shall not be able to be just to my friends: for, to confess assistance in a *Preface* will, I am afraid, make me appear too naked. Rymer's extravagant rancour against our Author, under the umbrage of criticism, may, I presume, find a place here.

What you mention of your own negligence in expression during this correspondence, literally written *currente calamo*; wherever casually there be any such, if you dare trust me with the re-modeling; be assured, in this office, your reputation shall be as sacred to me as my own.

And now, dear Sir, I think I have gone through the paragraphs in yours; and will fill the rest of my paper with loose inquiries as they occur, and with submitting a few occasional passages to you, which may have been in part already canvassed before.

Coriolanus, p. 221:

> Of the same house Publius and Quintus were
> That our best water brought by conduits hither.

I am a little at a loss for the date of these two descendants of Coriolanus. Julius Frontinus (in his Treatise de Aquæduct. Rom.) says, that anno 608 U. C. when Servius Sulpicius Galba and L. Aurelius Cotta were Consuls, *Marcus Titius*, then Prætor, was empowered to repair certain of the aqueducts, and for the better supply of the city, to introduce a new water, which from him was called the *Martian*. And I find at the bottom of the page that Marcus Titius, in some copies, is called *Q. Martius Rex*. Is this the *Quintus* mentioned by our Poet from Plutarch? If so, I find no mention of his colleague *Publius* in Frontinus: nor do I know by whose authority Plutarch may be seconded.

Macbeth, p. 248:

> ——————————— and 'tis spoken
> To the succeeding royalty he leaves
> The healing benediction.

I presume

I presume this, as well as the passage, p. 239, of *twofold balls, and treble sceptres*, was thrown in as a compliment to King James: Queen Elizabeth, I think, did not touch for the Evil. The Union, I know, was brought about early in his reign; but at what period he displayed this superstitious gift, I am to learn. It may go a little way toward settling the date of Macbeth's first appearance on the stage.

Antony, p. 88:

> Dido and her Æneas shall want troops.

You bid me read Sichæus, and refer me to the authority in print. I happened to be out of town when that particular Journal was published, and could never get it. If you have it by you, I should be mightily obliged for a transcript. In the mean time, permit me to start a question or two. I dare say, our Poet had his eye upon Virgil, with whom Dido sullenly flies from Æneas, and goes into the grove, and joins her Sichæus. But I am a little in doubt, whether Shakespeare here would not rather make Antony make mention of his ancestor Æneas, than of Sichæus, not so well known to his audience.

This doubt, at present, is a little strengthened by a passage in Fletcher's Two Noble Kinsmen, p. 3674, in the writing which Play Shakespeare assisted; and indeed his workmanship is very discoverable in a number of places.

> "For in the next world will DIDO see *Palamon*, and then will she be out of love with Æneas."

All's Well that Ends Well, p. 101:

> ——— Complain'd against the Queen of Virgins that would suffer her poor knight to be surpriz'd.

You think, there is a corruption in this term, and propose SPRIGHT; for that Diana being called the Queen of Virgins supposes her charge to be confined to the female sex, and that *knights* do not come under her protection. Your reasoning on this is very just; and yet, my dear Friend, I am very well persuaded the

the text must stand, but that Helena is designedly called Diana's *knight*.

Thus in Much Ado About Nothing, p. 135:

Pardon, goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin KNIGHT.

And Two Noble Kinsmen, p. 3680, where Emily addresses her prayer to Diana:

O sacred, shadowy, cold, and constant queen,
* * * * * * * *
* * * who to thy female KNIGHTS
Allow'st no more blood than will make a blush,
Which is their Order's robe.

Much Ado About Nothing, p. 114:

Chid I for that at frugal Nature's *frame*.

You very ingeniously suppose we ought to read here, *fraine*: but may not *frame* stand participially here, for *framing*, the ordering, disposing of Nature? I think, in the very next page, line the last, our Poet uses this word thus:

Whose spirits toil in *frame* of villainies.

i. e. in framing, concerting, inventing, &c.

Now a little for confirmation of a few conjectures:

Timon, p. 169:

Some beast *read* this: *here* doth not live a man.

You finely restore, *rear'd*. Will not this quotation come properly in support?

Cupid's Revenge, p. 3600:

——————— Comfort was never here,
Here is no food, nor beds, nor any house
BUILT by a better architet than BEASTS.

Much Ado About Nothing, p. 96:

If low, an *agat*, very vilely cut.

To your description of *aglet*, which you very happily substitute, I intend to subjoin these quotations:

Harrington's Ariosto, lib. v. st. 47:

The gown I ware was white, and richly set
With *aglets*, pearl, and lace of gold well garnish'd.

And, Two Noble Kinsmen, p. 3649:

I'm very cold, and all the stars are out too,
The little stars and all, that look like *aglets*.

Thus

Much Ado About Nothing, p. 70:

Let him be clapped on the shoulder, and call'd *Adam.*

In confirmation of Adam Bell the renowned Archer (of whom I gave you some tidings from honest John Day) Sir William Davenant, in his Poem called the Long Vacation, may very aptly be recited:

Do each with solemn oath agree
To meet in fields of *Finsbury:*
With loynes in canvas bowcase ty'd
Where arrows stick with mickle pride,
With hats pinn'd up, and bow in hand,
All day most fiercely there they stand,
Like ghosts of *Adam Bell* and Clymme,
Sol sets, for fear they'll shoot at him.

Antony and Cleopatra, Act III. Scene 10:

As is the morn dew on the myrtle leaf,
To HIS great sea.

I proposed THIS; *i. e.* the sea that might skirt one side of Cæsar's camp: but *his great sea* I now believe to be the true reading; *i. e.* that great *flood* and *confluence* of allies and dependants that followed Antony.

The same image and expression is used in the Two Noble Kinsmen, p. 3649:

——————— Though I know,
His *ocean* needs not my poor *drops,* yet they
Must yield their tribute here.

King John, p. 9:

——————— Lest men should say,
" Look where three farthings goes."

By some pains with the Antiquaries in *Coins* *, I can now fully clear up this obscurity. Queen Elizabeth at one time coined shillings, sixpences, groats, three-pences, two-pences, three-half-pences, pence, three-farthings, and half-pence; all which pieces bore her head, and were *alternately* stamped, with the rose behind, and without the rose. The shillings, groats, two-pennys, pence, and half-pence,

* See the Letter to Mr. Folkes, p. 618.

wanted it; the others had it. Now, as the lesser pieces were hardly to be distinguished from that immediately preceding it in value but by this mark; it will explain both our passage, and that which I quoted to you from Beaumont and Fletcher, shewing that it was doubtless a common practice to deface the rose of the three-farthings to make it pass for a penny.

You will forgive me, my dear friend, that I cannot always answer with that expedition and zeal which I have of confessing myself, your ever obliged and affectionate humble servant, LEW. THEOBALD.

LETTER LXXI.

To the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

DEAR SIR, *Wyan's Court*, 1731.

If this reaches you without a burglary committed upon the seal, you will much wonder to find a doit inclosed, till I tell you that it is done by way of trial; for, though I have received yours (No. VII. of the 22d instant), yet, by some rascality of the post, it came to me with the whole seal cut off, and the half-guinea inclosed consequently taken away. Whether you had spread your wafer too wide, or overcharged your seal with wax, to give these sagacious mongrels a suspicion of prey, I do not know. All I can say upon the matter is, that there are no stars for the unfortunate. I own, though I should not hope a retaliation from the rogues, it would please me to trace and expose the fraud.

I intend very soon to trouble you with a prosecution of the *Preface*. To guess yet at the likely time of publication, is impossible; till our Printers give us experience what dispatch they can make on their part.

It is a very great pleasure to me that the soliloquies in my last meet your approbation *. Your cen-

* This refers to a Letter not preserved. The lines in p. 604 are from his "Orestes," which was performed in 1730.

sure

sure on the similitude of the Sabine Rape is certainly very just; and I am much obliged to you for the observation. The image was much too foreign; and I have therefore given it this turn, to make it more conformable to the circumstance of the action:

The screams of women, ever and anon,
Ring through my ears; shrill as the cries they send,
When the stern murth'rer takes 'em unprepar'd.—

I shall submit this piece to its trial towards the close of next season, if no unforeseen accident prevent its appearance *. But now to the explanation and correction contained in your last.

Love's Labour Lost, Act IV. Sc. 3, p. 271:

For when would you, my liege, &c.

You call these obscure lines, and imagine they contain an allusion I cannot possibly discover in them. On the strength of this supposition, you have given me a very ingenious note; which I wish could properly find a place, for the reason on which you desire it. But, indeed, I cannot think the lines are in any degree obscure; and I can but wonder as yet how my dear Friend is become so metaphysical to fancy *fiery numbers* have any relation to the *stars*. I am either more dull than usual; or I am persuaded, upon looking back to the passage, you will expound it thus with me. Biron had found out that the King, and two other of the votaries, were dipped in a love affair; and had overheard them repeating sonnets in praise of their mistresses. Biron is at last discovered to be under the same dilemma; and then the King and his partner urge him to prove their love lawful, notwithstanding their vow. Biron undertakes the cause, and founds his arguments on the consequences and advantages derived from a conversation with the fair sex, beyond those accruing from recluse study and learning. Among others, says he, "When would leaden contemplation, and dry study, have furnished out

* After "Orestes," no other Tragedy of Mr. Theobald was performed till the appearance of "The Fatal Secret" in 1735.

such *fiery numbers (i. e.* such verses of fire and spirit) as the sight of your fair mistress's eyes have inspired you with?"

This, dear Sir, at present, I take to be the whole meaning of our Poet, and the whole obscurity of the passage vanishes at once.

And now, Sir, a word to your emendation upon another passage in the same Play, Act V. Sc. 2:

P. 278. A huge Translation of *Hypocrisie*,
Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity.

You propose *Apocrypha*. But, I imagine, you did not observe that for four couplets backward, and thence to the close of the Scene by the entrance of Boyet, all the lines are strictly in rhyme, which your emendation would interrupt. A Translation of *Hypocrisy*, I agree with you, is a very poor phrase, and nearly approaching, at least, upon nonsense. This, however, I take to be the sense of the passage: "Dumaine," says Katherine, "has sent me some thousands of verses as from a faithful lover;" that is, he has translated a huge quantity of hypocrisy into verse; but the verse so vilely composed, that it is at best but profound simplicity."

To confirm your emendation on Antony, p. 5, a strumpet's stool, you propose adding this authority from Troilus, Act II. Sc. 1, "Thou stool for a witch."

I think I have met with a much stronger from Macbeth, p. 230:

——————— but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our *stools*.

Inclosed I submit to your consideration some Queries and Conjectures on Cymbeline, not contained in yours *.

* Mr. Pope's Second Edition, 1728.
P. 11. —— reek as a sacrifice —
P. 12. —— as offer'd mercy is —
I have no perfect idea what these passages mean.
P. 13. Make me with *his* eye or *ear*.
How could Posthumus with his ear make himself distinguished by Pisanio? Should it not be, with *my* eye or ear?

P. 21.

I cannot conclude without begging my respects and thanks to Mr. Taylor *; and wishing you both a number of happy new years.

P. 21. To any shape of thy preferment, such
As thou 'll *desire*——
Should not this be, *deserve?* Note, *desert* and *merit* in the context of this very sentence.

P. 22. But most miserable
Is the desire that 's glorious.
Here I am as blind as a mole. I cannot tell how it connects with the rest.

P. 23. None a stranger there.—
You have slipped the ridiculousness of this full stop.
Read, ——— none a stranger there
So merry, &c.
i. e. of all the travellers upon the spot the merriest.

P. 29. And you crow cock with your comb on.
What is the conceit here; with your cock's comb? Or does he mean, you are a mere dunghill; your comb is not cut, and trimmed for the fight, as I think game-cocks are served.

P. 33. —— *unpav'd* Eunuch.
Does he mean, unstoned *(sine testiculis)*, from the metaphor of paving with stones?

P. 35. l. ult. —— in self-figur'd knot.
This may be right; but should not you like better, "self-finger'd knot."
So Troilus, p. 358:
And with another knot five-finger-tied.

P. 42. —— a-churning on.
This is *ex Cathedrâ Popiandi*. Do you like it? The old Editions have it, "a German one." And this, in my opinion, makes a climax. Are any boars better fed, or more likely to be rank, than those of Westphalia?

P. 44. With *oaks* unscaleable.
Certainly this should be *rocks*. I think the whole speech warrants it.—Poor ignorant baubles!—Pray, have you observed, our Poet frequently uses *ignorant* in the sense of *weak, impotent?*

P. 45. Behoves me keep at *variance*.
What does Mr. Pope mean here? Mr. Rowe reads, with the old copies, "at *utterance*;" *i. e.* at the utmost extremities.
So, in Macbeth, p. 222:
Come Fate into the list,
And champion me to th' *utterance*.

P. 53. Some jay of Italy
(Whose *mother* was her painting) &c.

* Afterwards Dr. Robert Taylor; of whom see before, p. 46.

Sure

I am, my dearest Friend, your truly affectionate and obliged humble servant, LEW. THEOBALD.

Sure I am dull beyond the knowledge of myself; or how could this escape you? Or, do you understand it? — Mr. Rowe's Edition (I hope not by chance) reads, as I think right,

Whose *Wother* was her painting.

Wother, in Saxon, signifies *beauty, merit, ornament.* —So Imogen means, I conceive, that all the harlot's beauty was her being painted, as all the jay's consists in the gaiety of its feathers.

P. 54. Dis-edg'd by her.

Is this a term in Hawking? Does it signify, have the edge of thy stomach taken off?

P. 64. ——— 'mongst friends?

If brothers, would it had been so, —

The pointing here, I think, is entirely mistaken. I read it,

——— 'mongst friends,

If brothers; ——

This is warranted from what she says, p. 107:

You call'd me *brother* when I was but your sister:

I, you *brothers*, when ye were so indeed.

Ibid. Then had my *prize* been less.

Should not this be *price*, or rather *poize*, as better answering to ballasting, or balancing?

P. 66. It strikes me past the *hope* of comfort.

Does not the sense require, *holpe*, or *help*?

P. 68. I dare speak it to myself, for it is vain-glory, &c.

Is it so? I do not think that was Cloten's opinion.

I would restore,

——— for it is *not* vain-glory, &c.

Ibid. Imperseverant thing.

Is the *im* here, as the grammarians call it, epitattic; otherwise, I think, it does not answer the Poet's meaning.

P. 74. Though his *honour* was nothing but mutation.

I do not understand this, according to the present reading. Should it not be, "Though his *humour*, &c."

P. 81. Who was he that, otherwise than noble Nature *did*,

Hath alter'd that good picture?

I can understand this; yet *did*, in my opinion, is little more than a dragging expletive. Ought it not to be,

—— noble Nature *bid*, &c.

the laws of Nature being against murder.

P. 87. But to look back in *front*.

This odd reading is from our modern Editors. I know indeed Shakespeare somewhere talks of dragging headlong by the heels, which must be owned as preposterous. But the old copies read here, as it is certain it ought to be restored,

But to look back in *frown*;

i. e. if you do but frown, and threaten to make opposition.

LETTER

LETTER LXXII.

To Mr. JOHN WATTS*, Printer.

SIR, *Dec.* 16, 1732.

Understanding that Mr. Theobald is going to publish an Edition of Shakespeare, I send you herewith a few remarks which I made in reading that Author in *Mr. Pope's small Edition*†. As I am very well satisfied with Mr. Theobald's capacity for the

* Who was then employed on Mr. Theobald's Shakespeare, and of whom see the "Literary Anecdotes, vol. I. pp. 62, 292.

† SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS; Mr. Pope's Second Edition, 1728.

Vol. I.—Tempest, p. 57:

Prosp. ——————————— shall dissolve
And like this unsubstantial pageant faded
Leave not a *rack* behind. ——

Probably *track* or *trace.*

Midsummer Night's Dream, p. 79:

Lys. —— either it was different in blood —
Hermia. O cross! too high, to be enthrall'd to *love.*
Lys. Or else misgraffed in respect of years —
Hermia. O spight! too old to be engaged to young.

From the like opposition in the following lines, I should conjecture that it should be read,

—— too high to be enthrall'd to *low.*

Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act I. Scene 1, p. 142:

What is there degraded (as Mr. Pope calls it) to the bottom of the page, though bad enough, cannot, I think, be left out without making the following lines nonsense.

Merry Wives of Windsor, Act I. Scene 1, p. 216:

Falst. What say you, *Scarlet* and *John?*

These epithets seem to be used in allusion to Robin Hood's two companions *Will Scarlet* and *Little John.* See 2 Henry IV.

Act V. Scene 5, p. 231:

O *that* my husband ———

Read, O *if* my husband ———

Vol. II.—Comedy of Errors, Act II. Scene 2, p. 15:

Adr. Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
Unkindness *blots* it more than marble hard.

Read *blunts.*

Love's

province he has undertaken, perhaps there may be none of these observations new to him, which have any justice in them; though I have put none in that I remember to have seen of his. Some

Love's Labour Lost.

P. 269. *Biron.* No face is fair that is not full as black.
King. O paradox, black is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the *school* of night.
Read, *soul.*

P. 274. *Hol.* Quis thou consonant?
N. The *last* of the five vowels, if you repeat them, or the fifth if I.
Read, *third.* I wonder what difference Mr. Pope can find between the last and the fifth of the five vowels, whoever repeats them.

VOLUME II.

P. 20. l. penult. Keep them fair league and truce with thine own bed,
I live *distain'd,* thou undishonour'd.
Read, *unstain'd.*

Much Ado About Nothing.

P. 69. *Ben.* I *cannot* be secret as a dumb man.] Read, *can.*

P. 104. ——— in the *reechy* hangings.
Mr. Pope renders *rechy, valuable*; but Mr. Theobald has shewn, from several quotations, that it must signify *sweaty.* I shall only add, in confirmation of this, that it comes from the Saxon word *recan,* to *steam,* or *exhale.*

As You Like It, Sc. 10.

P. 322. ——— Rosalind then lacks the love
Which teacheth *thee* that thou and I am one.
Read, Which teacheth *me,* &c.

P. 329. Sc. 4. *Ross.* O Jupiter, how *merry* are my spirits?
The answer plainly shews that the true reading is *weary.*

P. 331. Besides his *coat,* his flocks and bounds of feed,
Are now on sale, ———
Cotte is *cotage.*

P. 357. l. ult. ——— What though you *have no* beauty.
Read, ——— What though you *have* beauty.

Taming of the Shrew.

P. 12. As Stephen Sly and old John Naps of *Greece.*
Sly says he is the son of old Sly of Burton Heath, and talks of the fat ale-wife of Wincot; with what propriety then can he have any acquaintance in *Greece?* Would not any one believe that Shakespeare wrote it,
Old John Naps *o' th' Green.*

All's

of them, I own, are mere conjectures, which may perhaps be false, for I have neither leisure nor opportunity to collate the different Editions; however, such as they are, they are at Mr. Theobald's service. I am, Sir, your humble servant, L. H.

All's Well that Ends Well.

P. 94. *Helena.* The Court 's a learning place, and he is one.
Parolles. What one i' faith.
Hell. That I wish well — 't is pity —
Hell. That wishing well had not a body in it.
Here are manifestly wanting some words of Parolles, as *what?* or, *what's pity?*

P. 170. *King.* Sir, for my thoughts you have them ill to friend
Till your deeds gain them fairer: prove your honour
Than in my thought it lies.
The pointing should be thus:
Till your deeds gain them: fairer prove your honour
Than in my thought it lies.

Twelfth Night.

P. 200. *Sir Andr.* The fool has an excellent *breast.*]
Read, *breath.*

P. 203. If I do not gull him into a *nayword* and make him a common recreation.] — Perhaps, *bye-word.*

Winter's Tale.

P. 300. *Shepherd.* What 's in 't.
Clown. You are *a mad old man,* if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you are well to live. Gold, all gold.
There seems to be no reason for calling the Shepherd a mad old man in this place; perhaps it should be are *made* old man; that is, you are provided for.

King Lear.

P. 392. O how this mother swells up tow'rd my heart,
Hysterico Passio, down *thy* climbing sorrow,
Thy elements below.
Read, *thou* climbing sorrow, &c.

P. 434. *Lear.* ——— plate *sins* with gold,
And the strong lance of Justice hurtless breaks
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw will pierce it.
Read, ——— plate *sin,* &c.

P. 445. ——— And we 'll wear out
In a wall'd prison packs and *sects* of great ones.
Sects seems to convey a different idea, not so proper in this place.

LETTER LXXIII.

To Mr. Lewis Theobald.

My dear Friend, *May* 17, 1734.

I received the favour of yours of the 9th instant. I rejoice heartily in your good fortunes, and am glad to find the Town in a disposition to do you justice *. As for the mention of *Bellerus Old — the vision of the guarded mount—the hold of Namancos and Boyona*, in the Poem of *Lycidas*; you are to observe, the Author bewails a friend drowned in the *Irish* seas; and in the passage in question a famous story in the Fabulous History of Ireland is alluded to. You will find the particular Fable in Sir James Ware's "Antiquities and History of Ireland;" and in another in folio likewise, published since, of the Fabulous History of Ireland. It seems Philips is about giving an Edition of these Poems.

I have transcribed *about fifty emendations and remarks*, which I have at several times sent you, omitted in the Edition of Shakespeare; which, I am sure, are better than any of mine published there. These I shall convey to you soon, and desire you to publish them (as omitted by being mislaid) in your Edition of the "Poems," which I hope you will soon make ready for the press †. Four subscriptions due to you, of the last payments, are yet unpaid for. The gentlemen who owe them I am going to visit, when I shall receive the money. I will send it.

I desire you to let me know when you are ready for the above-mentioned, and I shall take care to transmit them to you.

You did not give me your opinion of *Jortin's* ‡ performance, nor what he meant by it. I am, dearest Sir, yours most affectionately, W. Warburton.

* This series of Letters, it is to be recollected, was subsequent to the publication of Theobald's Shakespeare.

† Did Theobald ever publish Shakespeare's Poems?

‡ Mr. Jortin published in 1734, without his name, an octavo volume of "Remarks on Spenser;" and at the end of it gave also some "Remarks on Milton."

LETTER

LETTER LXXIV.

To Mr. Lewis Theobald.

Dear Sir, *June* 2, 1734.

I have sent you up by this week's return of Newball's waggon, which sets up at the Castle Inn in Wood-street, the *fifty emendations* *.

* Of these *Fifty Emendations* the first leaf of the MS. is lost. What remains begins thus:

Volume I.

The Tempest.

P. 19. Act I. Ariel's Song. Full fathom five thy father lives, &c. Gildon, who has pretended to criticise our Author, would give this up as an insufferable and senseless piece of trifling. And I believe this is the general opinion concerning it. But a very unjust one. Let us consider the business Ariel is here upon, and his manner of executing it. The commission Prospero had entrusted to him, in a whisper, was plainly this; to conduct Ferdinand to the sight of Miranda, and to dispose him to the quick sentiments of love, while he, on the other hand, prepared his daughter for the same impressions. Ariel sets about his business by acquainting Ferdinand, in an extraordinary manner with the afflictive news of his father's death. A very odd apparatus, as would seem, for a love fit; and yet, as odd as this appears, I am persuaded never any dramatic poet shewed more conduct in carrying on his plot than Shakespeare has here done.

Prospero had told us, p. 12:

> I find my zenith doth depend upon
> A most auspicious star, whose influence
> If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
> Will ever after droop ———————

In consequence of this his prescience, he takes advantage of every favourable circumstance that the occasion offers. One of the principal is the marriage of his daughter with young Ferdinand. But to secure this point it was necessary they should be contracted, before the affair came to the knowledge of Alonzo the father. For Prospero did not know how this storm and shipwreck, caused by him, would work upon Alonzo's temper. It might either soften him, or increase his aversion for Prospero, as the cause. On the other hand, to bring Ferdinand to, without the consent and allowance of his father, was difficult; for not to speak of his quality, where such engagements are never made without the sovereign's consent, Ferdinand is represented of a most pious temper and disposition, which would prevent his engaging without the sanction of that authority. The Poet therefore

If you have any of mine, in my Letters, worth

therefore with the utmost address has made Ariel persuade him of his father's death, to remove this remora, which might otherwise either have stopped, retarded beyond the time of action, or quite spoiled the whole plot. This artful conduct cannot be too much admired.

P. 20. Act I. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance
And say what thou seest yond'.

The daughters of Prospero, as drawn by Dryden, seem rather such as have had their education in a court, or play-house, than under the severe precepts of a moral philosopher in a desert. But the Miranda of Shakespeare is truly what the Poet intended her; and his art in preserving the unity of his character is wonderful. We must remember what was said in the foregoing note of Prospero's intention that his daughter should fall in love at sight. And, notwithstanding what the pretty fellows may think on this occasion, it was no such easy matter to bring this naturally about. Those who are acquainted with the nature of man know of what force institution and education are to curb, and even obliterate, the strongest impressions of Nature. She had been bred up under the severe discipline of stoical precept; and misfortunes generally change the morality of virtuous men into stoicism. Such a one was Prospero; and we learn from him, his daughter fully answered the care he bestowed upon her; so that there would be some difficulty for Nature to regain her empire so suddenly as the plot required. Therefore the Poet, with infinite address, causes her to be softened by the tender story her father told her of his misfortunes; for pity precedes and facilitates the entrance of love into the mind. But this was not enough:—she is therefore, to make the way the easier, supposed to be under the influence of her father's charm, which was to dissolve as it were the rigid chains of virtue and obedience. This is insinuated to the audience where Prospero bids her, before he begins his story,

——————————— Lend thy hand
And pluck this magic garment from me.

The touch communicated the charm, and its efficacy was to lay her to sleep. This is the reason that Prospero so often questions her, as he goes on in his story, whether she was attentive, being apprehensive the charm might operate too quick, before he had ended his relation; without this key, the frequent repetition will appear, in the highest degree, absurd, cold, jejune. This is the reason likewise that in conclusion he says,

Thou art inclined to sleep. 'Tis a good dullness,
And give it way, I know thou canst not chuse.

But this is not the only place in which he has given proof of his great art in keeping up this lady's character to truth and nature. For again, at the meeting of the lovers, p. 20:

Ferd.

adding, you may easily insert them.

Ferd. My prime request is, O you wonder!
If you be made or no?
Miran. No wonder, Sir,
But certainly a maid.

Nothing could be more prettily imagined, to illustrate the singularity of this character, than her pleasant mistake. She had been bred up in the rough and plain-dealing documents of moral philosophy, which teaches the knowledge of one's self; and was an utter stranger to all that flattery, invented by vicious and designing men to pervert the sex; so that it could never enter into her imagination, that complaisance, and a desire of appearing amiable, qualities of humanity she had been instructed, in her moral lessons, to cultivate, should ever degenerate into such excess, as that any one should be willing to have fellow-creature believe that he thought her a goddess or an immortal. And again, where she interferes in the quarrel between her lover and her father, p. 22:

Mirand. ——————————— O dear father
Make not too rash a trial of him; for
He 's gentle, and not fearful.

This seems to be a very odd way of expressing her lover's good qualities. It is certain, the beauty of it is not seen at first view. Miranda, till now, had seen no mortal (her father excepted) but Caliban. She had frequently beheld him under that kind of discipline, which her father here threatens to inflict upon her lover,

I 'll manacle thy neck and feet together;
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled.

The perversity of Caliban's nature, and the cowardliness of it, made punishment necessary, and easy to be inflicted. Finding Ferdinand therefore threatened with the like treatment, out of tenderness both to her father and lover, she cries out, "He 's gentle," not like the savage Caliban, and so deserves not punishment. This she gathered from his preceding conversation with her: "And not fearful," like that coward, and so is not to be easily managed. This she collected from his drawing his sword, and standing in a posture of defence.

P. 64. Act V. ——— call'd forth the mutinous winds, &c.

This description of the power and feats of Magicians appears to have been taken from Medea's speech in Ovid's Metamorph. vii. 261:

Stantia concutio cantu freta; nubila pello;
Nubilaque induco: ventos abigoque vocoque:
Vipereas rumpo verbis & carmine fauces:
Vivaque saxa, sua convulsaque robora terra,
Et silvas moveo: jubeoque tremiscere montes:
Et mugire solum, manesque exire sepulcris.

And

By one of the *Grubs*, which I accidentally saw, I

And the third line containing an atchievement] little in use amongst modern Enchanters, he has with good judgment omitted it in his imitation. The *strange groundless prepossession*, that has obtained amongst the generality, of Shakespeare's ignorance of the learned languages, has made it necessary to mark some of those which are evidently translated from them *.

P. 74. Act V.

Steph. O touch me not, I am not Stephano but a cramp.

I had, all along, as I read this Play, entertained a suspicion that Shakespeare took it from some Italian Author. So religious a regard to the Unities is observed throughout, where the action never stands still, or languishes, and the point to which the Author tends never out of view: Semper ad eventum festinat. For the Italian Comic Writers of the Sixteenth Century were in imitation of the Ancients, exact observers of the Unities, and in all respects regular. It is certain this is the only instance he has given us of this kind of exactness. Not to add that the persons of the Drama are all Italians. But when I came to this passage I was perfectly confirmed in my conjecture. It is certain, both from the character and expression, a joke is here intended. But as it stands it is hard to find either the sense or wit of the passage. Why was he not to be touched? because he had the cramp. But to rub or touch the part in this distemper, is not painful, but the cure. Or where is the humour in saying he was changed from a name to a distemper. I suspect there was a quibble in the original that would not endure to be translated, which ran thus:

I am not Stephano, but Staffilato.

Staffilato, in Italian, signifying a man well lashed, or flayed. And this was the real case of these varlets.

Tooth'd briars, sharp furzes, pricking goss and thorns,
Which entered their frail skins.

And the touching a raw part being most painful, he might cry out, "touch me not."

What particular Play our Author took this from, I am not so well read in Italian Comedies as to discover. Only I find, in the Catalogue, Riccoboni has given us, in his "Histoire du Theatre Italien, two Plays; from one of which it might have been borrowed. "Il Negromante, di l'Ariosto, 'prosa e verso;" and "Il Negromante Palliato di Gio Angelo Petrucci, prosa." The title would incline one to believe it might be the latter; and the mixture of prose and verse the former.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

P. 92. Act II. Sc. 2. Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain.

There are not many passages in Shakespeare of which I am certain he has transcribed from the Antients. But this is one of

* Dr. Farmer remarks, that Shakespeare has, in this passage, closely followed Golding's Translation of Ovid, which is by no means literal. ED.

the

perceive there will be a Letter of yours in one of the

the few which will admit of no dispute. This admirable description of the miseries of the country is plainly borrowed from Ovid's consequent to the grief of Ceres, for the loss of her Daughter; or rather a paraphrase. The original is in these words:

Nec scit adhuc ubi sit: terras tamen increpat omnes:
Ingratasque vocat, nec frugum munere dignas.
Trinacriam ante alias, in qua vestigia damni
Repperit. Ergo illic sæva vertentia glebas
Fregit aratra manu: parilique irata colonos,
Ruricolasque boves leto dedit: arvaque jussit
Fallere depositum; vitiataque semina fecit.
Fertilitas terræ latum vulgata per orbem
Cassa jacet: primis segetes moriuntur in herbis.
Et modo sol nimius, nimius modo corripit imber:
Sideraque, ventique nocent; avidæque volucres
Semina jacta legunt: lolium, tribulique fatigant
Triticeas messes, et inexpugnabile gramen.
Met. lib. v. fab. 8.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

P. 849. Act III. ——— Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more.

Evidently translated from this of Tully:

"Habes somnum, imaginem mortis, eamque quotidie induis, & dubitas quin sensus in morte nullus sit, cùm in ejus simulacro videas esse nullum sensum."

Again,

Thou hast nor youth, nor age, &c.

So Tully:

"Quæ vero ætas longa est? aut quid omnino homini longum? nonne modo pueros, modo adolescentes, in cursu a tergo insequens, nec opinantes assecuta est senectus."

VOLUME II.

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

P. 127. Act. IV. Sc. 2. *Enter* Holofernes *and* Nathaniel.]

There are not many passages in Shakespeare where personal satire is employed. Either the simplicity and virtue of those times, or the candour and humanity of our Author, has so affected, that his satire is for the most part general; and, as he makes Jaques with infinite humour say,

——— he, taxing, like a wild goose, flies
Unclaim'd of any man.

Not but there might be another cause of more constant influence than either of these. Particular personal satire is not only the delight of a corrupted heart, but, generally speaking, the province of a little narrow genius, who, knowing no more of man's

following (I suppose in answer to the last about the

man's nature than from a few patterns chance has set before him, must needs, while he affects the name of a satirist, become a libeller. While the true genius, who knows human nature as it is in the species, as well as it appears in particular individuals, by his art and power of abstraction, makes his satire useful, as it becomes universal. But even this, which is the only justifiable kind of satire, the great Shakespeare regarded but as the dirty work of the common executioner. To prove this, I shall make an observation on his writings, which, being supported by fact, will do him more true honour than all the encomiums wrote upon his genius; and it is this: that all Shakespeare's satire is put into the mouths of fools and knaves. While in Dramatic Writings you see the hero or fine gentleman the professed satirist of the piece, in Shakespeare the drudgery is always discharged by the villain or the madman, the sharper or the clown. For all this, his satire is ever right and sure. You never see him mistake his object. Religion is never abused under the name of superstition; sobriety called dullness; or love of one's country faction or ambition. Though, as I say, his satire is for the most part general, yet the place before us is an exception to this rule. By Holofernes, a pedant and schoolmaster, is designed a particular character of our Author's time, and I think I have discovered who he is: One John Florio, a teacher of the Italian tongue in London, who has given us a small Dictionary of that language under the title of "A World of Words." That he was a proper object of satire appears from his excessive vanity and passion. In his Epistle Dedicatory he says, his lesser volume "is of little less value than Stephens his Treasure of the Greek Tongue," the most complete Dictionary that ever was compiled. And in his Preface, complimenting those who had criticized his Works, he calls them, "Those sea-dogs, or land-criticks, monsters of men, if not beasts, rather than men; whose teeth are canibals, their tongues adders' forks, their lips aspes' poison, their eyes basilisks, their breath the breath of a grave, their words like swords of Turks that strive which shall dive deepest into a Christian lying bound before them." Nathaniel then had good reason to desire Holophernes to abrogate scurrility. Florio's profession, and the use of much Italian in his English, is the reason that Holophernes deals so much in Italian sentences.

We find, in Mr. Pope's Catalogue, an edition of Love's Labour Lost, printed 1598; and said to be presented before her Highness this last Christmas, 1597. The next year, 1598, comes out John Florio, with his "World of Words," *recentibus odiis*; and, in the above quoted Preface, falls upon Shakespeare for his usage of him, in his Play, in these words: "There is another sort of leering curs, that rather snarl than bite, whereof I could instance in one, who, lighting of a good Sonnet of a Gentleman's

Votive Table). I wish I could see it. I should be

tleman's, a friend of mine, that loved better to be a Poet than to be counted so, called the Author a rhymer, notwithstanding he had more skill in good Poetry than my sly gentleman seemed to have in good manners or humanity." Then he turns his discourse to another of his enemies, called H. S. and having done with him, resumes his sly gentleman again, in these words: "Let Aristophanes and his Comedians make Plaies, and scoure their mouths on Socrates; those very mouths they make to vilifie, shall be the means to amplifie his virtue."

Here Shakespeare is marked out so as not to be mistaken. As to the *sonnet* of the gentleman his friend, we may be assured it was his own, and, doubtless, parodied by Shakespeare in the sonnet he gives to Holofernes,

The praiseful Princess pierc'd and prickt, &c.

who introduces it in these words: "I will somewhat affect the letter, for it argues facility." And how much he thought this affectation argued facility, or quickness of wit, we see in this preface where he falls upon his enemy H.S. "His name is H.S. Do not take it for the Romane H.S. for he is not of so much worth, unless it be as H. S. is twice as much and an half as half an AS;" with a great deal more to the same purpose; and concludes his preface with—"Resolute John Florio." From the ferocity of this man's temper it was that Shakespeare humourously calls him Holophernes.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

P. 221. Act II. Sc. 2.

Blow, blow thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude:
Thy tooth is not so keen
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

This is a song designed to suit the exiled Duke's condition, who had been ruined by ungrateful flatterers. The winter wind, though its tooth be keen, is to be preferred to man's ingratitude; but why? because it is not seen; but sure this is an aggravation of an injury done, that it was done in secret, unseen. Besides, in what does the winter and man's ingratitude here differ, that the preference should be given to that? Doubtless Shakespeare wrote the fifth line thus:

Because thou art not sheen,

i. e. smiling, shining, like ungrateful man, who flatters while he wounds; and this is a very good reason for giving the preference to the winter wind.—For Shakespeare's use of the word see the Midsummer Night's Dream, Act III. Sc. 1.

——————— spangled star-light sheen,

and several other places.

glad to hear what literary news is stirring.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

P. 363. Act. I. Sc. 1. He that hangs himself is a virgin: virginity murders itself.

But why is he that hangs himself a virgin; surely, not for the reason that follows, because virginity murders itself. For though every virgin be a suicide, yet every suicide is not a virgin. A word is certainly dropped that introduced a comparison in this place, which should be read thus,

As he that hangs himself, so is a virgin;

and then it follows naturally,

Virginity murders itself.

P. 365. Act I. Sc. 1. ——————— of a good *wing*.

The integrity of the metaphor requires a good *ming*, *i. e.* mixture. The *m* turned upside down occasioned the blunder.

P. 375. Act I. Sc. 3. I *care* no more for.

I *can* no more *fear* than I do *fear* heav'n.

P. 448. Act IV. Sc. 5. But his phisnomy is more *hotter* in France.

More *honoured*—an humourous joke upon the French nation, as esteeming a dark complexion.

TWELFTH NIGHT, Act II. Sc. 5.

P. 492. Lady of the Strachy.

Satrape, *i. e.* governor. Probably, this Play is taken from an Italian play, or novel.

VOLUME III.

COMEDY OF ERRORS, Act IV.

P. 41. Morris pike.]—Maurice pike.

KING JOHN, Act IV.

P. 228. —— motion of a murd'rous thought.]—Murd'rer's.

2 HENRY IV.

P. 449. Act I. The lightness of his wife shines.

Evidently taken from Plautus Amphyt. Act I. Sc. 1.

Quò ambulas tu, qui volcanum, &c.

P. 513. Act IV. As flaws congealed.]—Flows, *i. e.* water flows.

P. 531. Act. V. A dish of carraways.

This fashion of eating confections is explained by De Vigneul Marville's Melanges d'Histoire et de Litterature.

VOLUME V.

HENRY VIII. Act III. Sc. 2.

P. 67. —— nips his root.

Shoot, *i. e.* that tender *shoot* on which are the young leaves and blossoms.

KING LEAR, Act II. Sc. 3.

P. 143. Inforce *their* charity.

Reer, *i. e.* slow, backward, unwilling, grudging.

TIMON

I hope Master Theobald is now out of all danger.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

P. 224. Act I. This comes off well, &c.

The Painters say, the goings off of a picture, which requires the nicest execution in the world. See Fresnoy.

Ergo in corporibus, quæ visa adversa, rotundis
Integræ sint, &c.

Ibid. How this grace speaks its own standing.

Attitude of the figure.

Fresnoy again.: Horum igitur vera ad Normam, &c.

So Shakespeare, in Hamlet:

A station like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heav'n-kissing hill.

Imitated by Milton:

At once, on the Eastern cliff of Paradise,
He *lights*, and to his proper shape returns.
—Like Maia's son he stood.

P. 146. Act IV. Sc. 3. O *blessed* breeding sun.

Blessing-breeding sun. Thou that before wert used to breed blessings, breed now curses and contagions.

So, afterwards:

Thou sun that comfort'st, burn!

An error exactly of the same kind has crept into the Midsummer Night's Dream *.

MACBETH, Act IV.

P. 438. Poison'd *entrails*.

No such thrown into the cauldron. Read, *extremes*, i. e. *ingredients*. Confirmed by the stage direction †, *They march round the cauldron and throw, &c.*

VOLUME VI.

CORIOLANUS, Act II. Sc. 2.

P. 46. And is content to spend his time to end it.

Spend his time ——

Read thus, *Men.* To end it, he 's right noble.

Menenius, impatient to have the honours which were decreed to Coriolanus conferred, breaks off the progress of the Consul's praise.

JULIUS CÆSAR, Act II. Sc. 1.

P. 146. If that the *face* of men.

Fate—or of mankind, which would be involved in the fate of that republic; and this was a principal motive that engaged Brutus in the conspiracy.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

P. 215. Act I. Sc. 2. I love long life better than figs.

Spoken ominously. The aspicks, by which she died, though after her mistress, being brought in a basket of figs.

P. 313. Act IV. Sc. 3. *Burn the* great sphere thou mov'st in.

Turn from th' great, &c. *i. e.* forsake, and fly off from it, and then the earth would be dark.

* See hereafter, p. 653. † This direction modern. L. T.

I am, dearest Sir, your most affectionate humble servant, W. WARBURTON.

CYMBELINE, Act V. Sc. 5.

P. 458. A *rock.*] — A *mock, i. e.* a Play, a Farce.

VOLUME VII. P. 10. *Spirit* of sense.] — *Spite* of sense.

P. 144. *Lawyer's* nose.

Courtier's nose. Smelling out a suit means a court solicitation.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

P. 190. Act III. Sc. 5. O, now I *would* they *had* chang'd voices too.
O now I *wot* they *have*, &c.

P. 209. Act V. Sc. I. ——— flatt'ring *Truth* of sleep.

Ruth, i. e. the compassionate advertisement of sleep.

HAMLET.

P. 250. Act I. Sc. 4. *Deprive* your sov'reignty of Reason.

Deprave. Sovereignty of Reason means governing Reason; as sovereignty of Nature, in Coriolanus, means governing Nature.

P. 295. Act III. Sc. 2. *For* I'll have a suit of sables.]—*Fore*, &c.

P. 309. Act III. Sc. 3. Can*not* repent.]
Can *but* repent; *i. e.* without restitution.

P. 313. Act III. Sc. 4. Sense sure you have, else could you not have *motion.*

Notion. Motion not dependant on sense. Shakespeare alluded to that famous peripatetic principle, *Nihil sit in* intellectu, *quod prius non fuerit in* sensu.

P. 335. Act IV. Sc. 5. Herb of grace on Sundays.

Because that was the exorcising day, when the demoniacs were brought out into the church, and the priest dispossessed them before all the people.

P. 336. Ibid. ——— let the great *axe* fall.

Tax; i. e. penalty, punishment.

OTHELLO.

P. 376. Act I. Sc. 1. *Spied* in populous cities.] *Spread*, &c.

P. 405. Act II. Sc. 1. And in *th' essential* vesture of creation.

Terrestrial, viz. that all created excellence was contained within an earthly mortal form.

P. 453. Act IV. Sc. 1. And they tempt heav'n.

The devil their virtue tempts *not*, they, &c. *i. e.* They don't give the devil the trouble of throwing temptations in their way; they seek them out themselves; and tempt heaven by the greatness of their presumption. This is a just character of the extravagance here condemned, and distinguishes it from others.

P. 455. Ibid. — ——— shadowing without some *instruction.*

Induction. He is just going to fall into a trance; and, like people in that condition, feels an unusual horror, with a cold shivering, attended with a mist and darkness coming over him. This condition, with the utmost sublimity, he compares to an eclipse of the sun, at which time the earth becomes shadowed by the *induction* of the moon; and eclipses of the sun being sometimes attended with earthquakes, is the reason he subjoins,

It is not words that shake me thus.

LETTER LXXV.

To Mr. Lewis Theobald.

My dear friend, *June* 20, 1734.

I have sent you all I could find to cavil at in your Edition of Shakespeare. I know it will be a pleasure to you to receive it, and it is no small compliment to your Edition; for I have been so exact in my inquisitorial search after faults, that I dare undertake to defend every note throughout the whole bulky work, save these *thirteen* I have objected to.

I am, dear Sir, your most affectionate friend and servant, W. Warburton.

Volume I.

Midsummer Night's Dream.

P. 94. Act II. Sc. 2. You say you should have advanced the conjecture of [*heried*] into the text, could you have traced the word in Shakespeare, but that he rather seems fond of [*hallowed*] — by this, you suppose *heried* and *hallowed* to be synonimous terms, which they are not; *heried* signifying only praised or celebrated, whether by prophane songs or hymns.

P. 125. Act IV. Sc. 1. —— And be always away ——

You say *was the giving her attendants an everlasting dismission? no such thing.* But was it not natural enough for her in her love-fit to think she should be eternally happy with her lover, and never more relish fairy-sports. For *be always away* signifies no more than, I shall now take no more pleasure in you. No need then of any emendation. Not to mention the strangeness of the expression, *be all ways away*, to mean, take several quarters.

Measure for Measure, Act II. Sc. 1.

P. 332. After three pence a *bay*.

This is certainly the true reading; but you are mistaken in the signification of the word. It does not signify either here or elsewhere a bay-window, which is never called simply a *bay*. The original of the word *bay*-window is this: the French masons call that aperture in a house which is left for the door or a window a *baie*. Now, in meaning one of these sort of windows called a *bay*-window, the way originally was to leave only a simple aperture in the wall, and the window was made afterwards with planks projected out. Other windows were put in as the house was building. Therefore, to distinguish these two kinds of windows, the first was called a *bay-window*, or a window made

made from a *baie*. But *bay*, when used alone, and particularly in the text, means quite another thing. It means a *division of a house*. To explain this to you, I must acquaint you with the original manner of building with us in England. It was thus, a long building was made, and then divided into rooms with partition-walls to three or more divisions. Every one of these was called a *bay*. And even to this day with us in Nottinghamshire (though houses are now built otherwise), when a new house is spoke of as built or to be let, the common question is, how many *bays* has it, or how many *bays* of building. And all outhouses, as barns, stables, are only thus distinguished by bays. You will own this sense makes the expression much more apposite. For who ever let houses by their number of bay-windows, especially before the window-tax.

Volume II.

As You Like It.

P. 188. Act I. Sc. 1. Be better employed, and *be naught awhile.*

You have quite mistaken the meaning of these latter words: *be naught a while*, and *be naught to you*, are proverbial expressions here in these Northern Counties of the same import, are a kind of curse or imprecation of evil to the person spoke to, and always used, as here, in reproof, and signify, *may evil come upon you!*

P. 228. Act III. Sc. 2. Good my complexion.

This, you say, you cannot reconcile to common sense. Can you reconcile, *odds my complexion* to it? The truth is, *good my complexion* is a fine proverbial expression, and used by way of apology when one is saying any thing for which one ought to blush, and signifies, *hold good, my complexion; i. e.* may I not be out of countenance! but in this place Shakespeare has varied the application of the expression, and by *complexion* means temper, *disposition*. The speaker is here impatient for the news her companion brings her; and, alluding to that infirmity of her sex, is afraid she should break out into intemperate expressions; says, "good my complexion," *i. e.* hold good my temper! let me not fly out.

P. 507. I have sent after him; he says he 'll come.

There is no occasion for any alteration here; for this being in soliloquy [he says he 'll come,] is, admit now, or suppose now he *says he 'll come*, which amounts to as much as your emendation [say he will come.]

Volume III.

The Comedy of Errors, Act II.

P. 21. We talk with goblins, *owls*, and elvish sprights.

You alter *owls* into *ouphs;* because you say, owls could not suck their breath and pinch them black and blue. But you seem

seem not to take the superstition to which this reading alludes. The thing is this. The screech-owl, the most ominous of birds, was believed by our superstitious ancestors to suck out the breath and blood of infants lying in their cradles, and to do a many other mischievous pranks. This superstition was so general that the Italians denominated witches (who were supposed to be as mischievously bent against children) from this bird: For the Latin name of it, you know, being *strix*, they called a witch *strega*.

VOLUME IV.

1 HENRY VI.

Act I. Thy promises are like Adonis' garden.

Last page. Your defence of Bentley against Pierce is founded on a mistake of the question. The only pretence Bentley had of objecting to Adonis's garden in Milton was that antiquity speaks of no such garden of Adonis as is there represented. Not that in fact there was no such; for Milton in the passage speaks of them as fabulous. Now against this what was Pierce to do? To prove that Adonis's gardens were famous in antiquity; which he does by a passage from Pliny incontestably. As for there being such gardens in fact, does not concern the question; and is indeed in itself an idle one; for perhaps the very owner was as visionary as his gardens; and the gardens of Alcinous might be as unsubstantial as either. So that the question between these two learned men was not whether Adonis cultivated any real garden, but whether antiquity celebrated any other gardens of Adonis than those carried about in pots.

P. 145. Act II. And fair *be all* thy hopes.

There is no need of an alteration. For, wishing that all his hopes might be fair, plainly means that they might be prosperous, successful. Your own reading shews, that by fair must be meant prosperous; and, if so, then what need of a change.

VOLUME VI.

CYMBELINE, Act IV.

P. 431. Otherwise than noble Nature *did*.

You quarrel with the expression, from a mistake that *did*, here, is the sign of a tense, whereas it is a verb, and signifies *made*. The construction this: who was he that hath altered that good picture *from* what Nature *did* it or made it? Nature is here represented as the architect; therefore not the *supreme nature* meant, but the *plastic nature*, as it is called by the Philosophers. Had you observed this, it would have shewn you the mistake of your emendation *bid*. For that supposes the *supreme nature*, which, not being here meant by the Poet, must needs be wrong.

VOLUME

VOLUME VII.

HAMLET.

P. 268. Act II. Sc. 2. I cannot tell how you come to say that the epithet *beatified* is peculiarly made an adjunct to the Virgin Mary's honour. It is a word employed by the Church of Rome equally to all canonized Saints. For the Protestants employ the word *blessed* only to her; the Papists employ it indifferently to all their Saints.

P. 309. Act III. Sc. 3. A more horrid *bent*. I cannot possibly make sense of this when applied to the sword. *Hent*, you say, the two quartos read. So that the true word is plainly *hest, command*. And this very proper to say of the sword in the hand of the *master*.

OTHELLO, Act II. Sc. 1.

P. 408. Did justly put *on* the vouch of very Malice itself.

You ask in what sense can Merit be said to put on the vouch of Malice? A very fine one; for the sense of the passage is this. Her Merit was so extraordinary, and of so great authority, so indisputable that even Malice itself would vouch for her. The expression is as fine as the sense; *to put on the vouch of Malice*, to cloath herself with it as with an ornament, or habit of triumph and victory over Malice. Any ordinary merit sure could do that.

Dearest Sir, since the writing the above, I received the favour of yours. Your late fright, so happily got over, gave me much concern. Pray make my compliments of congratulation to Master, and Mrs. Theobald on his recovery; and tell him, I say, what he loses in the beauty of his face, he must endeavour to make up in the improved beauties of the mind.

As to the passage in Milton, I only concluded from circumstances, and Milton's character, it was an Irish fable, and that is all I know. Your judgment of *Jortin*'s work is perfectly right. I will send up my *Remarks* soon, and I think I have weighed them well. I shall order a person to bring the four guineas to your house, and leave them there.

LETTER LXXVI.

To Mr. Lewis Theobald.

Dearest Friend, *July* 16, 1734.

I received the pleasure of yours of the 11th instant. I have not left my room yet, from a very ill cold and fever that has held me these ten days; this is the first time I have taken up my pen, or could hold down my head, for a blister I have on one side it.

As to the lines,

Being red, she loves him *best*, and being white
Her breast is bettered with a more delight.

The second of them is without question extremely corrupt; but I suspect not in that part where you have laid *virgula censoria*. In the first line, *she loves him best*; we are, I suppose, to understand, not by way of comparison with any other lover, but best in that state when he looks red.

I therefore read the two lines thus;

Being red, she loves him *best*, and being white
Her best is better'd with AN ORE-delight.

best in the second line alluding to *best* in the first. This well expresses the fondness of a lover, to whom every *last* appearance of the person beloved appears still more charming; and 'her best is *bettered*' being what we call paradoxical in the expression admirably paints the absurd judgment that lovers make while they attend only to their passion. As to the sense of the expression *her best*, it bears the same kind of import as in that phrase, *to do one's best*.

As to the expression *a more* delight, I think it could never come from Shakespeare for *much*; *more* being an adjective that denotes multitude, an article of the singular number can never with any propriety or any poetical indulgence be affixed to it. In a substantive

substantive that denotes multitude, an article of the singular number indeed may be affixed: in an adjective of the same denomination it cannot; and though analogy seems to say it may, yet that will not be sufficient to justify the use. The reason is pretty curious, and is this: in a noun of multitude, if it be a substantive, there is a substratum, or support, for an union of the parts of that multitude, from whence results what is called an abstract idea, which considers it as one being singularly. Thus in the word *people*, which in its simplest and prime signification signifies a great number of individuals, may yet by an abstraction have these numbers united, and signify one; and then may have the singular article affixed, as *a people*. But a noun *adjective* of multitude, having no *substratum*, is not capable of this abstraction and union, and therefore a singular article can never be affixed to it.—An *o'er-delight* seems to be very like one of Shakespeare's compound words, and signifies *additional delight*.

Your emendation of 'ΑΠΕΔΙΑΟΣ is very ingenious, though I think ἀπέδιλος is the right word, but I understand it in a sense different from you. I own, it is a poor wretched frigid thought for the Nymph to say, "I was in such haste to come to your relief that I came barefoot." I suppose ἀπέδιλος was the distinguishing epithet of all the Sea-nymphs, and when she says, Σύθην ὃ' ἀπέδιλος; "I, one of the barefoot tribe of Nymphs, hastened to your relief," &c. I do not doubt but ἀπέδιλος was as well known amongst the Greek Poets to signify a Sea-nymph, as in France, *une sœur dechaussée* is to signify a Carmelite Nun.

The four guineas I sent up to Cambridge. Messengers from thence oft go to London, and I desired that any body would leave them at your house, which I dare say they will shortly.

My dear Friend, I only want to see the two Journals in which your answers are inserted; and should be glad could you send them down to me by Letter, because

because I would not give you the trouble of transcribing. The other two Journals I have seen.

I hope Master is got perfectly recovered of the small-pox; and that Mrs. Theobald and Mrs. Jackson are well.

I am, dearest Sir, your most affectionate,

W. WARBURTON.

LETTER LXXVII.

To Mr. LEWIS THEOBALD.

MY DEAR FRIEND, *Oct.* 14, 1734.

I have had the pleasure of two Letters from you since my last. The reason why I did not acknowledge them before was, my waiting for a third, to which they both referred, and which was to finish the subject those I received were upon. But, this not coming, I have concluded you have altered your intention; and therefore have thought proper to return you my thanks for the trouble I gave you in the two I received.

What follows are *three notes* to be added to the *fifty* I sent, in their places, which I desire you would give yourself the trouble to do. I hope they will meet with your approbation.

P. 94. Midsummer Night's Dream, Act II. Sc. 2.

———— The spring, the summer,
The chiding autumn, angry winter, change
Their *wonted liveries*; and th' amazed world,
By their increase, now knows not which is which.

By their increase? whose increase? or what increase? there is nothing preceding to which *increase* can be referred so as to make sense.

We must read,

By their INCHASE, now knows not which is which.

It comes from the French, *enchassure*, a term in use amongst the jewellers to signify the setting a stone in gold or silver; to this the word *inchase* metaphorically alludes. He had said, the Seasons changed their liveries; *i. e.* the weather in which the

the Seasons were set; so that the sense of the whole in this reading is this: "The amazed world knows not, by the weather in which the Seasons are set or *inchased*, how to distinguish Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter, from each other." The metaphor is beautiful, as comparing the Seasons set in their several weathers to gems inchased in gold and silver. And the Poets in their *Prosopopœiæ* represent Spring as adorned with emeralds, the Summer with the pyropus, the Autumn with the topaz, and Winter with diamonds.

P. 95. Midsummer Night's Dream, Act II. Sc. 2:

——————— Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard *a mermaid, on a dolphin's back*,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And *certain stars shot madly from their spheres*,
To hear the Sea-maid's musick.

To which these are an introduction. The compliment made to Queen Elizabeth in the following lines was too obvious not to have been often taken notice of. But this made to Mary Queen of Scots in the lines above quoted was so allegorically, it seems, delivered as not to be understood. Yet nothing is more true than that both a compliment and satire were here intended, on that unfortunate lady. On both which accounts, there were sufficient reasons to disguise his meaning under these fabulous images, which yet refer all of them so evidently to the real subject underneath, that it is a wonder it should have escaped any attentive reader. The scene where this representation is laid being near the British Island (for the speaker is made to hear the *mermaid* at the very time he saw Cupid's attempt on the vestal) shews the subject to concern that quarter. And *the mermaid on the dolphin's back* obliges us to understand it of Queen Mary, whose first husband was the Dolphin of France. The Poet designs her under the image of a mermaid, to denote her sove-

reignty,

reignty, and likewise her mischievous allurements: for the mermaid is supposed in fable to have dominion in the seas, and to be very powerful in musick, and to inchant and destroy those she allures.

Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,

alludes to her great abilities of genius and learning, which rendered her the most accomplished princess of her time.

The French Writers tell us, that when she was married to the Dolphin, and resided among them, she once pronounced a Latin oration in the Great Hall of the Louvre, before the whole Court, with so much grace and eloquence that the whole assembly were filled with admiration.

The rude sea grew civil at her song:

By this is meant Scotland, long in arms against her; and there is the greater justness and beauty in it, because the common opinion was that the mermaid sung in storms.

And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
To hear the sea-maid's musick.

This alludes in general to the many matches proposed to her; but more particularly to the Duke of Norfolk's famous negotiation with her. And on that account, and on the fatal consequences it had on both, he thus admirably expresses it:

—— certain STARS shot MADLY from their SPHERES.

P. 122. Midsummer Night's Dream, Act III. Sc. 2:

——— The eastern gate, all fiery red,
Opening on Neptune with FAIR BLESSED beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.

Where it is plain that for *fair blessed* we should read,

———————— FAR-BLESSING beams,

a most beautiful compound epithet, and highly expressive of the thing *.

Dear Sir, I read over your Answers to the *Grub* as carefully as I could, and I think them very decisive. Do you know who it was that wrote the Let-

* An error of the same kind occurs in Timon; see before, p. 643.

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ter concerning the Votive Table? I have a great number of notes, &c. on Shakespeare, *for some future Edition*. I have given you a specimen in two or three from the Tempest, and Midsummer Night's Dream, in the *fifty*, and in this addition. How forward are you got towards the Edition of the Poems? I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you in town when Christmas is turned.

I am, dear Sir, your most affectionate friend and humble servant, W. WARBURTON.

LETTER LXXVIII.

To the Rev. Mr. BIRCH, St. John's Lane, Clerkenwell*.

SIR, *Wyan's Court, Aug.* 10, 1737.

I have been pretty much out of town, or had much sooner furnished you with what I have been able to glean in answer to your Queries with relation to Ben Jonson†. If any thing in the inclosed

* From Dr. Birch's MSS. in British Museum, No. 4319.

† Qu. 1. *What year was he born?*

As we find in the Latin epitaph that he died at the age of 63 in the year 1637, he was consequently born about the year 1674.

2. *Whether he worked at his father-in-law's trade as a Bricklayer, after he had been a short time at Cambridge according to Dr. Fuller; or before he went to that University, according to other Writers?*

This question, I confess, I cannot solve with all the certainty I could wish; but I will endeavour to lead as near to it as I can by circumstance. I must first take notice of a point from Langbaine, in which either he, or Wood, have committed, I imagine, a strange blunder, *viz.* That in the year 1619 he took his Master of Arts degree at Christ's Church College in Oxford; for, by a calculation, it appears that he was then 45 years old. He had attended as Court Poet 16 years; so could not be a resident at the University; and, supposing the Degrees were only Honorary, would he, at that period of life, and in his station, have accepted them? But the College Book, upon application, will easily clear up this point; and then, it occurs to me on the sudden, it may be ascertained as easy whether he worked as a Bricklayer, before he went to, or after he came from, the University, by this single inquiry, at what time Lincoln's-inn was new built, if there be any truth in the tradition of his being concerned therein.

3. *What*

may be of service to your Memoirs, I shall be happy that I could in any degree contribute to a scheme of so much merit, or in any sort shew a disposition of approving myself, Sir,

Your obedient humble servant, LEW. THEOBALD.

3. *What authority there is, besides Wood's, that he was Tutor to, and travelled abroad with Sir Walter Raleigh?*

I confess Wood's authority seems to me very slippery, precarious, and ill-founded, in this point; and my reasons shall be supported by incontestable chronological facts, which I submit to you. Soon after Sir Walter Raleigh was taken notice of at Queen Elizabeth's Court, he was sent to sea by her, and discovered Virginia in 1584, when our Author was but 10 years old. At his return he continued a Courtier, and debauched a Maid of Honour, whom he afterwards married. Now, supposing he married her in 1585, and allowing that their son might begin his travels at 15 years old, a period early enough in all conscience, too early in reason, this brings us to the year 1601, which was the fourth year in which Ben had devoted himself to the stage-writing, and every year produced a Play; it appearing (from the Induction to his Magnetick Lady), that in 1588 or 1589 he produced his first fruits in the Dramatic way, Every Man in his Humour, and Every Man out of his Humour: from which period, for above 40 successive years, we find him engaged at home both for the stage, and in his service as Laureate. And as he obtained the Laureacy in 1603, when Sir Walter Raleigh's son was but 17 years old, there was no room or possibility of his afterwards becoming a travelling Tutor.

4. *When he became a Player? How long he continued so? and in what house?*

5. *What Plays his name appears before as an Actor?*

One solution serves for these two Queries. From what search I have been able to make, I do not find his name before any Play as an Actor: yet an Actor he was; but I believe barely a strolling one. Decker, in his Histrio-Mastix (a Play published in 1602, and designed a Reply to Ben Jonson's Poetaster), reproaches our Poet with having left his occupation of being a Mortar-treader, to turn Player; and with having put up a supplication to be a poor Journeyman Player; in which he had continued, but that he could not see a good face on it, and so was cashiered." Nay, if we may admit that satire to be built on facts, we may glean yet some further intelligence, "that Ben performed the part of Zuliman (in what Play I cannot at present tell) at the Paris Garden in Southwark; and that he ambled by a Play-waggon, in the highway; and took mad Jeronymo's part to get service among the mimicks." But as to the precise time of these things, we are left a little at large. There seem about six years (*viz.* from his quitting the University to 1598, when his

LETTER LXXIX.

To the Rev. THOMAS BIRCH.

DEAR SIR, *Bloomsbury-square, Saturday Morning, Sept.* 28, 1754.

I return you thanks for the pleasure which I have had in reading these two books.

I see this instant, in the Public Advertiser, that Dr. Warburton is made King's Chaplain, and enters into waiting immediately. Can you tell me whether this be true? If there be any hazard of finding him at Kensington, I shall not chuse to go thither to-day. I am, your affectionate humble servant,

M. AKENSIDE.

first Play was acted), in which his history lies somewhat open; but within this period he was a Bricklayer, a Player, a Soldier, and forming himself for a Poet. That he was a Soldier, we have authority from his own words. He had disobliged the officers in his character of Captain Tucca, and finding himself obliged to make an apology for it, he did it in an Epigram at the end of his Poetaster, directed to true Soldiers, in which he says,

"I swear by your true Friend, my Muse, I love
Your great Profession, which I once did prove;
And did not shame it with my actions then,
No more than I dare now do with my Pen."

Decker, likewise, hints in his Histrio-mastix at our Ben's valour; and his being a Man of the Sword. To say the truth, I am in doubt whether this is levelled at his profession of Soldiership; or at a fatal accident which I am afraid befel Ben; and which perhaps had better been slipped over in silence.

6. What was the salary of the Poet Laureate at that time? Wood says 100*l. per annum?*

I am doubtful of Mr. Wood's authority in this point; but dare not be positive upon the question. Perhaps he might mean thus: An hundred marks in salary, which at 13*s.* 4*d.* makes 66*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* and a butt of sack, which has always been commuted at 30*l.* In the whole, 96*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*—It is certain, till after James the First's demise, Ben had but a pension of 100 marks annually; for, in his Petition to Charles I. he set it out so, and entreats the King,

——————————— to make
Of your Grace, for goodness' sake,
Those your Father's Marks, your Pounds.

JOHN

T. Holloway ad vivum delin.t et sculp.t

JOHN COAKLEY LETTSOM, M. & LL. D. &c.

Born in 1744; died in 1815.

Published by J. Nichols & Co. Jan.y 1.st 1817.

JOHN COAKLEY LETTSOM, M. D.

This excellent man was an Israelite without guile, and may truly be said to have carried his heart in his hand. From "his undeviating friendship," I have, for nearly half a century, "derived many of the most grateful and rational enjoyments of my life;" and I can truly assert, that, during this long period, Dr. Lettsom was "an ornament to society; the liberal friend to merit; and an example of beneficence to every avenue of human distress!" His benevolence was unbounded. To thousands, as well as to myself, he was the happy instrument both of "gladdening, and of lengthening life." He was invariably a friend to the indigent, and a comfort to all who were so happy as to possess his friendship, or had occasion for his medical skill. He was equally distinguished for public and private benevolence, and for every species of useful exertion, both in the medical profession, and as a member of society at large.

Dr. Lettsom was born, in December 1744, in a small Island in the Atlantic, near Tortola, called Little Van Dyke*; and was one of a twin.

His ancestors on the father's side originated from Letsom (in Domesday called *Ledsom*), a small village in Cheshire. On the mother's side they were lineally descended from Sir Cæsar Coakley, an Irish baronet, whose family uniformly possessed a seat in the Parliament of Ireland; the last of whom was Sir Vesey Coakley. Different branches of these families, during the government of Ireton in Ireland, went to Barbados, in favour of the Commonwealth; and settled afterwards in different Islands among that

* A view of the House which gave him birth, and its surrounding scenery, is given in Gent. Mag. vol. LXXXV. ii. p. 577.

large cluster known to us by the name of the Leeward and Windward Islands.

When only six years of age, he was sent to England for education. His future destiny seems to have been determined by the accidental circumstance of his landing at a sea-port where Mr. Fothergill, then a celebrated Preacher among the Quakers, and brother to the distinguished Physician of that name, happened to be on a visit; and he was received into the very same house in which the Preacher lived. By the advice of that excellent man, who conceived a parental affection for him, young Lettsom was sent to school to Mr. Thompson, uncle to Dr. Gilbert Thompson (afterwards an eminent Physician in London), who was then an assistant in the school; between whom and his pupil an inviolable friendship commenced, which continued in advanced life with unabated fervour. Mr. Thompson's school was in the vicinity of Warrington, where Mr. Fothergill lived; and by this means the superintendance of his education was continued till the period when the law admits of a youth choosing his own guardian, which, in consequence of the death of his father some years before, he did, in the person of his friendly protector. The amiable Pastor accepted the important charge; and placed him, with a view to his future profession, with Mr. Abraham (afterwards Dr.) Sutcliff, of Settle, in Yorkshire, intending, when of proper age and experience, to recommend him to the patronage of his brother, then in the highest line of practice in the great medical sphere of London.

After leaving Dr. Sutcliff, young Lettsom came to town, and assiduously attended at St. Thomas's Hospital as a dresser. After two years' study and practice in that Hospital, he returned to his native soil, to take possession of a property which came to him by the deaths of his father and elder brother; the latter of whom, having contrived to run through an ample fortune in a few years, left very little of the family estate to be inherited by his successor, except

except a number of Negro slaves. These degraded beings, with that admirable spirit of benevolence which his conduct in maturer years uniformly displayed, he emancipated; and in the twenty-third year of his age, as he more than once informed the Compiler of this Memoir, found himself five hundred pounds worse than nothing.

The fortune of Mr. Lettsom was henceforth, therefore, solely to be obtained as a *Medical Practitioner;* and so strenuous were his endeavours, and so extensive was his practice in Tortola, where he settled, that, in a very short time, he was enabled to return to Europe; and to visit the great medical schools of Paris, Edinburgh, and Leyden, at the latter of which Universities he took the degree of M. D.* on the 20th of June 1769. To complete his education, he visited, besides Paris, most of the places of resort for the relief of invalids abroad; as Spa, in Westphalia, Aix la Chapelle, and various others.—When he went to Paris, among other honourable recommendations, he carried one from Dr. Benjamin Franklin to M. Jaques Barbeu Dubourg†. He was afterwards introduced to the celebrated Macquer, Le Roi, and other characters conspicuous at that period, with whom he continued to correspond till their decease.—After this circuit, he repaired to London, where he finally settled, with the undeviating friendship of his old guardian, and of his brother Dr. John Fothergill, whose Life he afterwards published as a tribute of gratitude and respect.

Under such patronage, with a mind richly stored with science, matured by reflection, improved by early and dear-bought experience, success was insured; and its fruits were displayed, not in a fastidious conduct and ostentatious parade, but in active schemes for the relief of the distressed poor,

* See some notices of his Thesis, p. 678.

† Dr. Lettsom published the Life of his friend Dubourg, in the First Volume of Memoirs of the Medical Society of London.

and numerous charitable institutions to mitigate pain and repel disease. Many of these originated with himself; and, of those that were planned by others, several received from him considerable improvement, and *all* his active support.

In many instances he fostered genius, cherished science, and expanded the circle of the Arts, in periods of individual and national distress; and his *purse*, equally with his *pen*, was devoted to their cause.

Medicine and Botany were particularly indebted to his zealous researches. Foreigners of talents and merit ever found an hospitable reception under his roof; and he constantly corresponded with the Literati of eminence both in Europe and America *.

* His intimate friend Mr. T. J. Pettigrew observes,

"Among these Correspondents, several of whom are now numbered with the dead, may be found many names deservedly ranking high as men of Science, Literature, and Benevolence.

"In the first class may be enumerated the great Linnæus, the Swedish Naturalist;—Baron Haller, of Switzerland, the greatest Physiologist that ever existed;—Dr. Erasmus Darwin, the celebrated author of Zoonomia, Phytologia, &c.;—Dr. William Cullen, of Edinburgh;—Dr. William Hunter, whose splendid Museum is attached to the University of Glasgow;—Dr. Zimmerman, the first Physician to his Majesty at Hanover, and the author of the well-known Essays on Solitude, National Pride, &c.;—Dr. Alexander Russell, the author of the History of Aleppo, &c.;—Dr. William Cuming, of Dorchester;—Dr. George Cleghorn, the Professor of Anatomy in the University of Dublin, and who published on the Diseases of Minorca;—Dr. Edward Jenner, to whom the world is indebted for the discovery and application of that inestimable blessing the Cow Pock, as a security against that most dreadful of diseases, the Small Pox;—the ingenious Dr. John Haygarth, of Bath;—Sir Gilbert Blane, Bart., Physician to His Royal Highness the Prince Regent;—Dr. Hope, the Professor of Botany; Dr. Andrew Duncan, Senior, the Professor of the Institutions of Medicine; Dr. A. Hamilton, the Professor of Midwifery; and Dr. Francis Home, the Professor of Materia Medica, in the University of Edinburgh;—Dr. James Johnstone, of Worcester, who published some Medical and Physiological Essays of great value;—Dr. Bardsley, of Manchester;—Dr. Cheston, of Gloucester;—Dr. James Currie, of Liverpool;—Dr. William Falconer, of Bath, the author of a Dissertation on the Influence of the Passions upon the Disorders of the Body, &c.;—Dr. Dixon, of Whitehaven;—Dr. Renatus Desgenettes, and

In 1769, he was admitted a Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians. In 1770, he was elected F. S. A.; and in the succeeding year, F. R. S.

and Dr. Felix Vicq d'Azyr, of Paris;—Dr. John Ferriar, the author of the Medical Histories and Reflexions;—Dr. Thomas Garnett, the late Professor of Chemistry at the Royal Institution;—Dr. J. F. Blumenbach, the Professor of Medicine in the University of Göttingen, and author of several works distinguished for learning and sound judgment;—Dr. Benjamin Smith Barton, the learned Professor of Materia Medica, Natural History, and Botany, in the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia;—Dr. I. C. Warren, the Professor of Anatomy and Surgery; and Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse, the Professor of the Practice of Physic in the University of Cambridge, Boston;—Dr. David Hosack, the Professor of Botany and Materia Medica in Columbia College, New York;—Dr. Maclurg, of Richmond, Virginia;—Dr. Valentine, of New York;—Dr. Muller, of Christiana, Norway;—Dr. Louis Odier, of Geneva;—the celebrated Dr. Percival, of Manchester;—Dr. Pulteney, of Blandford, the author of a View of the Writings of Linnæus, &c.;—Dr. Jonathan Stokes, of Chesterfield, who published in 1812 an excellent Botanical Materia Medica;—Dr. C. A. Struve, of Görlitz, author of many valuable works;—Dr. James Sims, now of Bath, many years President of the Medical Society of London;—Dr. Withering, the author of a Botanical Arrangement of all the Vegetables of Great Britain;—Dr. Walker, of Leeds;—Drs. Mitchell, I. R. Coxe, Allvey, Ash, A. Fothergill, Broadbelt, Dubourg, Wall, Hoffman, Bancroft, George Pearson, Young, Peart, Denman, George Gregory, Wilmer, Rush, Sir Lucas Pepys, Bart. Mr. John Mason Good, &c. &c. Among the Correspondents, not medical men, are Jacob Bryant, esq. author of the Analysis on Ancient Mythology;—the Rev. Thos. Maurice, author of Indian Antiquities, and many other equally valuable productions;—the Earl of Buchan, who wrote the life of Lord Napier, and a Specimen of a Biographical History of Scotland;—Mr. John Scott, of Amwell;—the Rev. Dr. Knox;—the Rev. J. Plumptre;—Samuel-Jackson Pratt, author of the Gleanings, &c.;—Rev. George Costard;—Richard Gough, esq. the celebrated Antiquary;—Mr. John Nichols, the author of many well-known works on general Literature, Topography, and Antiquities;—Miss Porter;—Miss Hutchinson;—&c. &c.—Dr. Lettsom was engaged in an extensive correspondence with many of the highest ornaments of the Metropolis, whose attention was and is undeviatingly directed to the alleviation of the miseries of their fellow creatures. The names of John Howard, James Neild, Patrick Colquhoun, LL. D. Granville Sharp, Sir Thomas Bernard, the Hon. Philip Pusey, the Rt. Hon. Lord Henniker, Mr. David Pike Watts, the Rev. Rowland Hill, and the Rev. Dr. Collyer, are among the most conspicuous in this list.

By a matrimonial union, July 30, 1770, with Miss Miers, an amiable woman, and the addition of a considerable fortune by that marriage, he enlarged the means of doing good; nor did the necessary attention to the interests and happiness of a numerous family permit his zeal in the cause of philanthropy to cool, or restrain the current, in very arduous times, of a well-directed liberality.

Few persons had, in the course of their practice in London, so much power (and none more inclination) to serve their sick and sorrowing fellow-creatures, as Dr. Lettsom. He seemed always to consider it amongst the foremost of his duties, to assuage the *mind*, as well as relieve the person, of his patient: and, although his daily practice made it necessary that he should set a just value on *time*, he never hurried away from the invalid, who, he believed, might be as much assisted by his Physician's society as by his prescription. The consolations which he administered were not circumscribed by gentleness of manners: his heart, not seldom, filled the hands of such as stood in need of his bounty as well as his skill.

In illustration of his unbounded benevolence, may be mentioned the extraordinary and well-founded fact of his having been many years ago attacked, upon his return to town, on Finchley Common, by a highwayman, with whom his remonstrances and pecuniary assistance operated so powerfully, that, in the result, a public robber, impelled to transgression by extremity of want, was converted into a useful member of society. The story is detailed in

list. Most of the letters from these and numerous other correspondents, are preserved, properly arranged, and bound up, constituting several volumes of most valuable and interesting information." Eulogy, p. 47. — Dr. Lettsom's MSS. and Letters have been entrusted to Mr. Pettigrew; and I am happy to announce, that he will soon publish a selection of them.

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glowing colours by the late Mr. Pratt *, whose narrative also of the "Benevolent London Physician's kindness to the Merchant in difficulty," there is great reason to believe, records another anecdote of the philanthropy of Dr. Lettsom †.

The Doctor's villa near Camberwell, called *Grove Hill*, was situated on a spot, the beauty of which in early life had attracted his attention, and of which he resolved to become master if his circumstances should become sufficiently prosperous. His wishes were gratified; and the natural beauties of the situation were improved, and brought to the utmost perfection, by his taste and care.

The late Mr. John Scott, of Amwell, has celebrated it, and paid a just tribute to the character of its owner, in one of his Poems; and the Rev. Thomas Maurice, with whose various talents the publick are well acquainted, has, in an elegant Poem, given an animated description of the villa, and of the interesting scenery and beautiful landscapes with which it abounds ‡.

In this terrestrial Elysium, Dr. Lettsom formed a Museum of Natural History, consisting of many rare and valuable specimens, as well as a Botanic Garden, enriched with the choicest plants, brought at a great expence from the four quarters of the globe, all arranged according to the Linnæan system.

Here he passed the few hours (and they were but few) which he could spare from the incessant demands of professional labours. Here, happily surrounded by a numerous and affectionate family, he enjoyed the company of friends whom he esteemed; and to such his well-spread but unosten-

* "Liberal Opinions," vol. IV. † "Gleanings," Vol. I.

‡ A particular Account of Grove-Hill was also published in Edwards's "Survey of the Roads from London to Brighton;" which was afterwards re-printed in 4to, under the title of "Grove-Hill, an Horticultural Sketch, London 1794," accompanied by five very fine plates.—See also Manning and Bray's Surrey, vol. III. p. 398.

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tatious table was at all times open. Here I with pleasure recollect having passed some happy days; certain of receiving the most cordial welcome; of enjoying the conversation of the worthy host, enlivened constantly by a group of literary guests. Good humour and sociability were the order of the day; and the good Doctor, always frugal and temperate in his personal habits, not unfrequently, after having tired three sets of horses in visiting his patients, dined at Grove Hill, and walked back in the evening to Sambrook Court. His entertainments were often graced by the company of learned Foreigners and other persons of considerable distinction. To his Medical Brethren, the House, the Museum, and the Bowling-green, were always open on a Saturday.

That accomplished Nobleman William Petty, Earl of Shelburne (afterwards the first Marquis of Lansdown), had a high esteem for Dr. Lettsom; and occasionally condescended to partake of the hospitalities of his comfortable mansion *.

* Mr. Boswell, who was a frequent and always a welcome guest, in his "Horatian Ode to Charles Dilly," thus merrily sings:

"My cordial Friend, still prompt to lend
Your cash when I have need on 't;
We both must bear our load of care—
At least we talk and read on 't.

Yet are we gay in ev'ry way,
Not minding where the joke lie;
On Saturday at bowls we play,
At Camberwell with COAKLEY.

Methinks you laugh to hear but half
The name of Dr. LETTSOM:
From him of good—talk, liquors, food,—
His guests will always get some.

And guests has he, in ev'ry degree,
Of decent estimation;
His liberal mind holds all mankind
As an extended Nation.

O'er LETTSOM's cheer we 've met a Peer,—
A Peer—no less than LANSDOWN!
Of whom each dull and envious skull
Absurdly cries—The Man 's down.

Down

Dr. Lettsom's Library* was ample, and contained such a collection of books in all languages, and on all sciences, as few private gentlemen possessed; but in those that relate to Natural History, his favourite study, it more particularly

Down do they say? How then, I pray,—
His King and Country prize him!
Through the whole World known, his Peace alone
Is sure t' immortalize him.

LETTSOM we view a *Quaker* true,
'Tis clear he 's so in one sense:
His *Spirit*, strong, and ever young,
Refutes pert PRIESTLEY's nonsense.

In Fossils he is deep, we see,
Nor knows Beasts, Fishes, Birds ill:
With Plants not few, some from Pellew,
And wondrous *Mangel-Wurzel!*†

West India bred, warm heart, cool head,
The City's first Physician:
By schemes *humane*,—Want, Sickness, Pain,
To aid is his ambition.

From terrace high he feasts his eye,
When practice grants a furlough;
And, while it roves o'er Dulwich groves,
Looks down—ev'n upon THURLOW ‡!"

"I am glad," says Mr. Boswell, in a Letter to Mr. Nichols, "to see in your *Gentlemanly* Museum my Horatian Ode to our good friend Mr. Dilly, in which another good friend Dr. Lettsom, is, I think, painted with truth. It goes admirably well to the tune of 'The first time at the looking-glass,' in 'The Beggar's Opera,' to which you, in your character of *Sylvanus*, have been a witness at Camberwell Grove."—This, and others of his Songs, I have frequently heard him repeat in *The Temple of the Sibyls*, when exhilarated by moderate potations from a bowl either of delicious syllabub, or generous Tortola punch.

* The Reader will join me in regretting, that the Doctor should have been compelled, by a train of adverse circumstances, at an advanced period of life, to dispose of the greatest part of so valuable a collection, and even of the Villa itself.—One part of the Library was sold, March 26, 1811, and six following days, by Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby; by whom the remaining part was also sold, April 3—5; and the entire Museum, including Coins and Medals, May 2—4, 1816.

† See p. 679.

‡ Lord Chancellor Thurlow then resided at Dulwich.

abounded.

abounded. In this library was the collection of Classics formed by the learned and modest Mr. William Baker, printer, which Dr. Lettsom purchased on the death of that ingenious collector; and, among other curiosities, a work in seven quarto volumes, printed at Regensberg, in 1765, the author Jacob Christine Schaffers, in which the leaves of the respective volumes are formed of different vegetables and other substances.

Among the more prominent objects in the grounds at Grove Hill, is the allegorical group delineated in the annexed engraving on wood, which the Doctor placed in a conspicuous part of the lawn, in commemoration of his eldest son's attaining the age of twenty-one, and which he has thus himself described:

"The *Fates* consist of a groupe of figures: *Lartho* holding the spindle, and pulling the thread, which *Lachesis* winds on the spindle. *Atropos*, in a kneeling posture, extends the right hand with scissors open, as if desirous of instantly cutting this thread, figurative of human life. On the back-ground rises *Hygeia*, the Priestess of Health, near a column entwined by a Serpent, emblematic of the healing art, and stays the hand of *Atropos* from the fatal division of the thread. Behind this group, cedars of Libanus; near *Atropos*, savine and deadly night-shade; and at the feet of *Hygeia* flourishes the *Arbor vitæ* *."

* Thus beautifully paraphrased by Mr. Maurice:

"Hygeia here in all her beauty blooms,
And, thron'd with Flora, reigns mid rich perfumes;
With skill Linnæan rang'd yon beds display,
Brought from the regions of the rising day,
All the rich balsams, and salubrious stores,
Which Medicine's philosophic eye explores;
While many a potent drug of wondrous charm,
To mitigate disease and death disarm,
O'er yon fair lawn their balmy breath exhale,
And health comes wafted on each vernal gale.
Yon sculptur'd symbols, by a master wrought,
Bold in expression, as sublime in thought,

With

SPECIMEN OF DR. LETTSOM'S APIARY.

HYGEIA REPELLING THE FATES.

Another very prominent feature in these grounds, is the Observatory, or *Temple of the Sibyls* * ; the design of which was taken from a model in cork of the celebrated Temple near Tivoli. Instead of Corinthian pillars, this building is supported on the trunks or shafts of eighteen oak trees, covered with their natural bark, and with the branches a little cropped: round each of these trunks, ivy, virgin's

With matchless eloquence to man unfold
The aweful truth he shudders to be told:
The aweful truth, that, with his earliest breath,
He drew the lurking principles of death;
And oft to festive pleasure's jovial strain,
Succeed the piercing shrieks of bitterest pain.
Yet droops not man beneath unpitied woes,
As nobly this impressive sculpture shows:
Behold Hygeia, who with Fate contends,
And from her grasp expiring mortals rends.
Mark with what fatal skill yon deathful pair
The web of human destiny prepare;
Life's brittle thread those ruthless sisters hold,
And swift around th' impetuous wheel is roll'd.
A third more direful sister near them stands,
The fatal shears extended in her hands;
Eager to strike the blow, and seal the doom
Of some pale victim trembling o'er the tomb;
But, ere the shining steel that thread divides,
Swift from her grot the rosy goddess glides;
Fraught with each healing plant and balmy flower,
That sheds sweet incense round her mystic bower!
Mark as her hand the sovereign balm applies,
From death's dark shades the squalid spectre rise:
Gradual the lilies from his cheeks retire,
Bright beams his eye with renovated fire!
Stern Atropos her power suspended owns,
And Pluto his deserted realm bemoans."

* In this building were preserved the mechanical instruments of the ingenious Ferguson, with which he so clearly explained his instructive Lectures. Among these were interspersed many specimens of Natural History, and instruments of the arts of rude Nations; and the following models in cork by Dubourg:

Temple of Fortune in Rome.—Sibyl's Temple near Tivoli.——Triumphal Arch of Titus in Rome. — Virgil's Tomb at Pausilipo, near Naples. — Sepulchre of Plautius near Tivoli. — Sepulchre of the Scipio Family.—Sepulchre of the Horatii and Curiatii in Rome. — Temple of Health in Rome.

bower,

bower, honey-suckle, and vines, entwine their foliage and flowers in festoons. The outside of the base is ornamented with busts, in statuary marble, of Ceres, Pomona, Cleopatra, Mark Anthony, Alexander, and various others.

Not far from this Temple was the *Apiary*, which constituted no small part of Dr. Lettsom's amusement at Grove Hill. It consisted of sixty-four hives *, each of which was distinguished by the name of some Kingdom, or independent Nation, beginning with the North of Europe, and introducing in the same manner Asia, Africa, and America; so that a kind of history of the World was exhibited in the habitations of the industrious Bee †.

* One of these is represented in the engraving, p. 666.

† Here I shall again delight my Readers by the animated lines of Mr. Maurice:

" Reflected from Augusta's glitt'ring spires,
The sun darts fiercely his meridian fires;
With brighter splendour shines each glist'ning stream,
While Nature pants beneath the fervid beam,
For shelter, from the sultry Dog-star's heat,
To the deep glen the fainting herds retreat;
Listless repose beneath the gloomy brake,
Or headlong plunge amid the cooling lake.
Mark how intensely, while the blazing day
Pours on their glowing hives its fiercest ray,
Yon buzzing tribes pursue their ceaseless toil,
Loaded with all the garden's fragrant spoil;
Dark'ning the air, behold th' unnumber'd throng,
In driving swarms, harmonious, glide along;
All in strong bonds of social union join'd,
One mighty Empire, one pervading mind.
No civil discords in that Empire rage,
Save when on idle drones dire wars they wage;
No tyrant's thund'ring scourge, nor rattling chain,
Disgrace the Regent-mother's gentle reign;
Eternal laws to industry incite,
All, all, to swell the public stores unite.
Oh! would the mighty States, whose thunders hurl'd
O'er ravag'd Europe, awe th' astonish'd world;
Oh! would they imitate the blameless race,
Whose numerous hives their names conspicuous grace,
Their vigorous industry, their loyal zeal,
Their gen'rous ardour for the public weal;
Be firmly bound by one grand social chain,
And bid through earth eternal concord reign!"

This

This seems to have been the happiest period of Dr. Lettsom's life: it certainly was the most prosperous.

June 16, 1794, his eldest daughter was married to Dr. Philip Elliot, a young Physician of great worth, and of some eminence; who afterwards practised at Reading, and is now settled at Swansea.

His eldest son, John-Miers Lettsom, April 9, 1795, married Rachael, only daughter of William Nanson, Esq. of New Bridge-street.

In 1800, however, his domestic happiness received a severe interruption from the loss of that justly esteemed son, a bright ornament to the community, and then rising rapidly into practice as an amiable and skilful Physician. His death happened, Jan. 29, after twelve days illness from a fever, originating from an undeviating attention to the severe duties of his profession, and particularly to the sick poor, to whom he was ever a friend and benefactor.

To use an expression of the afflicted Father on this sad occasion, addressed to the Compiler of this Memoir, "The suavity of his manners, and the undeviating rectitude of his character, rendered him universally beloved, as he is now universally lamented; and prepared him to quit the society of *Friends*, for that of *Angels*, to which his spotless mind was ever congenial."

His affectionate widow did not long survive; leaving two young children, a son and a daughter, to the tender care of their maternal grandfather *.

* Mrs. Rachael Lettsom died Sept. 23, 1801, at the house of her father, at the age of 30; and the following notice of her was sent to me by Dr. Lettsom: "She was not less distinguished for her excellent understanding and purity of manners than for her personal accomplishments. Her health had been gradually declining from the day of her husband's death. For several months prior to her decease her disorder had become extremely painful; but, through the whole course of it, she was never known to repine. When she became sensible of her approaching dissolution, she maintained the same composure, and conversed about the care of her children, with her respective parents, with equal affection, and judicious arrangement. Upon the

This severe loss was followed, Oct. 3, 1802, by the death of his eldest daughter, the wife of Dr. Elliot, who left some fine young children to the care of an affectionate Father.

April 6, 1802, Dr. Lettsom's second son, Samuel Fothergill Lettsom, married a daughter of William Garrow, Esq. (now Sir William Garrow, Knight, His Majesty's Attorney General.) — His youngest daughter was married Feb. 27, 1804, to ——— Elliot, Esq. an eminent Brewer, and Colonel of the Westminster Light Horse.

In 1808, the Doctor's paternal feelings were most powerfully excited, by events of very opposite occurrence *. The marriage of Mr. Pickering Lett-

the tuition of her only son she often dwelt with peculiar tenderness, that he might emulate 'the Angel his deceased father,' an expression she frequently applied; and concluded with hoping that she might be found fit to join him in Heaven. I have witnessed the final departure of many a pious character; but never saw calm, mental composure, under the pressure of death, more undeviating, or Christian resignation more exemplary. Her mind, fixed upon a happy eternity, had enabled her to triumph over those sublunary gratifications, which her youth and temporary gratifications once afforded. J. C. L."

* This singular succession of events shall be related in his own expressive words:

"DEAR MR. NICHOLS, *Sambrook-Court, Nov.* 18, 1808.

"As I know you feel an interest in my happiness, I have the pleasure to inform you, that, on the 22d of last month, my youngest Son Pickering married Mrs. Georges †, Mother-in-law of Mr. Charles Combe ‡. She has at her disposal about £.20,000 *per annum:* but I do not know the conditions of the union.

"Dr. Hawes continues dangerously ill. The event is to be greatly feared. Yours sincerely, J. LETTSOM."

"*Nov.* 24. How chequered are sublunary prospects!—After I last wrote to you of the marriage of my Son, I determined to call on my old friend Dr. Combe, to congratulate him, and felicitate myself, on the union of families, on the basis of long

† Widow of William Payne-Georges, Esq. and sister to Lord Lavington.

‡ Charles Combe, Esq. a young man of considerable talents, and very much esteemed. He married, March 10, 1807, Miss Payne-Georges, eldest daughter of the lady mentioned above; and accompanied her to Tortola, where the family possessed considerable property; and where he died Sept. 29, 1808, leaving one infant son, still surviving, under the fostering care of a friendly uncle, Taylor Combe, Esq. His young widow, soon after her mother's death, returned to England, and again became a wife; but died in June 1814, leaving three children by the second marriage.

friendship.

som, his youngest son, in the October of that year, was followed, in less than a month, by his death, and very shortly after by that of his widow.

friendship. On my way I called on my Son's Agent, and learnt that Dr. Combe's Son *emigravit ad sedes æthereas, unde negat redire quemquam!* I do not know that I ever before felt so many contending sensations—where pleasure was rendered more pensive by affliction, and friendship more tender by sympathy. I left my card with my new relation; but I had no spirits to see him, nor he to receive me; nor has my mind been since tranquillized. As we advance in life, how the branches of our enjoyment fall off in the autumn of our friendships, and leave a trunk, with some root indeed, but no sap to invigorate it! Thus I pensively muse in the removal of one associate after another—*quæ demùm confecti ad celestem aulam properaverunt.*

"To-day indeed our excellent friend Dr. Hawes is somewhat better; but I fear his disease will be too violent for the efforts of constitution to overcome. I intimated to him the concern you experienced on his account. He is alive to the attention and sympathy of his friends; and he appears more amiable on the bed of languishing, than in those convivial moments, where so often we have mingled humanity of heart with rationality of intellect. Should Heaven demand him, we may conclude, *brevi denique lustrica opus fuit, et migravit ad superos* *.

"You will overlook the *sombre* of this letter;—but I have lost a Son †, which I never shall overcome; and I sympathize with Dr. Combe, with whom I have maintained, without intermission, a friendship of little short of forty years. It remains for us, my Friend, as we lose one associate, to cling with closer attraction to the Survivors—to concentrate esteem—and the ardour of affection increase with the loss of extension. This is felt by

"Your sincere friend, J. C. LETTSOM."

"*Dec.* 10, 1808. Aweful are the reverses which it pleases Divine Wisdom to dispense. The little sunshine in Tortola was soon overspread by a dark sky. My dear Son ‡ had been married

* Dr. Hawes died Dec. 5, 1808. See "Literary Anecdotes, vol. IX. 182.

† He alludes here to his eldest son, Dr. John-Miers Lettsom.

‡ His youngest son, Mr. Pickering Lettsom. After having been educated in the Temple, he had settled at Tortola, where his talents in the Law had secured him very general respect, and opened to him the fairest prospects of future eminence. But his gleam of sunshine was soon overspread by a dark sky. He had been married to a widow in the prime of life, rich, and handsome.—The Friend, by whom the melancholy reverse was communicated, adds, "It will be a consolation to know that every possible endeavour was made to save him. The most skilful medical aid, united with the fondest attention on the part of Mrs. Lettsom and all around him, failed in their effect; and, as life forsook him, his quivering hand pressed mine; and he departed without a groan, a struggle, or a sigh. In him I have lost a sincere friend, Mrs. Lettsom an affectionate husband, and the World an honest man."

little

Mr. Charles Dilly, who died in 1807, an old friend of Dr. Lettsom, left him a legacy of 500*l.*; and Dr. Anthony Fothergill, who died in 1813, thus expressed in his will his opinion of and regard for him: "To Dr. Lettsom, my silver medal of Captain Cook. Also, in consideration of his kindly undertaking to publish a collection of my Essays, my gold stop-watch, and a cane with his own cypher, which he gave me, and which I have walked with many years, with grateful remembrance of the donor." After appropriating 1000*l.* towards the expence of selecting and publishing his Works, Dr. Fothergill adds, "I hope my worthy friend and learned Physician Dr. Lettsom will do it, with his wonted accuracy and discrimination." The benefits which Dr. Lettsom was likely to derive from some still more considerable pecuniary bequests of Dr. Fothergill, from "the Law's delay," he did not live to enjoy; but he paid a just tribute to the Testator, in an Oration delivered at a Meeting of the Medical Society.

Of the personal history of Dr. Lettsom little more remains to be said.

Amongst the most remarkable *public* services that he rendered his country at large, were, the share he took, in 1770, in forming the General Dispensary in Aldersgate-street (the parent of so many other of those excellent institutions); his founding the

little more than a month, when sublunary objects terminated. He died on the 28th of October. The affectionate attention of his wife was worthy of the sensibility and goodness of her heart. He was buried near his namesake the late Major Pickering.

"Yours sincerely, J. C. LETTSOM."

"*March* 28, 1809. I received to-day your friendly Letter; at the same moment a foreign one, dated January last, informing me of the decease of my Daughter-in-law Mrs. Pickering Lettsom on the 24th of that month! My friend says, she died of a broken heart. My path seems to be over the ashes of my children*. May Heaven be more propitious to the advancing years of my esteemed Friend, is the prayer of

"Yours sincerely, J. C. LETTSOM."

* He had lost two sons—a daughter—and the widows of two sons.

Medical

Medical Society* of London, 1773; his early attention to the Royal Humane Society in 1774; his contest *with*, and complete conquest *of*, the famous Water-Doctor Mayersbach in 1776; and the foundation of the General Sea-Bathing Infirmary at Margate, planned wholly by himself, in 1793.

With Dr. Lettsom, and his friends the Rev. Dr. John Warner and Mr. Nichols, originated, in 1786, the idea of erecting a Statue in honour of Howard the Philanthropist†. The modesty of that excellent man checked the intentions of his admirers at the time; but the idea was carried into effect after his death: and Mr. HOWARD'S was the earliest Monument introduced into St. Paul's Cathedral.

In March 1812 Dr. Lettsom associated himself with the Philosophical Society of London, of which he was soon after chosen President. To this institution he was ardently attached‡.

In 1814 he contributed to the IXth volume of "Literary Anecdotes" (published since the Doctor's

* "This Society, instituted for the promotion of Medical Science, is greatly indebted to Dr. Lettsom. He not only contributed to the increase of its valuable communications, but he also generously presented the Society with the house it now occupies. He may, indeed, truly be considered as its father, and liberally he supported it. The Library (which, as a Medical one, is, perhaps, for works of reference the most valuable in the country) is composed of many rare works presented by him. The Society expressed their grateful respect, by unanimously adopting the following Resolutions:

"That the Society receive the account of the decease of their late much-valued Associate with feelings of deep regret for his loss—of unfeigned respect for his memory—and of gratitude for the numerous services rendered by him to the Society.

"That the above Resolution be entered in the Minutes, and subscribed by the President; and that a copy be transmitted to his son, Mr. Samuel-Fothergill Lettsom." Pettigrew, p. 18.

† See hereafter, p. 682.

‡ An eloquent and just Eulogy on the Doctor's Life and Character was delivered before the Society on the 20th of November, by Mr. T. J. Pettigrew. The Rev. Dr. Collyer also paid a proper respect to his memory, in an Anniversary Oration before the Philosophical Society, Nov. 22, 1815; which has since been published.

death) Portraits of Mr. Peter Collinson, Dr. Cuming, and Dr. John Fothergill. In that volume Dr. Lettsom is frequently mentioned: with those expressions of regard which I most sincerely entertained for him; and I had fondly indulged the hope of gratifying him with the notices of *a few* only of his very numerous acts of beneficence.

The many instances of his public exertion did not escape public notice; and many Literary Societies, in various parts of Europe and America, enrolled the name of Dr. Lettsom among their Members. As a proof of the respect entertained for him, he belonged to no less than Sixteen Universities. He was Doctor of Physic of the University of Leyden; Doctor of Laws, Cambridge, Massachusetts; Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians, London; Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh; Fellow of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh; Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, London; Fellow of the Linnean Society, London; Fellow of the Horticultural Society; Physician Extraordinary of the City of London Lying-in-Hospital; and of the General, and Finsbury Dispensaries, London; Honorary Member of the Literary and Philosophical Societies of Manchester, Preston, and Philadelphia; Honorary Member of the Agricultural Society, Bath; Honorary Member of the Academy of Sciences, Montpelier. Of the Medical Society of London, he was for several years President; and was elected the first President of the Philosophical Society of London.

He was chosen also to the Vice-presidencies, and delegated to the Treasuries, of various public charities, and other benevolent instiutions; fulfilling his duties to each with as high credit to himself, as comfort to those committed to his protection.

Although, it is believed, Dr. Lettsom never was in North America, his literary acquaintance was very extensive in the new Continent; and the Americans appear to have appreciated it very highly, if we may judge

judge from the number of titles they conferred, as they comprise almost every honorary rank in their power to bestow, in Philadelphia, New York, and Massachusetts. In the first he was requested, by the Trustees of the Hospital, to transmit such a collection of books as he might judge suitable for that institution. He was elected into the Corporation of the Hospital of New York; and in the University of Cambridge there is a spacious room allotted to the Lettsomian cabinet of Natural History.

The time was now arrived when a period was to be put to his many useful labours; and the circumstances connected with his dissolution are thus detailed by his ingenious Eulogist:

"For some time past he had been attending a gentleman professionally—the case proved fatal, and Dr. Lettsom was desirous that the body should be examined; this was chiefly performed by the Doctor himself, on the 22nd of October. He remained in a cold room for two hours, after which he felt chilly and unwell, but not sufficiently so as to excite much alarm. On the 25th I received a note from him requesting to see me, stating that he had not been ill for twenty-seven years before, that he now had a slight fever, from which he expected to recover in a few days, and that he was fearful it would not be prudent for him to attend the Philosophical Society on the morrow.

"On the 26th I visited him, and, alas! found him labouring under a strong rigor—(a severe cold shivering fit) indicative of approaching fever, and complaining of great soreness of his arms, which he considered to be rheumatic. I immediately urged the necessity for great care, and requested he would see his friend Dr. Babington. He, however, observed that he should be better in a few days, and that he wished for no one to attend him. At that time he had a poor patient resident in Whitecross Street, whom he was determined to visit, against which his

friends strongly contended, but fruitlessly. He went out (this was on the 27th) and returned literally unable to get out of his carriage, and suffering the most acute pain upon any attempt to be assisted. In the evening he was visited by his friends Dr. Babington and Mr. Norris, and was confined to his room. The next day his disease assumed a more distinct character, and he was unable to move in his bed without assistance, sustaining, with the greatest fortitude, the most excruciating pain. In this situation, his anxiety for his patients was unabated—he requested me to visit them, and was eager to know the progress of their diseases. Perpetual inquiry was directed to the Philosophical Society, and respecting the arrangements for the approaching Anniversary, concerning which he was so interested, that he said, provided he was only able to sit, and not even to speak, on that occasion, he would attend it.

"On the 30th he appeared improved; but on the 31st great debility came on, attended with slight delirium, which terminated his valuable existence on Wednesday the 1st of November, 1815, between three and four o'clock in the morning, without a groan. Thus tranquilly terminated the existence of our much-loved Associate and President!

"His remains were interred, in the Friends' Burial Ground, Little Coleman Street, Bunhill Row, on Tuesday the 7th of November.

"Sit tibi terra levis."

The Doctor was of a cheerful disposition, and loved society. His person was tall, and he was always of a spare habit. "In his deportment there was nothing peculiarly imposing; yet his manners were graceful; they had the affability and dignity of true politeness. To the young and the humble he was always accessible, and singularly agreeable; for while they were sure of benefit from his advice, they had never to apprehend that they should be borne down by the display of his superiority."—

His

His foibles (and who is without them?) are buried in his grave; whilst the great preponderance of his merits, and more especially of his benevolence and his alms-giving, will never be forgotten; and the latest posterity will enroll his name among the Benefactors of the Human Race.

As to his religious opinions, not renouncing the peculiar community in which he was brought up, yet above prejudices of any sect or society, he uniformly pursued the conduct which the magnanimous Penn, one of its founders, pursued; considering in the light of a FRIEND, every liberal and worthy man, without regard to any peculiarity of sentiments, or habits, when not repugnant to virtue. His liberality of sentiment is proved by his Essay on Religious Persecution, which he printed for the purpose of presenting to his friends; and which is reprinted in the Second Volume of his "Hints," &c.

"The character of a Man is perhaps best inferred from the general tendency of his writings; those of Dr. Lettsom were uniformly philanthropic; every page had for its object the public good, and the elevation of the human character, by the recommendation of the performance of benevolent actions towards the relief of the indigent and sick." To exemplify the truth of this observation, it is only necessary to refer generally to every Essay in his Collection of "Hints." His ideas, and his practice, may indeed be briefly summed up in the following extract from the third volume of that work:

"He that does good to his fellow-creatures, according to the means with which he is enabled, practises active religion and virtue; but the man, however scrupulous and tenacious he may appear of maintaining the superior forms of virtue, that doth not share amongst his fellow-creatures in distress, the bounties of Heaven dispensed to him, is fit only for the unsocial limits of a monastery."

Again,

Again, in another part of that excellent work, speaking of the miseries of the poor, he says, "I know it is often urged that the poor are improvident, and never avail themselves of opportunities of saving a pittance to provide against times of difficulty; such as being out of work, visited with sickness, or assailed by the rigours of winter. I acknowledge," he adds, "that too many come under this description; but let it be remembered, that one drunken or profligate man makes more noise, and becomes more conspicuous, than a thousand starving, modest, industrious, and worthy persons; as one eclipse of the sun attracts more observation than the annual brightness of this luminary; and cruel would it be, as it is unjust, to censure a whole class for the misconduct of a few individuals."

His writings are very numerous, as well moral as medical; and all of them discover the philanthropist and physician. The most important are,

1. Reflections on the general Treatment and Cure of Fevers, 1772, 8vo.

2. The Natural History of the Tea-tree, with Observations on the medical qualities of Tea, and effects of Tea-drinking; 1772, 4to. Of this work there was a new and enlarged edition, 1799, 4to.—The Thesis written for the author's degree of Doctor at Leyden, on this subject, intituled "Observationes ad Vires Theæ pertinentes," was published there, in a small quarto size, 1769. Prefixed is a folded plate, containing two figures of tea-plants; which plate has not been copied in the subsequent editions. The dissertation is dedicated to Dr. Fothergill, and to his medical preceptor Sutcliff. The enlarged editions every way improve upon the "Thesis": that of 1799 has five plates, four of which are beautifully coloured.

3. Observations on the "Plan proposed for establishing a Dispensary and Medical Society, with Formulæ Medicamentorum Pauperibus præcipuè accommodatæ," 1772, 8vo.

4. The

4. The Naturalist's and Traveller's Companion; containing instructions for collecting and preserving Objects of Natural History, 1774, 8vo. Of this work a third edition was published in 1800. A fourth, and very much enlarged edition, is now preparing by Mr. Pettigrew.

5. Medical Memoirs of the General Dispensary in London, 1774, 8vo.

6. Improvement of Medicine in London, on the Basis of Public Good, 1775, 8vo.

7. Observations preparatory to the use of Dr. Mayersbach's Medicines, 1776, 8vo. Second edition, with an engraving of the Water Doctor from Teniers.

8. History of the Origin of Medicine; and of the state of Physic prior to the Trojan War*. An Oration delivered before the Medical Society of London, 1778, 4to.

9. A Letter to Sir Robert Barker, Knt. F. R. S. and George Stackpole, Esq. upon General Inoculation, 1779, 4to.

10. The Works of John Fothergill, M. D. three volumes 8vo. and 1 vol. 4to. 1784.

11. Memoirs of the Life of John Fothergill, M. D. 8vo.—To the fourth edition of this work, Dr. Lettsom subjoined Memoirs of his friend Dr. William Cuming, with several of his Letters.

12. An Account of the Culture and Use of the Mangel Wurzel, or Root of Scarcity. Translated from the French of the Abbé de Commereil, 1787; fourth edition, corrected and enlarged, 1788, 4to. This plant, the Doctor, after convincing himself of its value by a series of experiments, strongly recommended for general cultivation; and although it did not meet with the success he wished, his exertions on the occasion cannot be too highly commended.

* For the contents of this Oration, and a sketch of "A History of the Origin and Progress of Medicine, and its Professors, upon a very extensive scale, which there is reason to regret that want of leisure did not permit our Author to pursue," see Mr. Pettigrew's Eulogy, pp. 56—58.

13. Observations on Human Dissections, 1788, 8vo.

14. History of some of the Effects of Hard-drinking, 1789; published for the Philanthropic Society.

15. Hints for promoting a Bee Society, 1796, 8vo.

16. Hints, designed to promote Beneficence, Temperance, and Medical Science, 1801, 3 vols. 8vo *; illustrated with Portraits in profile of many of his Friends; re-published in 1816, with Biographical Memoirs, and Ten additional Plates.

17. Recollections of Dr. Rush, 1815, 8vo.

To the publications before mentioned may be added, the Travels of the unfortunate Captain Carver, of which Dr. Lettsom was not only the Editor, and wrote the Life, but was at the expence of the publication †, the benefits of which he appropriated to the amiable afflicted widow and fatherless offspring of that brave Officer; supplying the forlorn family, besides this, with the means of every comfort that humanity and friendship could administer, not only till the profits of the book could come round, but as long after as was necessary to their accommodation.

A little effusion of Dr. Lettsom's pen, under the title of "Hints to Masters and Mistresses respecting Female Servants," was originally intended merely for circulation among private friends, but could not possibly be too widely dispersed ‡.

The Doctor, also, some years ago, circulated, on a half sheet of paper, a singular *Scale of Health;* the hints for which, he acknowledged to have derived from his friend Dr. Rush.

Several of his Medical Essays, &c. occur in the Philosophical Transactions—Memoirs and Transactions of the Medical Society of London—the Bath Society Memoirs, &c. &c.

* Most of the Essays in this Collection had been published separately, at various periods of the Doctor's Life.

† The Plates of these "Travels" I possess by purchase.

‡ It is re-printed in "Hints," &c. Vol. II. p. 249.

In

In the first part of Vol. I. of the Transactions of the Medical Society, 1810, is a Memoir by Dr. Lettsom, of Mr. William Hewson the Lecturer, the pupil of John Hunter; and a Memoir of Dr. James Johnstone * of Worcester, also written by Dr. Lettsom, will shortly make its appearance, in the Second Part of the same Volume.

He was a frequent Correspondent in the Gentleman's Magazine on a variety of subjects; and feelingly seconded the efforts of his friend the philanthropic Neild, towards the improvement of Prisons, and the amelioration of the condition of Prisoners, in a series of no less than LXXVII Prefatory Letters.

* See the Epitaphs on Dr. Johnstone and on his Son, both from the nervous pen of my excellent Friend Dr. Parr, in the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. VII. p. 496.

Extracts from Dr. LETTSOM's Letters to Mr. NICHOLS.

July 15, 1781. "The communication of Dr. Fothergill's Letter, solicited only by Advertisement, I consider as an obliging instance of politeness; and I purpose to call in Red Lion Passage to acknowledge it. I think in the month of May I inserted a defence of Dr. Fothergill, respecting the affair with Dr. Leeds †. In consequence of this, Dr. Cuming wrote to Dr. Fothergill's surviving sister, expressing his approbation of my piece, and his offers of friendship in communicating his correspondence with our deceased friend. This induced me to write to Dr. Cuming, who was before unknown to me; and, sent him some franks to facilitate his proposed communications. I daily expect to hear from him, and hope for useful information. I shall take care of thy letter, and return it some time hence.

"Could'st thou collect any anecdotes of Peter Collinson, by way of Preface to his Life, which I shall insert as part of Dr. Fothergill's Works? Respectfully yours, J. C. LETTSOM."

"*July* 17, 1781. I will take care of the sheet of letter-press, which Mr. Nichols has obligingly favoured me with, and return it when copied.—I did not know any thing about Dr. Fothergill's Collection of Heads, until it was too late to purchase them. The major part of his Library of Natural History was bought for

† See Gent. Mag. vol. LI. p. 205.

me

me at the late sale of his books. The Heads were purchased for £.150 by Snelling, perhaps the son of the late Author on Coins. I am in daily expectation of a letter and packet from Dr. Cuming; and am thy assured friend, J. C. LETTSOM."

"DEAR MR. NICHOLS, *June* 20, 1786.

"To evince my approbation of erecting a MONUMENT to commemorate the god-like actions of the *living* HOWARD, I inclose a draught for ten guineas, to be appropriated to that DESIGN*. —Persuaded as I am, that his character and writings will survive the most durable monument of friendship; yet such an example of approbation appears to me calculated to promote many beneficial purposes, though it cannot augment the zeal of this amiable man in the pursuit of lessening human misery. Public approbation of private and public virtues, whilst it acknowledges a debt due to intrinsic merit, reflects the highest honour on the community; for to reward virtue is a pleasing proof of its prevalence; and that it does prevail, the MONUMENT of HOWARD will testify. —Virtue, whether shining in the public walks of life, or emitting the soft rays of human benevolence in the dungeons of misery, will ever obtain its own reward beyond all the powers of sculpture; but to exhibit that evidence to the publick, to excite emulation in virtuous pursuits, and to induce spectators to go and do likewise, nothing seems more conducive than a Monument to HOWARD. The present moment, during his absence in Turkey, is the most proper to accomplish

* The attention of the Publick was drawn to the subject by the following Advertisement; which was penned by the Rev. Dr. John Warner, with whom the first idea originated:

"Many sincere Admirers of Mr. HOWARD,

"*The Friend to every Clime, a Patriot of the World,*"

anxious that his transcendent Philanthropy may not wait for the tardy, and, as it should seem, almost unwilling gratitude, of posthumous acknowledgment from the public, entertain a hope, from the hint thrown out in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for May, and so nobly improved upon in that for June, that a Statue may be erected to him to perpetuate the memory of it, before it be taken from mortal eyes, and during his absence upon a God-like errand which carries him to Turkey, to try to restrain the ravages of the Plague. And who knows not with how truly Christian a spirit and undaunted courage he before went about doing good; how gloriously he has devoted a great part of his Life and Property to repeated visits to most of those mansions of Misery and Infection, the Gaols of Europe; and how many a weary prisoner whom he came unto has been bound to bless him, for the removal of at least some horror, for the alleviation of at least some anguish, which, with the iron entered into his soul, when it was cast down and disquieted within him! Those persons therefore, who, feeling like Men, Christians, and Englishmen, the exalted merit which does so much honour to their Nature, their Religion, and their Country, wish to avail themselves of the humble Possessor's absence for the pleasure of expressing that feeling, in the doing something towards erecting such a Monument of public gratitude to *Him*, and of encouragement to equal virtue, if it be possible, in others, are hereby invited to send their contributions to Messrs. GOSLINGS, Bankers, Fleet-street; Dr. LETTSOM, Basinghall-street; or to J. NICHOLS, Printer, Red Lion Passage, Fleet-street."

such

such a DESIGN. With goodnesss of heart he unites exemplary humility; and a perfection of mind, rarely equalled, is veiled by a modesty that shuns praise and adulation: but the public applause, which is due to great and virtuous actions, cannot be ungrateful to the God-like breast of HOWARD.—Suppose, therefore, the first FIVE persons who subscribe TEN GUINEAS each, or upwards, be appointed a Committee to carry such a DESIGN into execution*; which Committee may be afterwards augmented, by selecting from the subscribers at large, such persons whose taste and abilities may further assist in *designing* a MONUMENT to HOWARD.—If this paper be thought worthy of insertion in the Gentleman's Magazine, I have no objection to its publication; nor have I any to being appointed to receive subscriptions with any banker or bankers, further to insure success. — As there are many circumstances singular in the conduct of HOWARD, which tend to his security, besides *cleanliness*, I thought of adding some outlines of his history; but, fearful of diverting the public attention from the subject of a Monument, I have refrained from such addition, though, would it prove acceptable, I could perhaps prepare a little essay for a subsequent Magazine; and am,

"Respectfully, J. C. LETTSOM."

"DEAR DEPUTY, *Aug.* 31, 1795.

"I have just heard by Dr. Hawes, that a Sermon is to be preached at Greenwich, in favour of the Humane Society, on the 20th of September. I will endeavour to attend on the occasion, and further hope for the favour of thy company, with Mr. Pridden's. It always gives me pleasure to see the Deputy. I always fancy my heart grows bigger in his company; or rather, I may say with Ned Hyde, before he was Chancellor, 'I never thought so highly of myself, as when I was the least in the company.' I expect Dr. Hawes; Mr. Thompson, V. P.; Deputy Witherby, Dr. Milne, &c. What a group of benevolence will then concentrate under my roof! May it again and again recur, before we meet in the Elysian Fields. Though I doubt not there we shall be indulged with social and spiritually friendly meetings and visitations. Might I be permitted to arrive there, I would ask no greater blessings of the Author of all Blessings, than an extensive garden with groves and shades to receive the Deputies, and all our Colleagues. You will never be tired there; so many antiquities unexplored, and infinity of curious anecdotes of illustrious characters, would occupy billions of years. Instead of going to Lichfield, you would spend a century or two (as we poor reptiles here reckon centuries) with Saturn. I beg pardon, not with Saturn so long; with him only a pop-visit: but how long with Venus I ween not. In this journey I would take a part of your car; but I would not go near to Mars.

"I have promised Hawes, that the stream running through my Hesperides should flow like the Serpentine River near his

* Such a Committee was very soon formed; and, amongst the most active Members of it, was the elder Mr. Whitbread.

mansion,

mansion, which I suppose will be larger than the Receiving-house in Hyde-park — large enough to contain every species of drag, grappling machine, tobacco bellows, and blow-pipe, ever invented or to be invented. Drs. Milne and Pridden should be preaching for eternal resuscitation, and doing other good works, for good works should ever be pursued. There Mr. Pridden will have time to write a *Margate Guide*; and should Doctor Anderson* come longing to our Elysian Committee, *that* will restore his equilibrium, if Styx itself do not. But adieu, and take care of thyself, that we may not meet there soon; as this Globe has comforts for the Deputy and his sincere friend, J. C. LETTSOM."

"DEAR BROTHER TRAVELLER†, *Sept.* 7, 1798.

"I am now at our comrade Charles Dilly's, talking over a new edition of my Tea-plant; and having our predilection fixed for your press, we propose to have it immediately under its pressure; and, as your son is coming into business, it is with us a stronger inducement to send to you. But as he is beginning business, he must begin with a new type; for as all authors expect the whole world will read their performances, I can entertain no doubt of my child's admission every where, and particularly among the ladies; and hence I am more anxious of his appearing well dressed. Your friend, J. C. LETTSOM."

"*Sept.* 14, 1799. I once mentioned to you a wish I had, to collect a narrative of the rise and progress of Howard's statue; and you kindly intimated, that you could supply me with the proper documents ‡. If you could spare them for about a week, it would oblige your friend, J. C. LETTSOM."

"*Jan.* 19, 1800. I want *your head*, but not off your shoulders. When convenient, however, I should be obliged to you to call upon Betham in Fleet-street, and sit for your profile, about the usual size as you may see in the window; and when you have sat, and I am informed, I will call at Betham's about the mode of framing it for Your friend, J. C. LETTSOM."

"DEAR MR. NICHOLS, *Dec.* 16, 1800.

"Accept my thanks for your valuable present §, which I shall ever estimate in a particular manner, from the esteem I have for the donor, and from the kind manner of his conveying it. J. C. L."

"*March* 25, 1801. In my publication, I mean to introduce the profiles of those respectable characters who have been Founders of, or particularly active in, the Institutions to be described. David Williams was the Founder of the Society for a Literary Fund; and I should be very happy to have the favour of prefixing his Silhouette to the history of this interesting Society; but not having the honour of his acquaintance, I am induced to

* Dr. John Anderson was then a resident at Margate, as Physician to the General Sea-bathing Infirmary. His medical abilities were unquestionable; but, unfortunately, his temper was so irascible, that he was continually in hot water even with his best Friends. See the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. IX. p. 186.

† Dr. Lettsom, Mr. Dilly, and Mr. Nichols, were just returned from Margate. ‡ See Dr. Lettsom's "Hints," &c. vol. II. p. 226.

§ A very curious Edition of Horace.

trouble

trouble you, to request that he would permit Mr. Myers in the Strand, to take a shade for me. You know he will be in very good company; such as a Blizard, a Neild, a Colquhoun, and similar characters; and this permission would not only oblige me, but I trust even serve the Society, by diffusing a knowledge of it. Every head is now completed for the Work, except this I now request; and I have much hopes in your application, as our cause is good. I am sincerely, &c. J. C. LETTSOM."

"*Dec.* 24, 1805. The attack on our friend Neild in your last Magazine demands an early reply; and, if it be not too late, I wish the Letter I now send might appear, instead of that I sent you, which may come in on the subsequent month. I know our worthy friend at Chelsea feels very much from the Letter of his Brother Magistrate Mr. Frith. Neild has seen my MS. and is satisfied with it; and it would add to his satisfaction were this answer to appear immediately. If you should take the trouble of reading it, I think you will deem it moderate, manly, and decisive. I have avoided all severe language, and introduced dispassionate argument. If I judge right, as an old man (I hope not partial to his worst productions), it is the best letter yet written by yours sincerely, J. C. LETTSOM."

"Neild is very poorly indeed, confined to his chamber. He begs to have a copy to correct."

"*Dec.* 26, 1805. I have the pleasure to send some plates of Grovehill; and at the same time request your acceptance of Maurice's Poem on that spot. *Arch* is the possessor of the copyright; and, perhaps, he would, as a sort of Brother professionally, give you a set of the wooden prints, as a further illustration of Lysons.—The inclosed card will explain when I am at home to pay bills, as well as to see patients. J. C. LETTSOM."

"*June* 6, 1807. I will endeavour to command Monday the 15th of June, to spend it at your *Tusculum*. You cheer me with the prospect of meeting old friends, like oaks in forests, which have resisted the injuries of the weather; yet with their tops dry and withered, they may yet overlook the young surrounding trees,

"Trunco, non frondibus efficit umbram." J. C. LETTSOM."

"*May* 21, 1808." When I had a family of Children, I was anxious to collect various subjects of Natural History, &c. both for instruction and amusement at home: but they are all settled from me; and I should now be willing to dispose of a portion of my Collection to the Surrey Institution, with the greater pleasure, as I could still have access to them.

"Of Minerals there is a pretty complete collection.

"Of Mechanical and Philosophical instruments, those from which Ferguson formerly lectured.

"Of Books too big for my private collection, Boydell's Shakespeare the *tenth* subscription, Bowyer's History of England.

"My view is, that if the Managers should think them objects worthy of their attention, they might be seen by any competent person, and after the valuation, to deduct 5 *per cent.* in favour of the Institution. J. C. LETTSOM."

"*May*

"*May* 24, 1808. I do not imagine that my presence is necessary, or even proper. I thought that, if the Institution wished to avail itself of an elegant assortment at a moderate expence, it would be an opportunity that might not again offer. Indeed half the collection would be ample as affording models for lecturing, &c. I am respectfully yours, J. C. LETTSOM."

"*March* 24, 1809. I had heard of the bequest of your old friend Mr. Gough to the Royal Humane Society; and with still more pleasure of his recollection of personal esteem to you. I warmly approve of the whole inscription, &c. on our deceased friend Dr. Hawes. Perhaps you may favour me with a few copies to accompany the tribute you previously sent me.

"Yours sincerely, J. C. LETTSOM."

"*March* 25, 1809. I wish much to have a moment's conversation with you, respecting the Report of the present Anniversary of the Royal Humane Society. Can you command any time from six to twelve to-night? I have been harassed with professional avocations, beyond the command of time, but I will command to night if requisite. I am sincerely,

J. C. LETTSOM.; *super Strata Viarum**."

"*April* 20, 1809. As Capt. Goodall (Christophe's Admiral) is a Steward of the Humane Society, should you approve a *Report* to be sent for Christophe, who gives £.20 *per annum*, it might be delivered at the Anniversary, after the Report of his donation. Should a Report be presented to the Lord Mayor, I think it would be well and decently applied, as we cannot get too many friends in the Court of Aldermen; but this I submit to you. My wish is, that as we shall need the animation of our departed Founder, we must exert ourselves in the best manner, to join propriety and dignity in our proceedings. I think we shall have a respectable Anniversary, with more of the Vice-presidents than we have recently been favoured with. I am, &c. J. C. LETTSOM."

"*Jan.* 24, 1810. I inclose you some lines which I thought, from what you intimated to me, might be introduced respecting Dr. Mitchell†; which, if you judge any how admissible, alter and use them as you please. I hope the paper I inclose by Dr. Mitchell might suitably appear in your Magazine. J. C. LETTSOM."

"*April* 14, 1810. As Mr. Curwen is now proceeding in the House of Commons to procure a reward to Captain Manby of £.2000; might it not be advisable to send Mr. Curwen the present sheets of the *Report?* On the Anniversary Festival, I

* The prodigious extent of Dr. Lettsom's correspondence has been noticed before, in pp. 660, 661; and it is well known that he scarcely ever omitted to answer, almost immediately, every Letter he received. He had indeed the pen of a ready writer, and seldom wasted a single moment. He rose early, and sat up late; and not a few of his hours were devoted to making Indexes to several of his books: but the Letters to his friends were frequently written, *currente calamo*, whilst the wheels of his chariot were rolling over the streets of the Metropolis.

† An eminent Physician at New York; of whom some Memoirs and a Portrait are given in Gent. Mag. vol. LXXX. pp. 33. 614.

mean

mean to make a very short Speech; but in it to introduce slightly the case of the young woman, p. 45 (first paragraph only), and then propose that some one should read to the Meeting Mr. Pridden's excellent Letter, p. 47*, which I think would produce a happy effect; for in it every thing is interesting and appropriate; and it will be entirely novel to the Meeting. On Monday I shall hope for your opinion. I am, &c. J. C. L."

"*June* 22, 1810. I hope for an opportunity of seeing you respecting the print of my Island and Birth-place†, as the subject is connected with too many circumstances to explain in a Letter.

"Yours sincerely, J. C. LETTSOM."

"*Feb.* 23, 1811. I hope you are proceeding with the engraving of Dr. Hawes's Tablet; and I wish particularly to receive from you, as early as you can favour me with it, the account of the Tablet; that I may add if requisite, and prepare by the first of March to go to press with the Report, that matters may not be hurried just before the Festival. I am, &c. J. C. LETTSOM."

"DEAR MR. BOWYER NICHOLS, *Nov.* 18, 1811.

"In consequence of the Letter of the Committee of the Royal Humane Society, on the affair of the Medal, an allusion is made to some improvement, in consequence of the useful experiments of Captain Manby. As a man of taste, you know from Roman and Grecian models, that simplicity and unity of design constitute the beautiful and elegant; and every person whom I have consulted, has expressed his approbation of our medal, which is scarcely rivalled by antiquity; and, in my humble opinion, it is so perfect in the leading attributes of medallic expression, as to preclude any addition without injury. The whole design, with the most elegant simplicity, in a single figure, comprizes a narrative of the Humane Society, in the act of restoring suspended life. It is a volume in epitome; and I should be grieved to see this noble monument of taste and judgment frittered away on subjects of dubiety, and any abstraction of the leading object introduced. Do weigh this matter against the time when I hope you will meet your friend, J. C. LETTSOM."

"DEAR MR. BOWYER, *Jan.* 25, 1812.

"I thank you sincerely for an excellent likeness of your excellent Father, which I value the more from a recollection of undeviating friendship of upwards of 30 years duration. J. C. L."

"DEAR MR. BOWYER, *Feb.* 7, 1812.

"I now send you the copy of the Report of the Royal Humane Society. I regret that I have acted for so many Governors without aid, lest my endeavours may not have answered their expectations; and hence, during the printing, I shall hope for such hints and improvements as may occur to you. I have so far improved the third section, as to enable any person, without the aid of an apparatus, to act with probable success. Experience

* Of the Annual Report of the Royal Humane Society in 1810.

† See before, p. 657.

had

had long convinced me of the danger of tobacco, to the use of which my Predecessor [Dr. Hawes] was very partial; but the remarks of John Hunter, and of every man of science, and now the experiments of Dr. Brodie, all confirm my own experience, as to the deleterious effects of this vegetable. I am, &c. J. C. LETTSOM."

"DEAR MR. BOWYER, *April* 9, 1812.

"I think with you, that an Appendix to the Sermon would be not only superfluous, but even lessen the importance of our worthy Preacher's pious work. The Report will anticipate any extracts from Captain Manby, or any other performance. It will stand more dignified alone, and I hope I can persuade our Reverend Friend to acquiesce in the same. You and I have had no little trouble in this publication; and with other things pressing upon my time and years, I long for quiet and retreat. Sincerely yours, J. C. L."

"*Feb.* 18, 1813. All that depends upon me is completed of the Report of the Royal Humane Society. I request of you individually to draw up something respecting the long services and usefulness of Mr. Beaumont to accompany his head. And of you and Mr. Beaumont, to draw up some account of Mr. Brookes' ropes for drawing drowning persons out of the water. Of the nature and mode of using these Ropes I am ignorant. I wait for Dr. Cogan's boat-hook for the Engraver, and some explanation of it for the Printer. I suffer embarrassment and inconvenience from the tardiness of those I depend upon; and thus my labours in the Humane Society are increased and perplexed. If you should see Dr. Cogan, do urge him to complete his department, that the Engraver may be in readiness as well as

"Yours respectfully, J. C. LETTSOM."

"DEAR MR. NICHOLS, *Feb.* 26, 1813.

"I have read and approve of the Eloge designed for Mr. Beaumont; but as I am mentioned in so very polite a manner, and as I am known to draw up the Reports, would it be improper to say by whom the advertisement was prepared, to exonerate from self-complacency or egotism Your friend J. C. LETTSOM."

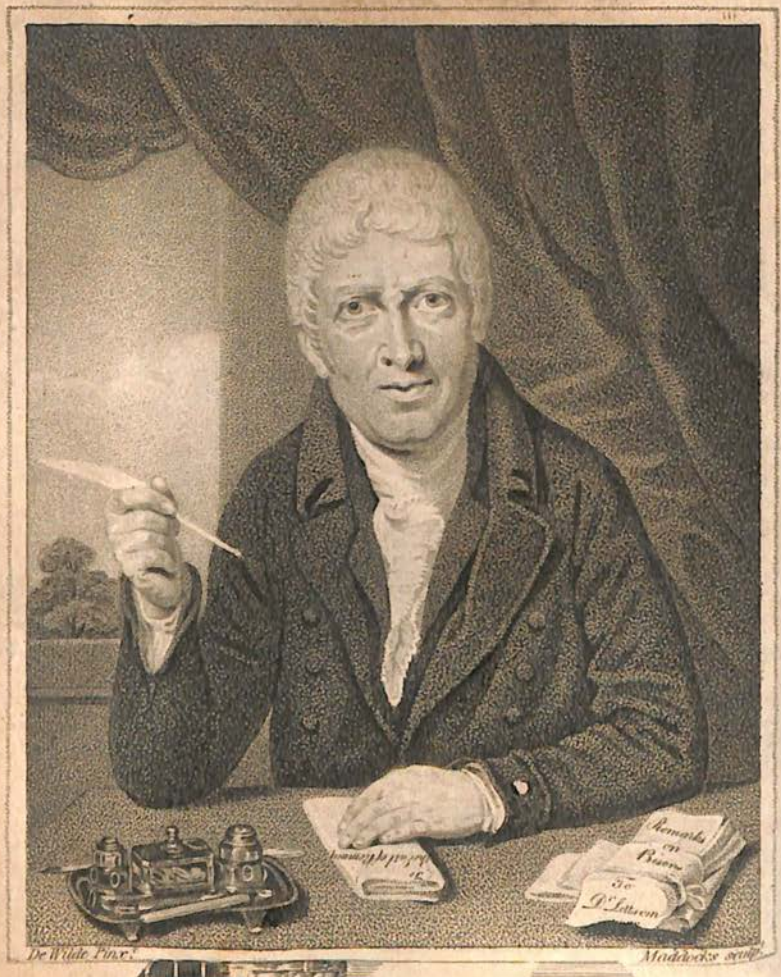
"*March* 1, 1814. I believe no Life was ever published of Mr. Neild. I will write to his Son, to get, if possible, some materials. From what he has occasionally said to me, I did expect some interesting papers; but I fear that we shall be disappointed: he has not even left a will. If, however, no part of his biography remains with his Son, I think I could patch up something; and certainly it should be at your service, though I have had some other applications on the subject. I am, &c. J. C. LETTSOM."

"*March* 14, 1814. Mr. Neild has wrote to me, saying he possesses extensive memoirs of his Father, which he hopes, in a few weeks, to transmit to your friend, J. C. LETTSOM."

"*Nov.* 11, 1814. You have condensed an excellent epitome of the Memoirs of our deceased friend Dr. Anthony Fothergill *, which meets my approbation. I want much to prepare some account of James Neild, the Visitor of Prisons; but, alas! *tempus fallet, et forsan semper fallebit*, to the exertions of J. C. LETTSOM."

* See the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. IX. p. 211.

JAMES



De Wilde Pinx.t

Maddocks sculp.t

JAMES NEILD Esq.r

High Sheriff of the County of Bucks. 1804, Æt. 60. One of his Majesty's acting Justices of the Peace for the Counties of BUCKINGHAM, KENT *and* MIDDLESEX, *and the City & Liberty of* WESTMINSTER. *Treasurer of the* SOCIETY

JAMES NEILD, ESQ.

The exertions of this worthy man in behalf of the unfortunate have long endeared his name in the hearts of those who can feel for the woes of others. The ardour and spirit of humanity which rendered him one of the most active Institutors of a Society* which

* This excellent Institution derives its origin from a Sermon preached by the Rev. Weeden Butler at Charlotte Chapel, Pimlico, and at Bedford Chapel, Bloomsbury, in the month of February, 1772. To afford relief for the miseries of those unfortunate persons, who are cruelly secluded from society by imprisonment for inconsiderable debts, was a powerful claim upon the Preacher's humanity. It had struck his own mind with the deepest compassion, and his arguments, therefore, failed not to communicate and impress the like tender feeling upon his respective audiences. The collection then made, amounted to *eighty-one pounds one shilling*. A general approbation of the idea was declared; and a set of gentlemen readily formed themselves into a Committee, to search out proper objects, and distribute donations with the utmost œconomy. The distress and extreme wretchedness to which they were eye-witnesses, on visiting the several Gaols of the Metropolis, strongly affected their sensibility; and the more so, as it was soon found that many other objects still remained undischarged, without the means of relief. They determined, therefore, to give the Publick an account of their proceedings, in hopes that it might operate as an incitement to help forward so humane a purpose, and thus enable them to accomplish their wishes on a more extensive scale. Accordingly, in April 1772, they advertized a Report, specifying the manner in which they had expended the bounty of a few individuals; and "that with *fourscore* pounds they had happily released *thirty-four* prisoners; most of whom had large families, and appeared to be worthy and useful members of society; some of them were confined *only for their fees*, and the debts of others the Committee compounded upon the best terms they could. They expressed a great regret at the thought of leaving behind them, various other imprisoned suppliants; nineteen of whom appeared to be the greatest objects of compassion, and might all be discharged for less than one hundred pounds; and of the rest, many were evidently such as well deserved to share the mercy of the public, if it were possible, by future contributions, to extend that blessing to them. Their views were instantly seconded by a liberal and well-disposed Publick. They soon found themselves enabled

has proved incalculably beneficial to thousands, continued, till the close of his mortal existence, to

to reach out the hand of pity to a very large number of miserable sufferers in confinement; and early in May, 1773, within *fifteen months* from the commencement of the undertaking, the following was published as their GENERAL ACCOUNT:

	£.	s.	d.
Benefactions to this day.....	2922	11	10
Disbursements to discharge 986 prisoners....	2892	19	4
Leaving in their hands a balance of	29	12	6

In the earliest infancy of their plan, the Committee were hardly sanguine enough to expect so liberal an encouragement; and, therefore, did not at first take an accurate account of the wives and children of the prisoners released. However, from an inspection of their books, it appears, that at the period in question, to the 986 prisoners above-mentioned as discharged, there belonged 566 wives, and 2389 children; making in all 3941 souls, essentially relieved by means of the public humanity. Far the greater number of objects released were *manufacturers, seamen,* and *labourers,* whose usefulness, long cut off from exercise by confinement, was thus restored to the community. The Charity, of course, was found to claim a serious attention, not merely from the avowed *humanity* of its purpose, but also from the *advantages* which it afforded to society at large; and which, in a commercial country, like ours, could not fail of striking conviction upon every judicious mind. It likewise appeared, on a review of the Committee's books, that various considerable debts, to the amount of *twelve thousand* pounds and upwards, had been so compounded and reduced, as to bring the objects relieved in those instances, within the scope of their first intention—and to which they have ever since invariably adhered; namely, to include "such prisoners only whose respective debts, or the composition for whose debts, should not exceed the sum of TEN POUNDS." By this means a two-fold benefit was secured: for, at the time of compounding such larger debts, the Committee constantly paid an equal attention to the peculiar circumstances, both of the Creditor, and of his helpless Debtor. A progress so rapid and animating, naturally gave ardour to the zeal of its conductors. It was considered, indeed, and owned, as one of those GREAT EVENTS from LITTLE CAUSES, which lift the eye to Heaven in admiration, and expand the human heart. The rich cordial of benevolence was now largely flowing out, as upon a once barren soil; and *the desert became a fruitful field!* Thus encouraged to persevere in the good work, the gentlemen originally concerned, determined to omit no means of giving it dignity, stability, and success: application was accordingly made for that purpose; and, on the 5th of May, 1773, at a General Meeting of Benefactors, the SOCIETY was constituted.

At

animate his exertions; and to give expansion to his endeavours to seek out misery in the dark recesses of confinement, in order to succour it, by feeding the hungry, and restoring liberty to the captive.

In 1786 Mr. Neild was a zealous Promoter of the Statue intended to have been erected in honour of Mr. Howard *, his Precursor in the labour of love.

At the same Meeting the Rules and Orders were settled; and the following Officers were appointed:

The Right Hon. Lord Romney, *President;* Right Hon. Lord Chief Baron Smythe, Right Hon. Lord Viscount Beauchamp †, Right Hon. Mr. Justice Nares, John Thornton, Esq. *Vice-Presidents;* Mr. Neild, *Treasurer;* Mr. Nelme, *Secretary.*

Such were the singular triumphs of philanthropy at a very early period of the Institution: the little spark was now roused and animated into a genial flame: and it is pleasing to remark, that an experience of now *more than seven and twenty years* hath fully evinced its justice and propriety; while it hath also superadded many other arguments of a most cogent nature, to encourage and support the benevolent design.

* Of this, one proof appears in a Letter to Dr. Lettsom:

"SIR, *Craven Street, Strand, Sept.* 20, 1786.

"As Governors of the '*Society for the Relief and Discharge of Persons imprisoned for small Debts,*' we request you to forward the inclosed twelve guineas, in approbation of your excellent proposal, for erecting a Statue to the honour of Mr. HOWARD, and to promote a permanent fund for the comfort of poor prisoners. To your heart it may afford a peculiar satisfaction, to have this small addition of our names to your list of subscribers. We readily embrace this opportunity to assure you, that, having frequently been eye-witnesses of complicated distress, on visiting not only the prisons in and about the Metropolis, but also many of the far distant county gaols, where misery still more abounds; and having, in consequence, felt very much for the unhappy sufferers, we are fully impressed with the propriety of the design, and wish to see it so executed, as to perpetuate in the most respectable manner the memory of a truly honest man; whom we cannot but consider as a Patriot in the noblest sense of the word, and a Philanthropist of the highest order. Were the free, the rich, and the happy, of our countrymen, to have heard but half the tales of woe which have come to our ears, or to have beheld a few of those scenes of misery to which our situation has often painfully introduced us, no farther argument could be needed, to stimulate their pity; they would be eager to encourage a plan, which must always reflect a dignity on the public gratitude and humanity of Great Britain. Indeed, Sir, such trials of compas-

† The present Marquis of Hertford.

In 1800 Mr. Neild, after having for nearly 30 years been the happy witness of the increasing benefits resulting from his favourite Institution, which had now arrived at some maturity, undertook the task of being its Historian, by publishing "An Account of Persons confined for Debt in the various Prisons of England and Wales; together with their provisionary Allowance during Confinement, as reported to the Society for the Discharge and Relief of Small Debtors, in April, May, June, &c. 1800."*

sion as result from the *actual survey* of sorrow in imprisonment are alone wanting to affect the most thoughtless voluptuary, or to melt down the hardest heart.—From our own experience, therefore, of Mr. HOWARD's peculiar merits, no less than as a just tribute to his praise, we sincerely hope that all who can will chearfully contribute their share, both towards the erection of the *Statue* proposed, and to establish a continual *Fund of Charity* for the benefit of friendless prisoners; which latter good work, to the mind of HOWARD, will certainly be received as the highest of gratifications. 'To honour *our country*,—do honour *to him*.'

We are, Sir, with great esteem, your much obliged, and obedient humble servants,

	£.	s.	d.
Sir Robert Taylor, Bart.	2	2	0
Rev. Dr. Markham	1	1	0
Rev. Richard Harrison	1	1	0
William Townsend, Esq.	1	1	0
Robert Mangles, Esq.	2	2	0
Mr. Dawes	1	1	0
Spontaneous [Rev. Weeden Butler †]	2	2	0
James Neild	2	2	0

Dr. LETTSOM's Answer:

"Your pathetic Letter, inclosing a generous subscription of twelve guineas toward the *Howardian Fund*, afforded me singular satisfaction, in experiencing the approbation of gentlemen of such distinguished characters. At the same time, the interest which you take in every thing that may contribute to lessen the distresses of our fellow creatures, and the feeling manner in which you have related them, moves me to sympathize with you over the scenes of misery to which your situation has often painfully introduced you; and, wishing to unite with you in your humane endeavours, accept my draft of ten guineas, and consider me as an annual subscriber of two guineas, for the relief and discharge of persons imprisoned for small debts. J. C. LETTSOM."

* In an Advertisement to this Work, Mr. Neild observes, "To the considerate reader of the following statement, a few observations must naturally occur:—He will feel for *their* pitiable

† See pp. 689. 703.

situation,

The more immediately active Members of the Society were so impressed with a sense of the utility of this publication, that they unanimously resolved, Feb. 17, 1801, "That the Thanks of this Society be given to James Neild, Esq. our worthy Treasurer, for his very laudable, humane, and useful exertions, in promoting the benefits of this Institution; particularly by his late publication."

About the same time Dr. Lettsom, having returned his thanks for a copy of this interesting performance, received the following answer:

"I have the honour of yours; and feel myself extremely gratified by the approbation you are

situation, who, though confined in prison, have, in some instances, no support at all provided for them: in many, scarcely bread to eat sufficient to sustain life; and whose case, therefore, very powerfully calls for the humane interposition of the magistrate. He will find, with painful astonishment, that, after eight and twenty years since the institution of the Society for the Relief and Discharge of Debtors, no less than twenty-five prisons in England and Wales, some of them in large populous towns, and others very near the Metropolis, 'never heard of' so amiable and excellent a charity! The fact is on record, from the avowal of the respective Gaolers; and it must have considerably lessened the intended benefit deducible from the Society's plan. The Committee have now distributed their painted boards of instruction throughout the various gaols; and sincerely hope, that the Magistracy, in every district of the kingdom, will kindly further the views of this Society by an occasional inquiry into the state of imprisoned debtors; and by an inspection, now and then, into the manner of their treatment and accommodation in the dreary abodes of human wretchedness.

"Ah! little think the gay, licentious proud,
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence, surround;
They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth
And wanton, often cruel riot, waste:
Ah! little think they, while they dance along,
How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms,
Shut from the common air, and common use
Of their own limbs! how many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of misery! —For, sure, th' awakening thought
The conscious heart of charity would warm;
The social tear would rise, the social sigh;
The social passions work!" THOMSON.

pleased

pleased to express of my humble endeavours to alleviate the sorrows of the afflicted. The book which is published is an abridgement of a folio MS. in which the names, dates of commitment, and sums for which each individual is confined, are inserted; the publication of it would be too voluminous for perusal, and cruel to their relatives. I have endeavoured to shew the wretched state of some prisons, and the great inequality of provision for the debtor, with as much brevity as possible, that it may be read by the Great. Where I have found the Gaoler humane and merciful, I have mentioned it, to encourage the same disposition in the others. Having, during a period of 28 years, visited most of the Prisons in England, I know fully how much a Gaoler has it in his power to *forward* or *retard* the works of mercy.

"I have just begun inquiries of *each*, to know which of the persons (arranging their names alphabetically) are discharged, or yet in their custody; by this means no person can remain very long in prison without my knowing the reason.

"The separation of debtors and *vagrants* from felons has often excited the attention of your most obliged and faithful humble servant, JAMES NEILD."*

* In another Letter to Dr. Lettsom, written about the same time, Mr. Neild says, "When I acknowledge the receipt of your polite Letter, I cannot accompany it with any thing which I am sure will be so grateful to your feelings, as the statement of those debtors who remain in prison, out of the number included in my *published Report*. Some of these are under *particular*, and others very *distressing* circumstances †. I trust the wisdom of Parliament will interpose its authority, and regulate the laws betwixt Debtor and Creditor. To proportion the time of imprisonment to the magnitude of the debt, would frequently prevent its wanton increase. I have known many instances, where a debtor has offered eight, nine, and ten shillings in the pound to his creditor; which not being accepted, he has (very naturally) expended it for his support in prison. Fees and *lodgings* abolished, and a salary from the county allowed to the gaoler, would have the most salutary effects. Where a gaoler has not

† See Dr. Lettsom's "Hints," &c. vol. I. p. 228.

only

The following Letter to Dr. Lettsom will be read with a mixture of admiration and delight; and is in itself so impressive, as to render comment superfluous; for it is a disinterested effort of Virtue, overcoming the allurement of personal interest.

only no salary, but a rent to pay; where his demand increases with the confinement of the debtor: if I arrest a man, and after throwing him into gaol I find him incapable of payment and forgive him, you would naturally suppose him at liberty. 'No,' says the gaoler, 'my demand for prison-fees and *lodgings* amounts to so and so; and I will detain him till these are paid.' Thus is a Gaoler a Judge, Jury, and Executioner. For this very powerful reason, have I endeavoured to humanize their hearts, by promising to record their works of mercy, to rescue them from general obloquy, and rank them amongst the valuable members of the community. From the reports I daily receive, it will have its effect. An equal provision during confinement is too obvious to need comment on its necessity. To charge the window-duty on prisons is, in my opinion, *impolitic;* the exclusion of light and air engenders disease, and renders the visitation extremely dangerous to those whose office it is. Indeed I know this by sad experience, having caught the gaol distemper in Warwick old prison, from which I did not recover for twelve months. This, I repeat, is a great reason, with a little insinuation from the keeper (to hide his faults) that some of the prisoners are ill, why the *outsides* of the abodes of human wretchedness are too frequently *only examined.*

"Having now finished my Reports for this year, I shall commence my visits to the Gaols of the Metropolis, and to such parts of the country as health and leisure will allow; thereby enriching my Folio Work with such observations and remarks as may be useful to my successor. The approbation of the humane and learned has encouraged me to proceed. I cannot conclude better than with the words of the late Dr. Franklin on the infancy of our Institution; so with respect to my late publication: 'Hereafter we may trust, (and may the observation be prophetic!) it will rise *in stature, and grow in favour with* GOD *and Man*: this little rivulet shall one day swell into a wide and copious stream, that shall diffuse plenty and prosperity on every side of it: it shall *abound like Euphrates, and like Jordan in the time of harvest;* this *grain of mustard seed,* to conclude with the image made use of by our blessed SAVIOUR himself, which at present, indeed, is the *least of all seeds,* shall one day be the *greatest among herbs, and become a tree, so that the birds of the air shall come and lodge in the branches thereof.* Which GOD of his infinite mercy grant!' And that He may keep you in His holy protection, is the fervent prayer of, dear Sir, &c. JAMES NEILD, *March* 26, 1801."

"My

"My dear Sir, *Chelsea, March* 25, 1801.

"No sooner had the Society published their Vote of Thanks, than I was surprized with the receipt of a Bank-note of One Thousand Pounds. It came by penny-post, in a blank cover, neither Name nor Signature, addressed '*James Neild, Esq. Cheyne Walk, Chelsea.*'—Having no doubt whatever in my own mind that it was intended for the Charity, I announced it as such at our next meeting. Lord Romney, and the Gentlemen of the Committee, were of opinion it was intended for *myself*, not being addressed even in my official capacity; and a Minute to that effect was about being entered on our books. I solemnly declared, I would enter my Protest against it; as, *in foro conscientiæ*, I believed it meant for the Society; and so far disclaimed all right or title to it, that, should it hereafter appear to be meant for myself, I declared it to be the property of the Society. Whatever might be the intent of the philanthropic Donor, there was certainly inaccuracy, and even carelessness, to send so large a sum by penny-post *. To you, my good sir, I have no occasion to say the heart-felt gratification this act conveyed, or how much superior to pecuniary consideration is the *mens sibi conscia recti.*

"God bless you. Adieu. James Neild."

In March 1802, Sir Henry St. John Mildmay, Bart. M. P. and Mr. Neild volunteered their services (which were accepted by Lord Pelham, his Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Home Department,) to examine and report on the State †

* This Bank-note could not be traced, as it had been issued from the Bank at least three years before it was received by Mr. Neild. Happening at that time to be an acting Commissioner at a Public Board, of which Mr. Neild was a regularly attending Member, I saw both the Letter and the Bank-note; and had no doubt of its being *a pious fraud* of the worthy *Treasurer*—in other words, that the *thousand pounds* was a gift to the Society from himself.

† Two Reports on this subject are annexed to the Quarto Edition of Mr. Neild's publication; as are three other Reports on the Hulks at Portsmouth in 1807, on the Hulks in Langston Harbour, and on the Hulks on the Thames.

and

and Management of the Convicts in Portsmouth Harbour; and also the same in Langston Harbour.

In December 1803, Mr. Neild, in a series of Letters inserted in the Gentleman's Magazine, began to describe his visits to various Prisons. In these affecting narratives [LXXVII in number] he was ably supported by the Prefatory Addresses * of Dr. Lettsom; and the Letters were afterwards the groundwork of Mr. Neild's *magnum opus*.

The result of their united labours was highly gratifying to both those true Philanthropists; as they excited general attention to the subject, and produced considerable additional subscriptions to the Society for Relief of Debtors †.

* In the earliest of these, the Doctor says, "Some there are of the children of men, who seem to rise above the common level of their contemporaries. Inspired with a warm and grateful sense of the independence and blessings they enjoy, and spurning the indulgences of ease and luxury; devote fortune, time, health, and life itself, to soften the avenues that lead to the distress of others; and whose luxury consists in comforting the friendless, and alleviating or removing human misfortunes and miseries. Such was an Howard; and such now is a Neild. Honoured as I was with the acquaintance of the former, I cannot less highly estimate the friendship of the latter, who, to other obligations, has conferred that of his correspondence.

"Scarcely had he removed from a dangerous illness, when he resolved on a new tour of philanthropy; and, if a page might be allowed to his interesting communications, the gratitude of the publick would be excited, and the amities and benevolences of the humane mind might be directed to the means of doing good, and to acquire the most elevated sentiments in exercising those means which sympathy, virtue, and opulence, point out.

"JOHN COAKLEY LETTSOM."

† In a Letter to Dr. Lettsom, in 1805, Mr. Neild remarks, that the Doctor's precursive essays "have produced, and are producing, incalculable advantages; more than I have in 30 years been able to effect, has hence been brought about in 12 months. The Gaolers are all on the alert, and, from fear of being visited, are in constant preparation, at the same time many magistrates are better acquainted with the inside of a prison-house I could easily compress my remarks; but, without accuracy of details, the effects would cease. I have observed in many hospitals that there are *shew-wards*, with the inspection of which the superficial visitor goes away perfectly satisfied; so in prisons, the gaolers manage

In 1804 Mr. Neild, with the highest credit to himself, served the office of High Sheriff for the County of Buckingham *; and was at the same time in the Commission of the Peace for the Counties of Buckingham, Kent, and Middlesex, and the City and Liberty of Westminster.

In 1805 the following Letter was written by a Reverend Divine, who was intimately acquainted with this worthy man and his family, and well knew his peculiar turn of mind:

"Those who best know Mr. NEILD will most admire him. His goodness needs not, his modesty desires not, the incessant panegyricks of any individual, or of any set of men. Permit me to present to you my humble tribute of respect to the character of a SECOND HOWARD. It shall be brief, artless, unvarnished, disinterested, and from the heart.

manage with equal dexterity; and what is not seen, there is no fear of having described. In my own opinion, I hold life in a precarious tenure *; and I am anxious that every county should know the real state of its own prisons. This will be more generally diffused through the medium of a Magazine, than by the publication of a volume, the reading of which would be, as Fenelon says, "too great an interruption to gaiety"

* The benevolent Judge Grose, in an eloquent address to the Court at Aylesbury, "congratulated the County on their electing to the office of High Sheriff a man who was an honour to his Country, and with whose works of Philanthropy, he doubted not they were well acquainted; and that he could add much more on this subject, were not the Sheriff himself present, whose mind he would not wound, by stating all he knew, and all he merited."

My late worthy Friend and Biographical Coadjutor Mr. Justice Hardinge, in an Address to the Grand Jury at Brecon, whilst strongly recommending attention to Mr. Neild's remarks and suggestions on the County Gaol and Bridewell, thus expresses himself:

"A gentleman, whose name is Neild, was the Sheriff last year for the county of Buckingham. An English Judge, of a serious and steady character, [Mr. Justice Grose, see above,] gave that County joy upon the bench, for its acquisition of such a philanthropist in such an office. He bears a very high character. Like the immortal Howard, he visits Gaols in hopes to reform them."

* "My virtuous friend, however, may see his thread gliding through the fingers of his *Parcæ*, and shortening, without being moved by the sight."—Note by Dr. Lettsom, with whom this was a favourite idea; see p. 666.

"In

"In James Neild, Esq. of Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, the reflecting world may with pleasure contemplate an example of patient and successful application to business; a pattern of active benevolence and social virtue, an encouragement to industry, an ornament to religion. Born of no obscure parentage, Mr. Neild is nevertheless the author and protector of his own liberal fortunes.

"As a Jeweller in St. James's Street, he gradually and honourably amassed an income which few of the trade can expect to realize; and now, as a private gentleman, he employs both that income and his time in relieving human woes, which few men of affluence will condescend personally to investigate.

"Mr. Neild is a man of strict method still; for it will be found, upon diligent examination, that good habits may become durable, as well as bad. Hence, ever mindful of the sure steps by which he ascended into independence, he regulates his expences with rigid œconomy: but the poor are the better for his prudence. He is frugal without parsimony, charitable without ostentation, generous without profusion, affable without servility, conscious of merit without pride. Were I desired to specify in what character he appears to excel, I should say, without fear of contradiction, as the man of social feelings. After his charitable diurnal toils, when he sits down at a festive frugal board, surrounded by friends whom he esteems, and by whom he is sincerely beloved, then he lays aside that unnatural reserve in which he is thought occasionally to shrowd his urbanity; and his lively disposition to good-humoured mirth, pleasant conversation, and instructive inquiry, shines forth unveiled and unclouded.

"In the heavy hour of sickness (nay, in the bitter agonies of excruciating torture from internal disease), I have witnessed his fortitude, his patience, his Christian resignation.——Such is my opinion of James Neild, Esq. He little imagines the quarter whence this honest eulogy proceeds.

"It

"It may not be uninteresting to observe, that in his domestic connexions he is far happier than his illustrious Prototype. Mr. Neild is blest with the affection of two Sons *, both arrived at a state of manhood, and both mutually emulous to prove their inheritance of their Father's many virtues †."

Mr. Neild having given offence to some Magistrates at Norwich, by the home-truths which he found it necessary to relate in his account of the Workhouse in that City; he was censured in the Magazine for 1805, vol. LXXV. pp. 1019, 1124; which produced a defence from Dr. Lettsom, p. 1185, in which he observes:

"Mr. Neild has devoted 35 years in visiting the most miserable of human beings; in exploring dungeons in the highest degree dangerous to health; in liberating hundreds of incarcerated fellow-creatures; in laying down plans of improvement, as they respect the security, health, and morals of the Prisoner; and in the most humane exertions to regulate the system of Bridewells and Workhouses, the sources of a thousand future evils."

In the following year is another Defence of Mr. Neild, in a Letter from Edward Rigby, esq. Mayor of Norwich, to Mr. Gurney:

"Having been much with him when he was in Norwich, no one in this place can have had a better opportunity than myself of appreciating his character, and of becoming acquainted with the motives of his visits to our prisons, hospitals, workhouses, &c.; and I have no hesitation in saying, that I believe them to have been purely humane, perfectly disinterested, and entirely free from the petulance, and malignity, and more especially the disingenuousness, which has

* Of these the eldest, William-Camden Neild, Esq. of the Island of Antigua, one of the King's Counsel for that and all the Leeward Islands, died at Falmouth (having just arrived in England for the benefit of his health), Oct. 19, 1810, in his 33d year.—The youngest, John-Camden Neild, Esq. is the worthy successor to his Father in the office of Treasurer to his laudable Institution.

† Gent. Mag. vol. LXXV. p. 319.

been

been attributed to him. I think him peculiarly well qualified for the benevolent office he has undertaken, and have no doubt but the result of his indefatigable and well-conducted researches into these several abodes of misery will be the greatest good to Society. In investigating the state of the different places he visited in this City, I found him deliberate, comprehensive, and most minutely accurate; his suggestions of improvements, (and they were not few,) were judicious, in many instances ingenious, and in all of them of the best tendency. He had a manifest satisfaction in commending, and where there was just cause for it he was most ready and liberal of praise; and when compelled to censure, (and not to have done it with explicitness and publicity when there was unfortunately cause for it, would have defeated the important ends of his inquiries) I will venture to say that he set down nought in malice. I ought to add, that his manners had in them much of suavity, and his conversation was highly interesting and instructive*."

In August 1808, when Mr. Neild published the *Third* Edition † of his "Account of the Progress and Present State of the Society," he thus notices his correspondence with Dr. Lettsom:

"I cannot present to the Publick another edition of this book on Debtors, without expressing my grateful sense of the great assistance which I have derived from my benevolent friend Dr. Lettsom; as also for the Pecuniary support in aid of the Charity, to a considerable amount ‡, which appears to have been sent me in immediate consequence of my Remarks on Prisons appearing in the Gentleman's Magazine, with the introductory observations of his liberal and enlightened mind. I wish to give honour where honour is so justly due. Had it not been for his energetic strictures on my faithful communications,

* Gent Mag. vol. LXXVI. p. 23.

† The whole impression of a *Second* Edition, which was almost finally completed at the press, was destroyed by a calamitous Fire.

‡ Amounting, when that Edition went to press, to 328*l.* 2*s.* 9*d.*

from

from time to time, I fear that the Prisons, in many instances, would not only have remained without farther improvement; but, what is worse, that, in lamentable gradation, the improvement which had commenced in some of them, would either have dwindled, or have been wholly done away. After having tried, in various journeys, and during the space of thirty years, what private conference with magistrates could effect, I had the discouragement, in some districts, to find, that the alterations I had presumed to suggest, were omitted or forgotten. The great reformation produced by HOWARD, was in several places merely temporary. Some prisons, that had been ameliorated under the persuasive influence of his kind advice, were relapsing into their former horrid state of privation, filthiness, severity, or neglect; many new dungeons had aggravated the evils, against which his sagacity could not but remonstrate: The motives for a transient amendment were become paralyzed; and the effect had ceased in the cause. At length, the arguments of my Friend prevailed; and I consented to the insertion of some of my Letters to Dr. Lettsom in the above Magazine, as the best channel, in order to ascertain the feelings of the Public at large on so important a subject as Imprisonment for Debt. The result was propitious and highly pleasing. Scarcely three months had elapsed, when, upon my return home, I found many letters, urging me to go on; and success has exceeded my most sanguine expectations. The humane and considerate Magistrates of various districts have cordially adopted and enforced the plan of reform. Their active energies have now, for five years past, been happily employed in effecting so salutary a change. Every journey I now take affords me the most reasonable hope that it will soon be completed. I esteem its advances among the amplest blessings of my life; and trust that I shall be able to relish the retrospect of them even in the nearest views of Death itself."

I can

I can bear testimony to the gratification Mr. Neild experienced, on being allowed by Providence to finish the Quarto Edition of his excellent Work on Prisons; in the preparing of which for the press, he was considerably assisted by his valuable friend the Rev. Weeden Butler *. It at length appeared, in 1812, under the following title: "State of Prisons in England, Scotland, and Wales, extending to various places therein assigned, not for the Debtor only, but for the Felons also, and other less criminal offenders. Together with some useful Documents, Observations, and Remarks, adapted to explain and improve the Condition of Prisoners in general †."

* Of this highly-respectable Clergyman and worthy man, one of the original Institutors, and now the only survivor of the first Committee, of the benevolent Society for Relief of Debtors, see the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. IX. pp. 223-226.

† In the Edinburgh Review for January 1814, is a masterly critique on the "State of Prisons," from which a few extracts are here selected, as expressive of the opinion entertained of the merits of its Author, by the Editor of the present Volumes.

"The judicious and unwearied exertions of Mr. Neild, both as a Magistrate and as a private Gentleman, have been attended with extremely beneficial effects in various parts of the Island. The detailed description which, from his own inspection, he published in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1804, of the loathsome old Bridewell at Chelmsford in Essex, made the Freeholders ashamed of that disgrace to their opulent County: it was accordingly pulled down, and a new one, constructed and managed on better principles for accomplishing the good purposes of such an institution, was opened in 1806. We must be highly pleased that so much has been done both here and elsewhere; — that there have appeared so many Prisons and Houses of Correction, skilfully constructed, and under careful management and constant inspection; and that such men as Mr. Neild, Mr. Morton Pitt, and Sir George Onesiphorus Paul, of such exemplary character and such extensive influence, have so strenuously and perseveringly exerted themselves in this national concern. In the counties of Buckingham, Dorset, and Gloucester, with which those gentlemen are more particularly connected, the effects of their benevolent and patriotic labours are chiefly conspicuous, and well deserve the attention and imitation of the rest of the Kingdom.—In the County-Gaol and Bridewell of Aylesbury, Bucks, where Mr. Neild has exercised the duties of a magistrate so long and so honourably, proper provision is made for the important purposes, so often most cruelly neglected, of cleanliness and

This highly-useful Work, calculated, on an enlarged and general plan, for the improvement of

and ventilation, &c.—The humane and judicious management of the County Gaols at Gloucester and Dorchester is also highly honourable to the Magistrates; and more particularly to Sir George O. Paul, in the one case, and to Mr. Morton Pitt in the other.—We rejoice that this excellent spirit of improvement in the management of Prisons, has displayed itself in many other quarters; and feel no small pride in the admirable construction of the County Bridewell in our city of Edinburgh. Mr. Neild has certainly contributed his share, and far more than his share, in this patriotic service; and we most earnestly wish that his useful and curious publication, may gain not only the attention of our Magistrates, but of all persons who have influence, and more especially of the Legislature. Mr. Neild's Work is well entitled to the serious consideration of all good citizens, and of those, especially, who possess the highest influence and authority in Church and State. The present condition of the greater part of our Prisons is, in several respects, dishonourable to a humane, a civilized, a Christian country: and it would have been becoming the paternal care of the Ministers of the Crown, to have taken the lead in reforming this important and extensive department of the National Police. For their encouragement, an opportunity presented itself, such as may not return for a century to come. They had at their command the services of a Magistrate, whose experience and distinguished exertions in this capacity recommended him as peculiarly qualified for the duty; a man of high character and independent fortune;—who had no party to serve;—who sought for no place, no pension, not even his expenses, in the discharge of a task which was to be the painful and weary labour of many years;—a man on whom the spirit had descended of the ever-revered and ever-memorable HOWARD. Yet the Ministers withheld from him all encouragement, all countenance, all facilities. He went forth unauthorized, unaided, and alone; and, accordingly, as might have been expected, 'many Prisons proved to be difficult of access,' and 'the information which he sought was not easily obtained.' But his heart was strong in a good cause; and his country is deeply indebted to him for his generous and important services. He has brought forward, to the praise and imitation of his fellow-citizens, many examples which evince what happy effects result when magistrates are faithful to their duty. He has exposed to public view those dreadful miseries which there is no ear to hear, and no eye to pity, when the Magistrates desert the sacred charge of personal inspection, which the law has entrusted to their honour. He has pointed out all that appears to be still defective or erroneous in our present regulations and present practice. He has done his part; and, whatever return he may now receive from the world, his reward is sure and great."

Prisons,

Prisons, and comfort of the Prisoners, is dedicated to the Society for Discharge and Relief of Debtors; at whose expence the Work was printed.

Prefixed to the State of the Prisons will be found some valuable Observations on Civil Imprisonment, Remarks on Courts of Conscience, and Observations on Crimes and Punishments. Then follows the State of each Prison in England, Scotland, and Wales, in alphabetical order; containing an immense mass of valuable information, collected during many years' painful Research into the actual Condition of the several Gaols; and which will be of the greatest use to Magistrates and others to whose care and protection the Law has committed so important a trust as the government of its Prisons. In "Conclusion," Mr. Neild thus expresses himself; and the hearts of the benevolent cannot but rejoice with him in his exultation:

"Animated with the hope of giving permanency and improvement to that reform in our Prisons which was so ably begun by my excellent predecessor Mr. HOWARD, I now send forth this Book, the labour of many years, as an important subject for public consideration; and, however defective, deliver it to the World, with the spirit of a man who endeavoured to do well, and at length enjoys the luxury of having lived to see his highest earthly wishes accomplished. If it shall be found, as is very probable, that many things are omitted in this extensive work, which might greatly have added to its value, let it not be forgotten that much, likewise, is performed: that my numerous visits had not the patronage of Government to invigorate their ardour; that many Prisons proved to be difficult of access; that the information which I sought was not easily obtained; and that this massy collection of particulars is not published for general entertainment, but for the serious perusal of those distinguished readers who have it in their will, no less than in their power, to soften the trials, and alleviate the sorrows of IMPRISONMENT."

"In

"In addition to the consequences naturally attendant upon an advance in years," (I now use his own words) Mr. Neild long "laboured under painful infirmities, that threatened to plunge him into the aweful, yet hopeful, gulph of Death." Yet his ardent zeal for the relief of human misery, and his anxiety to promote the success and stability of his favourite Society, overcame all obstacles; and he continued his journeys, to visit the gloomy mansions of distress, in all parts of England, Scotland, and Wales.

Exhausted Nature at length gave way; and this excellent Philanthropist died, at his house in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, Feb. 16, 1814, in his 70th year.

A Tribute of Respect to his memory was intended to have been given in the Gentleman's Magazine by Dr. Lettsom *; but this friendly task, for which Mr. Neild had in his life-time communicated some materials, from a variety of circumstances was postponed till the season for its appearance was past. In the mean time the following article appeared in a contemporary publication †:

"Mr. Neild was a gentleman well known for his ACTIVE BENEVOLENCE in visiting all the Prisons in this country, and doing every thing in his power to alleviate the distresses of their wretched inhabitants. We can speak of his worth, in this respect, from personal knowledge; and can aver, that no man since HOWARD, has, in attention to Prisons, merited more highly the public esteem and gratitude. He doubtless did much good, and more may be expected to result from his labours; but he experienced many mortifications, from the indifference of his contemporaries, or the universal corruption of the departments of the administration which he zealously laboured to reform. His experience proved, what required little proof—that no part of a stream can be pure which is muddy at the source."

* See p. 688.

† Superintended by Sir Richard Phillips; who, in the capacity of Sheriff, had acquired an intimate knowledge of the subject.

MR.

Mr. LEWIS THEOBALD.

This eminent and laborious Critic and Dramatic Poet was born, about 1692, at Sittingborne, in Kent; where his father, Peter Theobald, was in considerable practice as an Attorney. His school-learning he received chiefly under the Rev. Mr. Ellis, of Isleworth in Middlesex; and he afterwards applied himself to the study and practice of the Law. But the Muses, it appears, were to him more attractive than the Statute-book; and Shakespeare far more alluring than Coke upon Littleton.

"Whilst yet an infant, and unknown to Fame,"

his talents obtained for him the friendship of Bernard Lintot, at that period no inconsiderable "Patron of Literature;" and for this enterprizing Bookseller young Theobald, in May 1713, when he was scarcely 21, translated "Plato's Phædon," for which he was paid *five guineas*. He also entered into a contract for "Æschylus's Tragedies:" for this he received *one guinea* as the earnest of *ten*, which was to be the reward of a not very light task.

In the following year, April 21, he entered into a similar agreement with Lintot, for a Translation of the Twenty-four Books of Homer's Odyssey into English blank verse; also the four Tragedies of Sophocles, called Œdipus Tyrannus, Œdipus Coloneus, Trachiniæ, and Philoctetes, into English blank verse, with Explanatory Notes to the Twenty-four Books of the Odyssey, and to the Four Tragedies: and was to receive for translating every 450 Greek verses, with Explanatory Notes thereon, the sum of *fifty shillings*. He agreed likewise to translate the Satires and Epistles of Horace into English rhyme; and was to be paid for every 120 lines so translated *one guinea*. All these articles were to be

 performed,

performed according to the time specified, under the penalty of 50*l.* on the default of either party; and Theobald was paid in hand *fifty shillings* *.

The early Dramatic Pieces published by Mr. Theobald I shall notice almost literally in the words of Giles Jacob, whose "Lives of the Poets" appeared long before the *horrida bella* of the Dunciad.

1. "The Persian Princess; or, the Royal Villain; a Tragedy; as acted at Drury Lane in 1711," but not published till 1717; when it was thus dedicated to Mary Dutchess of Ormond:

"Your Grace's goodness had encouraged me to make an humble offering. You did me the honour to send for me into your presence, on account of a few verses I had made on a subject highly pleasing to your Grace; which was, on your Noble Lord's recovery from a severe illness. I wish I may have a theme almost as happy, to express my gratitude and respect; I mean, that of his Grace's restoration to offices of honour equal to his high birth and virtues."

In the Preface, after an apology for "exposing to the Town a Play which he had suffered to lie above six years in a safe obscurity since its appearance on the Stage," he adds, "it was writ, and acted, before I was full *nineteen* years old."

2. "Electra, a Tragedy, translated from the Greek of Sophocles, with Notes, 1714;" dedicated to Mr. Addison.

3. "Œdipus, a Tragedy, translated from the Greek of Sophocles, with Notes, 1715;" dedicated to Lewis Earl of Rockingham.

4. "Plutus, or the World's Idol, a Comedy, translated from the Greek of Aristophanes, with Notes, 1715;" dedicated to John Duke of Argyle †.

* These particulars appear from Lintot's Accompt-book: but the entry respecting the Odyssey has a line drawn through it, as if the agreement had been afterwards canceled.

† A Discourse is prefixed, containing some account of Aristophanes, and his two Comedies, *Plutus* and *The Clouds*.

5. "The

5. "The Clouds, a Comedy, translated from Aristophanes, with Notes, 1715;" dedicated to John Glanville, esq.

6. "The Perfidious Brother, a Tragedy; acted at the Theatre in Little Lincoln's Inn Fields, 1715," and published in 1716*.

7. "Pan and Selina, an Opera of one Act, performed in Lincoln's Inn Fields, 1717."

8. "Entertainment for a Subscription called *The Lady's Triumph*, performed in Lincoln's Inn Fields, 1718."

"What other pieces this Author has published," adds Mr. Jacob, "not being in the Dramatic way, do not properly fall under the notice of this treatise. He has by him a Tragedy ready for the stage, called *The Death of Hannibal*; and has finished a Translation of the Seven Tragedies of Æschylus."

To the preceding enumeration the "Biographia Dramatica," [ed. Jones, 1812, p. 706,] adds,

9. "Decius and Paulina, a Masque, at Lincoln's Inn Fields, 1718."

10. "King Richard the Second, a Tragedy; altered from Shakespeare, and performed at Lincoln's Inn Fields, 1720;" dedicated to the Lord Orrery †.

* The model of this Play is somewhat like that of "The Orphan," the whole scene of it being laid in a private family at Brussels. It appears, however, to have been acted without success; and Mr. Henry Mestayer, a watchmaker, who published a Tragedy under the same title in 1716, asserts "that he had submitted his performance to the correction of Theobald, who founded from it the Tragedy which he published as his own."—From this heavy charge Theobald, in his Preface, endeavours to vindicate himself.—On this dispute an acute Scholar observed, that Theobald had usually been ranked only in the light of a puny *Critic*:

"But here the fell *Attorney* prowls for prey."

† Who made Mr. Theobald a present of a bank-note of 100*l.* enclosed in an Egyptian-pebble snuff-box, mounted in gold, of the value of twenty pounds.'

11. "The

11. "The Rape of Proserpine, a Pantomime," acted at Covent Garden, 1725.

12. "Harlequin Sorcerer, a Pantomime;" acted at Covent Garden, 1725.

13. "Apollo and Daphne; or, the Burgomaster tricked;" composed by Mr. Rich, the Words by Mr. Theobald; acted at Covent Garden, 1726.

14. His "Double Falshood; or, the Distrest Lovers, a Play, altered from Shakespeare*;" acted at Drury Lane, 1728.

15. "Perseus and Andromeda, a Pantomime," 1730.

* In the Royal Licence for securing to Mr. Theobald the copy-right of this Play, it is stated, "that he had, at a considerable expence, purchased the Manuscript copy of an Original Play of William Shakespeare, called *Double Falshood, or the Distrest Lovers;* and had, with great labour and pains, revised and adapted the same for the Stage." It is dedicated to George Dodington, Esq. (afterwards Lord Melcombe Regis); and, in the Preface, Mr. Theobald says, "One of the MS copies was above 60 years standing, in the hand-writing of Mr. Downes, the famous old Prompter; and was early in the possession of Mr. Betterton, who designed to have ushered it into the world."

Mr Pope, however, insinuated to the Town, that it was all, or certainly, the greatest part, written, not by Shakespeare, but Theobald himself; and quotes this line,

'None but thyself can be thy parallel;'

which he calls a marvellous line of Theobald; 'unless,' says he, 'the Play, called The Double Falshood, be (as he would have it thought) Shakespeare's; but, whether this is his or not, he proves Shakespeare to have written as bad.' The arguments which Theobald uses to prove the Play to be Shakespeare's are indeed far from satisfactory; and it was afterwards Dr. Farmer's opinion that it was Shirley's. It was, however, vindicated by Theobald, who was attacked again in 'The Art of Sinking in Poetry.' Theobald endeavoured to prove false criticisms, want of understanding Shakespeare's manner, and perverse caviling, in Pope: he justified himself and the great Dramatic Poet; and attempted to prove the Tragedy in question to be in reality Shakespeare's, and not unworthy of him.—It is fair to add, that, in a Letter to Aaron Hill, June 9, 1738, Mr. Pope says, "I could not have the least *pique* to Mr. Theobald in what is cited in the Treatise of the Bathos from the Play [*The Double Falshood*], which I never supposed to be his. He gave it as Shakespeare's; and I take it to be of that age: and indeed the collection of those, and many more of the thoughts censured there, was not made by me, but by Dr. Arbuthnot."

16.

16. "Orestes, a Dramatic Opera," as acted at Lincoln's Inn Fields, 1731.

17. "Merlin; or, the Devil of Stonehenge, a Pantomime;" acted at Drury Lane, 1734.

18. "The Fatal Secret, a Tragedy, 1735."

19. "Orpheus and Eurydice, an Opera, 1739."

20. "The Happy Couple, an Opera, 1741."

21. "The Death of Hannibal;" neither acted nor printed.

In a Second Volume, 1720, Mr. Jacob says, "This gentleman, besides his Dramatic Works, has given us several Poems and Translations, which have met with approbation. The chief of them are, *The Cave of Poverty*, an excellent Poem; *A Poem on the Death of Queen Anne;* and *Translations from Ovid's Metamorphoses; &c.*—"I was informed this gentleman has a Brother, who has lately published a small Miscellany of Poems; but, as I have not seen it, I cannot pretend to give any account of them."

In 1725, Mr. Pope published his long-expected Edition of Shakespeare *; which gave fresh energy

* Dr. Johnson, in his Life of Pope, antedates Pope's Edition, in 1721; but the great Moralist's remarks shall here be noticed.

"He gave the same year an Edition of Shakespeare. His name was now of so much authority, that Tonson thought himself entitled, by annexing it, to demand a subscription of six guineas for Shakespeare's Plays in six quarto volumes; nor did his expectation much deceive him; for, of 750 which he printed, he dispersed a great number at the price proposed. The reputation of that Edition sunk afterwards so low, that 140 copies were sold at sixteen shillings each.—On this undertaking, to which Pope was induced by a reward of two hundred and seventeen pounds twelve shillings, he seems never to have reflected afterwards without vexation; for Theobald, a man of heavy diligence, with very slender powers, first, in a book called 'Shakespeare Restored,' and then in a formal Edition, detected his deficiencies with all the insolence of victory; and, as he was now high enough to be feared and hated, Theobald had from others all the help that could be supplied, by the desire of humbling a haughty character.—From this time Pope became an enemy to Editors, Collaters, Commentators, and Verbal Critics; and hoped to persuade the world, that he miscarried in this undertaking only by having a mind too great for such minute employment.—Pope, in his

to the critical acumen of Theobald. And early in 1726, appeared his "Shakespeare Restored*; or, a Specimen of the many Errors, as well *committed*, as *unamended*, by Mr. Pope, in his late Edition of this Poet; designed, not only to correct the said Edition, but to restore the true Reading of Shakespeare in all the Editions ever published. By Mr. Theobald*."

his Edition, undoubtedly did many things wrong, and left many things undone; but let him not be defrauded of his due praise. He was the first that knew, at least the first that told, by what helps the text might be improved. If he inspected the early Editions negligently, he taught others to be more accurate. In his Preface he expanded with great skill and elegance the character which had been given of Shakespeare by Dryden; and he drew the public attention upon his Works, which, though often mentioned, had been little read." *Dr. Johnson's Life of Pope.*

* In the Dedication, "To John Rich, Esq." dated March 18, 1725-6, Mr. Theobald says, "It may seem a little particular, that, when I have attempted to *restore* SHAKESPEARE, I should address that Work to one who has gone a great way towards shutting him out of doors; that is, towards banishing him the benefit of the Stage, and confining us to read him in the Closet. Let me stand excused from intending any personal accusation here; for it is not you indeed, but that affection with which *Entertainments* of a *different species* are pursued, have done this; and therefore I would fain transfer the fault from you to the Town. I am justified in this Address by another consideration: which is, that, however you may have been a sinner against Shakespeare, you are not an impenitent one. And as King Henry IV. erected a Chapel to expiate the injuries which he had done to his Predecessor King Richard; so, the Town at least say, you intend to appease the *manes* of our Poet, by *erecting a monument* to him. Go on in that pious, that reputable intention; and, while the taste of the Publick demands it of you, continue to sacrifice fresh *Pantomimes* to his memory. When their palates alter, convince them that you are provided to entertain them with an elegance suitable to their expectations. But I am fallen into a strain which I had no thoughts of pursuing when I first sate down to write this Epistle. The great OTWAY dedicated one of his Plays to his Bookseller, as a receipt for the copy-money; and I meant this merely (*si parva licet componere magnis*) as an acknowledgment of some obligations received, which you will not expect me to specify in print. I designed it to carry the sentiments of *friendship* and *gratitude*; but, when it falls short in those points, let it make amends by this profession, that you are always entitled, to the utmost of my poor power, to demand all the service of, Sir, your most obliged, and faithful humble servant,

LEWIS THEOBALD."

In

In the Introduction, whatever opinion the *Remarker* may have given of the *Critic*, Mr. Pope is personally treated with the manners of a gentleman.

"It was no small satisfaction to me," says Mr. Theobald, "when I first heard Mr. POPE had taken upon him the publication of SHAKESPEARE. I very reasonably expected, from his known talents and abilities, from his uncommon sagacity and discernment, and from his unwearied diligence and care of informing himself by an happy and extensive conversation, we should have had our Author come out as perfect as the want of *Manuscripts* and *Original Copies* could give us a possibility of hoping. I may dare to say, a great number of Shakespeare's admirers, and of Mr. Pope's too (both which I sincerely declare myself), concurred in this expectation: for there is a certain *curiosa felicitas*, as was said of an eminent Roman Poet, in that gentleman's way of working, which, we presumed, would have laid itself out largely in such a province; and that he would not have sate down contented with performing, as he calls it himself, the *dull duty* of an *Editor* only. Shakespeare's Works have always appeared to me like, what he makes his *Hamlet* compare the World to, *an unweeded garden grown to seed;* and I am sorry there is still reason to complain, the *weeds* in him are so very sparingly thinned, that, not to speak out of compass, a thousand *rank* and *unsightly* ones are left, to stare us in the face, and clog the delight of the expected prospect.

"There is one unhappiness which generally attends the *re-publication* of English Books; which is, that, being the property of some persons *in trade*, who, too often, know nothing more of their copy than that there is a *demand* for *re-printing* it; and who are, withal, persons of such *commendable* frugality, that they think every farthing, which is given for the labour of *Revise*, to be so much money given away for nothing. The *press* is set to work from a *printed*

a *printed* precedent; and so, the more the Editions of any Book multiply, the more the errors multiply too, and propagate out of their own species. 'Of this, to borrow the words and observations of my ingenious friend Mr. Sewel *, 'Shakespeare is a very remarkable instance, who has been handed down, from age to age, very incorrect; his errors increasing by time, and being almost constantly re-published to his disgrace. Whatever were the faults of this great Poet, the Printers have been hitherto as careful to multiply them as if they had been real beauties; thinking, perhaps, with the Indians, that the disfiguring a good face with scars of artificial brutes had improved the form and dignity of the person.'

"This, indeed, has not been altogether the case in the late Edition of Shakespeare. The Bookseller, who *farms* a right to some part of this Author, and *claims* a right to *some other* part of him, has so far misunderstood himself (I mean, in contradiction to the *rule of trade*) as to be at the expence of having his Author *revised* †; and therefore we promised ourselves this *Work* would be completed.

"I have so great an esteem for MR. POPE, and so high an opinion of his genius and excellences, that I beg to be excused from the least intention of derogating from his merits, in this attempt to *restore* the true Reading of SHAKESPEARE. Though I confess a veneration almost rising to idolatry for the writings of this inimitable Poet, I would be very loth even to do *him* justice at the expence of *that other Gentleman's character*. But, I am persuaded, I shall

* In his Preface to a *Seventh* Volume of Shakespeare, 4to; intended by Sewel as a Supplement to Mr. Pope's Six Volumes.

† Mr. Pope was paid 217*l.* 12*s.* for the Quarto Edition of 1725; Mr. Fenton 30*l.* 12*s.* for assisting Mr. Pope in correcting the press; and Mr. Gay 85*l.* 19*s.* 6*d.* for the same pains.—In 1728 Mr. Whalley had 12*l.* for correcting the sheets of Mr. Pope's Edition in 12mo.—Mr. Theobald, in 1732-3, had 652*l.* 10*s.* for his Octavo Edition; which was re-printed, in eight volumes 12mo, 1740; and of the various Editions of Theobald (which Dr. Warton pronounces to be *the best* till those of Steevens and Malone appeared) no less than 12,860 copies were sold.

stand

stand as free from such a charge in the *execution* of this design, as, I am sure, I have in the *intention* of it; for I am assuming a task here, which this learned *Editor* seems purposely (I was going to say with too nice a scruple) to have declined.

"To explain myself, I must be obliged to make a short quotation from Mr. Pope, in his Preface to Shakespeare: 'In what I have done,' says he, 'I have rather given a proof of my willingness and desire, than of my ability to do him justice. I have discharged the dull duty of an *Editor*, to my best judgment, with more labour than I expect thanks, with a *religious abhorrence* of all *innovation*, and without any indulgence to my private sense or conjecture.'—I cannot help thinking this gentleman's modesty in this point too *nice*, and *blameable*; and that what he is pleased to call a *religious abhorrence* of *innovation* is downright *superstition*. Neither can I be of opinion that the Writings of Shakespeare are so *venerable*, as that we should be excommunicated from good sense, for daring to *innovate properly*; or that we ought to be as cautious of altering *their* text as we would that of the *Sacred Writings*. And yet even they, we see, have admitted of some thousands of *various readings*, and would have a great many more, had not DR. BENTLEY* some particular reasons for not prosecuting his undertaking upon the *New Testament*, as he proposed."

Mr. Theobald begins his Animadversions with *Hamlet*, "as, perhaps, the best known, and one of the most favourite of Shakespeare's Plays." To this Tragedy he devotes 132 pages, the principal part of his volume; briefly dissecting the other Plays in an Appendix of 62 very closely printed pages.

In 1726, Theobald engaged in a paper called "The Censor," published in Mist's "Weekly Journal;" and, by delivering his opinion with too little reserve concerning some eminent contemporary

* Perhaps this incidental allusion may have been the cause of *flashing Bentley* being coupled with *piddling Theobald*.

Writers,

Writers, exposed himself to their resentment*.—An attack on the critical acumen of Mr. Pope, called forth the indignation of the irritable Bard; and hence, in the Prologue to the Satires, we are told that

"Ne'er one sprig of laurel grac'd these ribalds,
From slashing *Bentley* down to piddling *Tibbald*."

Hence too the exalted rank which Theobald obtained in "The Dunciad." The Origin and Progress of that witty but cruel Satire I shall discuss in a separate article; but will here extract, in justice to Pope as well as Theobald, the description of the original Hero and his Library†.

The Goddess of Dullness, at a loss for a successor to *Settle*, the City Laureate, is thus introduced:

"'Twas on the day, when Thorold ‡, rich and grave,
Like Cimon §, triumph'd both on land and wave ‖:
(Pomps without guilt, of bloodless swords and maces,
Glad ¶ chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad faces;)

* Theobald was not only thus obnoxious to the resentment of Pope; but we find him waging war with Mr. Dennis, who treated him with more roughness, though with less satire. Theobald, in "The Censor" (vol. II. No. 33), calls Dennis by the name of *Furius*. Dennis, to resent this, retaliates in language inflamed by contradiction (see p. 719).

† Copied from the Octavo Edition of 1729; which contained some *Additional Notes* to the Quarto of that year.—The Variations from the *Original Edition*, in the description here quoted, though numerous, are principally improvements in the language and versification. The few Notes of the *Original Edition* are preserved.

‡ "Sir George Thorold was Lord Mayor in 1720.—This was the last year of Elkanah Settle's life. He was Poet to the City of London; whose business was to compose yearly Panegyricks on the Lord Mayor, and Verses for the Pageants; but, since the abolition of that part of the Shew, the employment ceased, so that Settle had no successor to that place." *Annotator in* 1729.

§ "Cimon, the famous Athenian General, who obtained a victory by sea and another by land on the same day over the Persians and Barbarians." *Original Edition.*

‖ "The procession of a Lord Mayor is made both by land and water." *Annotator in* 1729.

¶ "The ignorance of these Moderns! This was altered in one edition to *Gold chains*, shewing more regard to the metal of which the chains of Aldermen are made, than to the beauty of the Latinism and Græcism, nay of figurative speech itself: *Lætas segetes*, glad, for making glad, &c. SCRIBL." *Ibid.*

Now

Now Night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
But liv'd, in Settle's * numbers, one day more.
Now May'rs and Shrieves all hush'd and satiate lay,
Yet eat, in dreams, the custard of the day;
While pensive Poets painful vigils keep,
Sleepless themselves, to give their readers sleep.
Much to the mindful Queen the feast recalls
What City Swans once sung within the walls;
Much she revolves their arts, their ancient praise,
And sure succession down from Heywood's † days.
She saw with joy the line immortal run,
Each sire imprest and glaring in his son;
So watchful Bruin forms with plastic care
Each growing lump, and brings it to a Bear.
She saw old Prynne ‡ in restless Daniel shine,
And Eusden § eke out Blackmore's endless line;

* "Settle was alive at this time, and Poet to the City of London. His office was to compose yearly panegyrics upon the Lord Mayors, and verses to be spoken in the Pageants. But that part of the shows being frugally at length abolished, the employment of City Poet ceased; so that upon Settle's demise there was no successor to that place. This important point of time our Poet has chosen as the Crisis of the Kingdom of *Dulness*, who thereupon decrees to remove her Imperial Seat: To which great enterprize, all things being ready, she calls the Hero of this Poem." *Annotator in* 1729.

† "John Heywood, whose Entertainments were printed in Henry the Eighth's time." *Original Edition.*

‡ "The first Edition had it, 'She saw in Norton all his father shine:' a great mistake! for Daniel De Foe had parts; but Norton De Foe was a wretched writer, and never attempted Poetry. Much more justly is Daniel himself made successor to William Prynne, both of whom wrote Verses as well as Politics; as appears by the Poem *De jure divino*, &c. of De Foe, and by these lines in Cowley's Miscellanies of the other:

——————— One lately did not fear
(Without the Muses' leave) to plant verse here.
But it produc'd such base, rough, crabbed, Hedge-rhymes, as e'en set the hearers' ears on edge:
Written by *William Prynn, Esqui-re, the*
Year of our Lord, six hundred thirty three.
Brave Jersey Muse! and he 's for his high style
Call'd to this day the Homer of the Isle.

And both these Authors had a resemblance in their fates as well as writings, having been alike sentenced to the Pillory."
Annotator in 1729; *improved in* 1742.

§ "Laurence Eusden, Poet Laureate. Mr. Jacob gives a catalogue

She saw slow Philips creep like Tate's * poor page,
And all the mighty Mad in Dennis rage †.

logue of some few only of his works, which were very numerous. Mr. Cook, in his Battle of Poets, saith of him,

Eusden, a laurel'd Bard, by fortune rais'd,
By very few was read, by fewer prais'd.

Mr. Oldmixon, in his Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, p. 413, 414, affirms, 'That of all the Galimatia's he ever met with, none comes up to some verses of this Poet, which have as much of the *Ridiculum* and the *Fustian* in them as can well be jumbled together, and are of that sort of nonsense which so perfectly confounds all ideas, that there is no distinct one left in the mind.' Further he says of him, 'That he hath prophesied his own Poetry shall be sweeter than Catullus, Ovid, and Tibullus; but we have little hope of the accomplishment of it from what he hath lately published.' Upon which Mr. Oldmixon has not spared a reflection, 'That the putting the Laurel on the head of one who writ such verses, will give futurity a very lively idea of the judgment and justice of those who bestowed it.' Ibid. p. 417. But the well-known learning of that Noble Person who was then Lord Chamberlain, might have screened him from this unmannerly reflection.—Mr. Eusden was made *Laureate* for the same reason that Mr. *Tibbald* was made Hero of This Poem, because there was no better to be had. Nor ought Mr. Oldmixon to complain, so long after, that the Laurel would have better become his own brows, or any other's: It were more decent to acquiesce in the opinion of the Duke of *Buckingham* upon this matter [in his *Session of Poets*:]

—In rush'd Eusden, and cry'd, Who shall have it,
But I, the true Laureate to whom the King gave it?
Apollo begg'd pardon, and granted his claim,
But vow'd that 'till then he ne'er heard of his name."

[To the preceding note of 1729, the learned Commentator in 1742 adds, "The same plea might also serve for his successor, Mr. Cibber; and is further strengthened in the following Epigram, made on that occasion:

In merry old England it once was a rule,
The King had his Poet, and also his Fool:
But now we're so frugal, I'd have you to know it,
That Cibber can serve both for Fool and for Poet."]

* "Nahum Tate was Poet Laureate, a cold writer, of no invention; but sometimes translated tolerably when befriended by Mr. Dryden. In his Second Part of Absalom and Achitophel are above two hundred admirable lines together of that great hand, which strongly shine through the insipidity of the rest. Something parallel may be observed of another Author here mentioned." *Annotator in* 1729.

† "This is by no means to be understood literally, as if Mr. Dennis were really mad [according to the Narrative of Dr. Norris

"In each, she marks her image full exprest,
But chief in TIBBALD'S * monster-breeding breast;

ris in Swift and Pope's Miscellanies, vol. III.] No—it is spoken of that *Excellent* and *Divine Madness*, so often mentioned by Plato; that poetical rage and enthusiasm, with which Mr. Dennis hath, in his time, been highly possessed; and of those *extraordinary hints and motions* whereof he himself so feelingly treats in his Preface to the Remarks on Prince Arthur. — This verse in the surreptitious Editions stood thus,

'And furious D——n foam in Wh——'s rage!'

which, in that printed in Ireland, was unaccountably filled up with the great name of DRYDEN." *Annotator in* 1729.

* "*Lewis Tibbald* (as pronounced) or *Theobald* (as written) was bred an Attorney, and son of an Attorney. He was Author of many forgotten Plays, Poems, and other Pieces, and of several anonymous Letters in praise of them in Mist's Journal. He was concerned in a paper called *The Censor*, and a Translation of Ovid, as we find from Dennis's Remarks on Pope's Homer, pp. 9, 10. 'There is a notorious Idiot, one *hight Whachum;* who, from an underspur-leather to the Law, is become an understrapper to the Play-house, who has lately burlesqued the Metamorphoses of Ovid by a vile Translation, &c. This fellow is concerned in an impertinent paper called *The Censor*.'— But, notwithstanding this severe character, another Critic says of him, 'that he has given us some pieces which met with approbation; and that *The Cave of Poverty* is an excellent Poem.' *Jacob's Lives of the Poets, vol. II. p.* 211. — He had once a mind to translate the *Odyssey*, the First Book whereof was printed in 1717 by B. Lintot; and probably may yet be seen at his shop. What is still in memory is a piece *now almost two years old;* it had the title of *Shakespeare Restored*. Of this he was so proud himself, as to say in one of Mist's Journals, June 8, 'that to expose any errors in it was impracticable.' And in another, April 27, 'that, whatever care might for the future be taken, either by Mr. Pope or any other assistants, he would still give above 500 emendations that *shall* escape them *all*.' — During two whole years, while Mr. Pope was preparing his Edition, he published Advertisements, requesting assistance, and promising satisfaction to any who could contribute to its greater perfection. But this *Restorer*, who was at that time soliciting favours of him by letters, did wholly conceal his design till after its publication (which he was since not ashamed to own, in a Daily Journal of Nov. 26, 1728). And then an outcry was made in the Prints, that our Author had joined with the Bookseller to raise an *extravagant subscription*; in which he had no share, of which he had no knowledge, and against which he had publicly advertised in his own Proposals for Homer.—Probably that proceeding elevated *Tibbald* to the dignity he holds in this Poem, which he seems to deserve no other way better than his brethren; unless we impute it to the share he had in the Journals cited among the *Testimonies of Authors* prefixed to this Work." *Ibid.*

Secs

Sees Gods with Dæmons * in strange league engage,
And Earth, and Heaven, and Hell, her battles wage.
" She ey'd the Bard, where supperless † he sate,
And pin'd, unconscious of his rising fate;
Studious he sate, with all his books around,
Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound!
Plung'd for his sense, but found no bottom there;
Then writ, and flounder'd on, in mere despair.
He roll'd his eyes that witness'd huge dismay,
Where yet unpawn'd much learned lumber lay:
Volumes ‡, whose size the space exactly fill'd,
Or which fond Authors were so good to gild;
Or where, by sculpture made for ever known,
The page admires new beauties, not its own.
Here swells the shelf with Ogilby § the *great:*
There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle ‖ shines compleat:

* "This, I presume, alludes to the extravagancies of the Farces of the Author." *Original Edition.* — "In which he alone could properly be represented as successor to Settle, who had written *Pope Joan, St. George for England,* and other pieces, for *Bartlemew Fair.*" *Addition in* 1729.

† "It is amazing how the sense of this has been mistaken by all the Commentators, who most idly suppose it to imply that the Hero of the Poem wanted a supper. In truth a great absurdity! Not that we are ignorant that the Hero of Homer's *Odyssey* is frequently in that circumstance, and therefore it can no way derogate from the grandeur of Epic Poem to represent such Hero under a calamity, to which the greatest not only of Criticks and Poets, but of Kings and Warriors, have been subject. But much more refined, I will venture to say, is the meaning of our Author: It was to give us obliquely a curious precept, of, what Bossu calls a *disguised sentence,* that 'Temperance is the life of Study.'" *Ibid.*

‡ "This Library is divided into two parts; the one (his polite learning) consists of those books which seem to be the model of his Poetry; and are preferred for one of these three reasons (usual with Collectors of Libraries) that they fitted the shelves, or were gilded for shew, or adorned with pictures. The other class our Author calls solid learning; old bodies of Philosophy, old Commentators, old English Printers, or old English Translations; all very voluminous, and fit to erect Altars to Dulness." *Ibid.*

§ "John Ogilby was one, who, from a late initiation into Literature, made such a progress as might well style him the prodigy of his time! sending into the world so many *large Volumes!* His Translation of Homer and Virgil *done to the life,* and *with such excellent sculptures*: And (what added great grace to his works) he printed them all on *special good paper,* and in a *very good letter.* Winstanly, Lives of Poets." *Ibid.*

‖ "'The *Duchess of Newcastle* was one who busied herself in the

Here all his suffering brotherhood retire,
And scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire;
A Gothic Vatican! of Greece and Rome,
Well purg'd, and worthy * Withers, Quarles, and Blome†.
" But high above, more solid Learning shone,
The Classicks of an Age that heard of none;
There Caxton ‡ slept, with Wynken at his side,
One clasp'd in wood, and one in strong cow-hide,
There, sav'd by spice, like mummies, many a year,
Old Bodies of Philosophy appear:
De Lyra § there a dreadful front extends,
And here, the groaning shelves *Philemon* ‖ bends.
" Of these, twelve volumes, twelve of amplest size,
Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pyes,

the ravishing delights of Poetry; leaving to posterity in print three *ample Volumes* of her studious endeavours.' Winstanly, ibid.—Langbaine reckons up *eight* Folios of her Grace's; which were usually adorned with gilded covers, and had her coat of arms upon them." *Annotator in* 1729.

* " It was printed in the surreptitious editions *Wesley*, *Watts*, who were persons eminent for good life; the one writ the 'Life of Christ' in verse, the other some valuable pieces in the Lyric kind on pious subjects. The line is here restored according to its original. 'George *Withers* was a great pretender to poetical zeal against the vices of the times, and abused the greatest personages in power, which brought upon him *frequent Correction*. The *Marshalsea* and *Newgate* were no strangers to him.' *Winstanly.*—*Quarles* was as dull a writer, but an honester man. *Blome's* books are remarkable for their cuts." *Ibid.*

† *Blome* was afterwards discarded, and *Broome* substituted.

‡ " A Printer in the time of Edw. IV. Rich. III. and Hen. VII.; Wynken de Worde, his successor, in that of Hen. VII. and VIII. The former translated into prose Virgil's Æneis, as a history; of which he speaks, in his Proeme, in a very singular manner, as of a book hardly known.—*Tibbald* quotes a rare passage from him in *Mist's Journal* of *March* 16, 1728-9, concerning a *straunge and marvayllouse beaste called Sagittarye*, which he would have *Shakespeare* to mean rather than *Teucer*, the archer celebrated by *Homer*." *Ibid.*

§ " Nicholas de Lyra, or Harpsfield, a very voluminous Commentator; whose Works, in five vast Folios, were printed in 1742." *Ib.*

‖ " Philemon Holland, Doctor in Physic. He *translated so many books*, that a man would think he had done *nothing else*; insomuch that he might be called *Translator-general of his age*. The books alone of his turning into English are sufficient to make a *Country Gentleman a complete Library*." *Ibid.*

Inspir'd he seizes. These an altar raise:
An hecatomb of pure, unsully'd lays
That altar crowns: A Folio Common-place
Founds the whole pile, of all his Works the base;
Quarto's, octavo's, shape the lessening pyre;
And, last, a *little Ajax* * tips the spire.
"Then he: 'Great Tamer of all human art!
First in my care, and nearest at my heart:
DULLNESS! whose good old cause I yet defend,
With whom my Muse began, with whom shall end!
O thou, of business the directing soul,
To human heads like byass to the bowl,
Which as more pond'rous makes their aim more true,
Obliquely waddling to the mark in view.
O ever gracious to perplex'd mankind;
Who spread a healing mist before the mind,
And, lest we err by Wit's wild, dancing light,
Secure us kindly in our native *Night*.
Ah! still o'er Britain stretch that peaceful wand,
Which lulls th' Helvetian and Batavian land;
Where rebel to thy throne if Science rise,
She does but shew her coward face, and dies;
There, thy good *Scholiasts* with unwearied pains
Make Horace flat, and humble Maro's strains:
Here studious I unlucky Moderns save,
Nor sleeps one error in its father's grave,
Old puns restore, lost blunders nicely seek †,
And crucify poor Shakespeare once a week ‡.

* "In duodecimo, translated from Sophocles." *Original Edit.*

† "As where he laboured to prove *Shakespeare* guilty of terrible *Anachronisms*, or low *Conundrums*, which Time had covered; and conversant in such Authors as *Caxton* and *Wynken*, rather than in *Homer* or *Chaucer*. Nay, so far had he lost his reverence to this incomparable Author, as to say in print, *He deserved to be whipt;* an insolence which nothing sure can parallel! but that of *Dennis*, who can be proved to have declared before company, that *Shakespeare was a rascal. O tempora! O mores!* SCRIBL." *Annotator in* 1729.

‡ "For some time, once a week or fortnight, he printed in *Mist's Journal* a single remark, or poor conjecture, on some *word* or *pointing* of *Shakespeare*, either in his own name, or in letters to himself as from others without name.

Upon these somebody made this Epigram,

'Tis generous, Tibbald! in thee and thy brothers,
To help us thus to read the Works of others:

Never

For thee I dim these eyes, and stuff this head,
With all such reading as was never read*;
For thee supplying, in the worst of days,
Notes to dull Books, and Prologues to dull Plays†;
For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
And write about it, Goddess, and about it.
" So spins the silk-worm small its slender store,
And labours, 'till it clouds itself all o'er.
Not that my quill to Critiques was confin'd,
My Verse gave ampler lessons to mankind;
So gravest precepts may successless prove,
But sad examples never fail to move.
As forc'd from wind-guns, lead itself can fly,
And pond'rous slugs cut swiftly thro' the sky:
As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
The wheels above urg'd by the load below;
Me, Emptiness and Dulness could inspire,
And were my Elasticity, and Fire.
Had Heaven decreed such works a longer date,
Heaven had decreed to spare the Grubstreet-state.
But see great SETTLE to the dust descend,
And all thy cause and empire at an end!
Could Troy be sav'd by any single hand,
His grey-goose weapon must have made her stand.
But what can I? my Flaccus ‡ cast aside,
Take up th' *Attorney's* § (once my better) *Guide?*
Or rob the Roman geese ‖ of all their glories,
And save the State by cackling to the Tories?

Never for this can just returns be shown;
For who will help us e'er to read thy own?'" *Annotator* 1729.

* "Such as Caxton above mentioned, the Three Destructions of Troy by Wynken, and other like Classicks." *Ibid.*

† "As to *Cook's Hesiod,* where sometimes a note, and sometimes even *half* a note, are carefully owned by him: And to *Moore's Comedy* of the *Rival Modes,* and other Authors of the same rank. These were people who writ about the year 1726." *Ib.*

‡ "A familiar manner of speaking, used by modern Criticks of a favourite Author. Mr. *Tibbald* might as justly speak thus of *Horace,* as a French Wit did of *Tully,* seeing his works in a library: *Ah! mon cher Ciceron! Je le connois bien: c'est le meme que Marc Tulle.*" *Ibid.*

§ "In allusion to his first profession of an Attorney." *Ibid.*

‖ "Relates to the well-known story of the geese that saved the Capitol, of which *Virgil, Æn.* 8.

Yes, to my Country I my pen consign;
Yes, from this moment, mighty *Mist* *! am thine,
And rival, Curtius! of thy fame and zeal,
O'er head and ears plunge for the public weal.
Adieu, my children †! better thus expire
Unstall'd, unsold, thus glorious mount in fire,
Fair without spot; than greas'd by grocer's hands,
Or shipp'd with Ward ‡ to ape and monkey lands,
Or, wafting ginger, round the streets to go,
And visit alehouse where ye first did grow.'
"With that, he lifted thrice the sparkling brand,
And thrice he dropt it from his quiv'ring hand:

Atque hic auratis volitans argenteus anser
Porticibus, Gallos in limine adesse canebat.

"A passage I have always suspected. Who sees not the antithesis of *auratis* and *argenteus* to be unworthy the Virgilian Majesty? and what absurdity to say, a goose *sings? canebat? Virgil* gives a contrary character of the voice of this silly bird, in *Ecl.* 9.

—— *argutos* instrepere *anser olores.*

Read it, therefore, *adesse strepebat.* And why *auratis porticibus?* Does not the very verse preceding this inform us,

Romuleo recens horrebat regia culmo.

Is this *Thatch* in one line, and *Gold* in another, consistent? I scruple not *(repugnantibus omnibus manuscriptis)* to correct it, *auritis. Horace* uses the same epithet in the same sense,

—— auritas *fidibus canoris*
Ducere quercus.

And to say that *Walls have Ears,* is common, even to a proverb. SCRIBL." *Annotator in* 1729.

* "Nathaniel Mist was publisher of a famous Tory Paper, in which this Author was sometimes permitted to have a part." *Ibid.*

† "This is a tender and passionate apostrophe to his own Works which he is going to sacrifice, agreeable to the best nature of man in great affliction, and reflecting like a parent on the many miserable fates to which they would otherwise be subject. Virg. Æn. 3.—— Felix Priameïa virgo!

Jussa mori: quæ sortitus non pertulit ullos,
Nec victoris heri tetigit captiva cubile!
Nos patriâ incensâ, diversâ per æquora vectæ, &c." *Ib.*

‡ "Edward Ward, a very voluminous Poet in Hudibrastick verse; but best known by *The London Spy,* in Prose. He has of late years kept a public house in the City (but in a genteel way), and with his wit, humour, and good liquor (Ale), afforded his guests a pleasurable entertainment, especially those of the High-church party. Jacob, *Lives of the Poets, vol. II. p.* 225.—Great numbers of his Works are yearly sold into the Plantations. He wrote a wretched thing against our Author, called *Durgen.*" *Ibid.*

Then

Then lights the structure, with averted eyes;
The rowling smokes involve the sacrifice.
The opening clouds disclose each work by turns,
Now flames * old *Memnon* †, now *Rodrigo* ‡ burns,
In one quick flash see *Proserpine* § expire;
And, last, his own cold *Æschylus* ‖ took fire.
Then gush'd the tears, as from the Trojan's eyes
When the last blaze sent Ilion to the skies.
" Rouz'd by the light, old DULLNESS heav'd the head,
Then snatch'd a sheet of Thulè ** from her bed;
Sudden she flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre,
Down sink the flames, and with a hiss expire.
" Her ample presence fills up all the place;
A veil of fogs dilates her awful face;
Great in her charms as when on Shrieves and May'rs
She looks, and breathes herself into their airs.
She bids him wait her to the sacred Dome ††;
Well-pleas'd he enter'd, and confess'd his Home:

* " Plays and Farces of Tibbald." *Original Edition.*

† " Memnon, a Hero in the Persian Princess, very apt to take fire, as appears by these lines with which he begins the Play:

By heav'n it fires my frozen blood with rage,
And makes it *scald* my aged trunk. *Annotator in* 1729.

‡ " Rodrigo, the chief personage of the Perfidious Brother, a Play written between *Theobald* and a Watchmaker." *Ibid:*

§ " The Rape of Proserpine, one of the Farces of this Author, in which *Ceres* set fire to a Corn-field, which endangered the burning of the Play-house." *Ibid.*

‖ " He had been (to use an expression of our Poet) *about Æschylus* for ten years, and had received subscriptions for the same, but then went about other books. The character of this Tragic Poet is Fire and Boldness in a high degree: but our Author supposes it to be very much cooled by the Translation.

Upon sight of a specimen of it, was made this Epigram:

Alas! poor *Æschylus!* unlucky dog!
Whom once a *Lobster* kill'd, and now a *Log.*

But this is a grievous error; for *Æschylus* was not slain by the fall of a Lobster on his head, but of a Tortoise, *teste* Val. Max. l. ix. cap. 12. SCRIBL." *Ibid.*

** " An unfinished Poem of that name, of which one sheet was finished fifteen years ago; by *A. Ph.* a Northern Author. It is an usual method of putting out a fire, to cast wet sheets upon it. Some Critics have been of opinion, that this sheet was of the nature of the *Asbestos*, which cannot be consumed by fire; but I rather think it only an allegorical allusion to the coldness and heaviness of the writing." *Ibid.*

†† " He writ a Poem, called *The Cave of Poverty*, which concludes

So spirits, ending their terrestrial race,
Ascend, and recognize their native place:
Raptur'd, he gazes round the dear retreat,
And in sweet numbers celebrates the seat *.

"Here to her Chosen all her works she shows;
Prose swell'd to verse, Verse loit'ring into prose;
How random Thoughts now meaning chance to find,
Now leave all memory of sense behind:
How Prologues into Prefaces decay,
And these to Notes are fritter'd quite away.
How Index-learning turns no student pale,
Yet holds the Eel of Science by the Tail.
How, with less reading than makes felons 'scape,
Less human genius than God gives an ape,
Small thanks to France, and none to Rome or Greece,
A past, vamp'd, future, old, reviv'd, new piece,
'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Congreve, and Corneille,
Can make a Cibber †, Johnson ‡, or Ozell §.

cludes with a very extraordinary wish, 'that some great genius, or man of distinguished merit, may be *starved*, in order to celebrate her power, and describe her Cave.' It was printed in octavo, 1715." *Annotator in* 1729.

* "The *Cave of Poverty*, above mentioned; where he no sooner enters, but he reconnoitres the place of his original; as *Plato* says the Spirits shall do, at their entrance into the celestial regions. His Dialogue of the Immortality of the Soul was translated by *Tibbald* in the familiar modern style of *Prithee, Phædo;* and *For God's sake, Socrates:* Printed for *B. Lintot*, 1713." *Ibid.*

† "Mr. Colley Cibber, an Author and Actor; of a good share of wit, and *uncommon vivacity*, which are much improved by the *conversation* he enjoys, which is of the *best*. Jacob, *Lives of Dramatic Poets, p.* 38. Besides two Volumes of Plays in quarto, he made up and translated several others.—Mr. Jacob omitted to remark, that he is particularly admirable in Tragedy." *Ibid.*

‡ "Charles Johnson, famous for writing a Play every season, and for being at *Button's* every day. He had probably thriven better in his vocation, had he been a small matter leaner. He may justly be called a martyr to obesity, and to have fallen a victim to the rotundity of his parts. *Character of the Times*, p. 19.—Some of his Plays are, Love in a Forest *(Shakespeare's* As You Like It); Wife's Relief *(Shirley's* Gamester); The Victim *(Racine's* Iphigenia); The Sultaness *(Racine's* Bajazet, the Prologue to which abused Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Pope, and Mr. Gay); The *Cobler of Preston*, his own." *Ibid.*

§ "Mr. John Ozell, if we may credit Mr. Jacob, did go to school in *Leicestershire*, where *somebody* left him *something* to live on, when he shall retire from business. He was designed to be

"The Goddess then, o'er his anointed head,
With mystic words, the sacred Opium shed;
And lo'! her *Bird*, a monster of a fowl!
Something betwixt a Heidegger * and Owl,
Perch'd on his crown. 'All hail! and hail again,
My Son! the promis'd land expects thy reign.
Know, *Settle*, cloy'd with custard, and with praise,
Is gather'd to the *Dull* of antient days,
Safe, where no Criticks damn, no Duns molest,
Where Gildon †, Banks ‡, and high-born Howard rest §,
I see a King, who leads my chosen sons,
To lands which flow with clenches, and with puns,
Till each fam'd theatre my empire own,
Till Albion, as Hibernia, bless my throne!
I see! I see! Then, rapt, the smoke no more;
"*God save King* TIBBALD" Grubstreet Alleys roar ||.

be sent to *Cambridge* in order for Priesthood; but he chose rather to be placed in an *office* of *accounts* in the City, being qualified for the same by his skill in *Arithmetick*, and writing the necessary *hands*. He has obliged the world with many Translations of French Plays.' Jacob, *Lives of Dramatic Poets*, *p.* 198." *Annot.* 1729.

* "A strange bird from Switzerland. Here, in the Dublin Edition, was absurdly inserted the name of an eminent Lawyer and Member of Parliament, who was a man of wit, and a friend of the Author." *Ibid.*

† "Charles Gildon, a writer of criticisms and libels of the last age, bred at St. Omer's with the Jesuits; but, renouncing Popery, he published Blount's books against the Divinity of Christ, 'The Oracles of Reason,' &c. He signalized himself as a Critic, having written some very bad Plays; abused Mr. *P.* very scandalously in an anonymous pamphlet of the 'Life of Mr. *Wycherly*,' printed by Curll; in another called 'The New Rehearsal,' printed in 1714; in a third, entitled, 'The Complete Art of English Poetry,' in two volumes, and others. *Ibid.*

‡ "Author of the Play of 'The Earl of Essex,' 'Ann Boleyn,' &c. He followed the Law, as a Solicitor, like *Tibbald*." *Ibid.*

§ "The Honourable Edward Howard was Author of the British Princes, and a great number of wonderful pieces, celebrated by the late Earls of Dorset and Rochester, Duke of Buckingham, Mr. Waller, &c." *Ibid.*

|| "See his 'Æsop's Fables,' where this excellent hemystic is to be found. Our Author manifests, here and elsewhere, a prodigious tenderness for the *bad writers*. We see he selects the only good passage perhaps in all that ever Ogilby writ; which shews how candid and patient a reader he must have been. What can be more kind and affectionate than these words in the Preface to his Poems, where he labours to call up our humanity and forgiveness toward these unlucky men, by the most moderate representation

" So when Jove's block descended from on high,
(As sings thy great forefather Ogilby)
Loud thunder to the bottom shook the bog,
And the hoarse nation croak'd, *God save King Log!*"

Again, when the Hero is exalted to the Throne,

" High on a gorgeous seat, that far out-shone
Henley's gilt tub, or Flecknoe's Irish throne,
Or that, where on her Curlls the publick pours
All-bounteous, fragrant grains, and golden show'rs:
Great TIBBALD nods: The proud Parnassian sneer,
The conscious simper, and the jealous leer,
Mix on his look. All eyes direct their rays
On him, and crowds grow foolish as they gaze *."

tation of the case that has ever been given by any Author? 'Much may be said to extenuate the fault of bad Poets: what we call a *genius* is hard to be distinguished, by a man himself, from a prevalent inclination: and if it be never so great, he can at first discover it no other way than by that strong propensity which renders him the more liable to be mistaken. He has no other method but to make the experiment, by writing, and so appealing to the judgment of others: and if he happens to write ill (which is certainly no sin in itself) he is immediately made the object of ridicule! I wish we had the humanity to reflect, that even the worst Authors might endeavour to please us, and, in that endeavour, deserve something at our hands. We have no cause to quarrel with them, but for their obstinacy in persisting; and even that may admit of alleviating circumstances: for their particular friends may be either ignorant or unsincere; and the rest of the world too well bred to shock them with a truth which generally their Booksellers are the first that inform them of.'—But how much all indulgence is lost upon these people may appear from the just reflection made on their constant conduct and constant fate, in the following Epigram:

'Ye little Wits, that gleam'd awhile,
When Pope vouchsaf'd a ray,
Alas! depriv'd of his kind smile,
How soon ye fade away!

'To compass Phœbus' car about,
Thus empty vapours rise;
Each lends his cloud, to put him out,
That rear'd him to the skies.

'Alas! those skies are not your sphere;
There he shall ever burn.
Weep, weep, and fall! for Earth ye were,
And must to Earth return.'" *Annotator in* 1729.

* These eight lines were not in the *Original Edition;* but were first inserted in the much-enlarged Quarto of 1728-9.

The

The ridicule which had been leveled against Mr. Theobald, in common with many of his contemporary friends, in the *Treatise on the Bathos* *, inserted by Pope and Swift in their "Miscellanies, 1727," he had met with perfect indifference; or at most had retaliated by a humourous Epigram or Essay: but he must have been more or less than man, had he tamely submitted to the accumulated insults of *The Dunciad* †. The cruel hints at his indigence, wantonly exaggerated, were sufficiently provoking; but the more inapplicable charge of *Blockheadry* was to Theobald the most mortifying part of the attack ‡.

As an individual, Theobald's notices of Mr. Pope had hitherto been uniformly respectful; and of this the passages already cited from the Preface to *Shakespeare Restored* § are abundant evidence.

Of the poetical talents of his great antagonist, he was a sincere and zealous admirer; nor in that character shall I presume to place him in the most distant degree of comparison. In the ingenuous ardour of a youthful and congenial mind, he had extolled the Translation of the *Iliad*; and had even relinquished his own projected version of the *Odyssey*, after printing a single book of it as a specimen. But in an intimate acquaintance with the Greek and

* "Theobald, the professed Rival of Pope in the Editorship of Shakespeare, and, probably, for *this* reason the *original* Hero of *The Dunciad*, by the escape of one unlucky line,

'None but himself can be his parallel,'

gave that wicked Wit a real advantage over him, and justly exposed himself to the keenest severity of his satire. And yet, indefensible as palpable absurdity most assuredly is, *that* just now quoted, might have pleaded the authority of Seneca; in whose 'Hercules furens' we have the following very extraordinary passage:

——— quæris Alcidæ *parem*?
Nemo est nisi ipse: bella jam secum gerat.

"It hence appears (what has not, I think, been remarked before), that this celebrated line of Theobald, the *Ludus jocusque Criticorum*, had, after all, only the *secondary merit* of being a literal translation." *Rev. E. Kynaston, in Gent. Mag. vol. L. p.* 507.

† On both these subjects more will be found in the article which treats on the Origin of *The Dunciad*.

‡ See hereafter, p. 734. § See before, p. 714.

Roman

Roman Classicks, he was at least on an equality with Mr. Pope—perhaps even his superior *; and in old English Literature, though sarcastically styled "such reading as was never read," he was scarcely excelled even by his very learned Friend Mr. Warburton. — But of this enough, and perhaps more than enough.

It was not originally the intention of Theobald to become a regular Editor of Shakespeare's Works. In the middle of the year 1728, he put out Proposals for publishing only "*Emendations* and *Remarks* on Shakespeare †;" a Work for which he received very great encouragement, and particularly the unremitted assistance of Mr. Warburton. The reasons for changing his intention he shall himself explain ‡.

* See, *inter alia*, his Remarks on Paterculus, pp. 283, 569; on Athenæus, p. 584; on Suidas, p. 596; and on Aristophanes, p 600.

† In the Preface to the second Edition of his "Double Falshood," 1728-9, he first gave the intimation of publishing Shakespeare's whole Works, "corrected with his best care and ability." See before, p. 710.

‡ "I had not gone on many months in this scheme, before I found it to be the unanimous wish of those who did me the honour of their Subscriptions, that I would give them the Poet's Text corrected; and that I would subjoin those Explanatory Remarks which I had purposed to publish upon the foot of my first Proposals. Earnest solicitations were made to me, that I would think of such an Edition; which I had as strong desires to listen to: and some Noble persons then, whom I have no privilege to name, were pleased to interest themselves so far in the affair, as to propose to Mr. Tonson his undertaking an impression of Shakespeare with my corrections. The throwing my whole Work into a different form, to comply with this Proposal, was not the slightest labour: and so no little time was unavoidably lost. While the publication of my Remarks was thus respited, my enemies took an unfair occasion to suggest that I was extorting money from my Subscribers, without ever designing to give them any thing for it; an insinuation leveled at once to wound me in reputation and interest. Conscious, however, of my own just intentions, and labouring all the while to bring my wished purpose to bear, I thought these anonymous slanderers worthy of no notice. A justification of myself would have been giving them argument for fresh abuse; and I was willing to believe that any unkind opinions, entertained to my prejudice, would naturally drop, and lose their force, when the publick should once be convinced that I was in earnest, and ready to do them justice. I left no means untried to put it in my power to do this;

The assistance which he met with from particular Friends towards forwarding and completing the Work is fully and handsomely acknowledged ‡.

this: and I hope, without breach of modesty, I may venture to appeal to all candid judges, whether I have not employed all my power to be just to them in the execution of my task. I must needs have been in the most pain, who saw myself daily so barbarously outraged. I might have taken advantage of the favourable impression entertained of my Work, and hurried it crudely into the world: but I have suffered, for my Author's sake, those impressions to cool, and perhaps be lost; and can now appeal only to the judgment of the publick. If I succeed in this point, the reputation gained will be the more solid and lasting." *Preface.*

‡ "Soon after my design was known, I had the honour of an invitation to Cambridge; and a generous promise from the learned and ingenious Dr. Thirlby, of Jesus College there, who had taken great pains with my Author, that I should have the liberty of collating his copy of Shakespeare, marked through in the margin with his own manuscript references and accurate observations. He not only made good this promise, but favoured me with a set of emendations, interspersed and distinguished in his name through the Edition, and which can need no recommendation here to the judicious Reader.—The next assistance I received was from my ingenious friend Hawley Bishop, esq. whose great powers and extensive learning are as well known, as his uncommon modesty, to all who have the happiness of his acquaintance. This gentleman was so generous, at the expence both of his pocket and time, to run through all Shakespeare with me. We joined business and entertainment together; and at every of our meetings, which were constantly once a week, we read over a Play, and came mutually prepared to communicate our conjectures upon it to each other. The pleasure of these appointments, I think, I may say, richly compensated for the labour in our own own thoughts: and I may venture to affirm, in the behalf of my assistant, that our Author has derived no little improvement from them.—To these, I must add the indefatigable zeal and industry of my most ingenious and ever-respected Friend, the Reverend Mr. WILLIAM WARBURTON, of Newark-upon-Trent. This gentleman, from the motives of his frank and communicative disposition, voluntarily took a considerable part of the trouble off my hands; not only read over the whole Author for me with the exactest care; but entered into a long and laborious Epistolary Correspondence; to which I owe no small part of my best Criticisms upon my Author.—The number of passages amended, and admirably explained, which I have taken care to distinguish with his name, will shew a fineness of spirit and extent of reading, beyond all the commendations I can give them. Nor, indeed, would I any farther be thought to commend a Friend, than, in so doing, to give a testimony of my own gratitude.

His obligations to Mr. Warburton in particular are expressed in the most glowing terms, in the long series of Letters which form so large a portion of the present Volume, commencing in March 1728-9, and continuing without intermission till May 1730.

In the September following, the correspondence was renewed, on a *new view* which Mr. Warburton had taken of Shakespeare's Works.

titude.—How great a share soever of praise I must lose from myself, in confessing these assistances; and however my own poor conjectures may be weakened by the comparison with theirs; I am very well content to sacrifice my vanity to the pride of being so assisted, and the pleasure of being just to their merits.—I beg leave to observe to my Readers, in one word, here, that from the confession of these successive aids, and the manner in which I derived them, it appears, I have pretty well filled up the interval, betwixt my first Proposals and my Publication, with having my Author always in view, and at heart.—Some hints I have the honour to owe to the informations of Dr. Mead and the late Dr. Freind; others to the kindness of the ingenious Martin Folkes, esq. who likewise furnished me with the first Folio Edition of Shakespeare, at a time when I could not meet with it among the Booksellers; as my obliging friend Thomas Coxeter, esq. did with several of the old Quarto single Plays, which I then had not in my own Collection. Some few observations I likewise owe to F. Plumptre, esq.; others to the favour of anonymous persons: for all which I most gladly render my acknowledgments.—As to what regards myself singly, if the Edition do not speak for the pains I have taken about it, it will be very vain to plead my own labour and diligence. Besides a faithful collation of all the printed copies, which I have exhibited in my Catalogue of Editions at the end of this Work; let it suffice to say, that, to clear up several errors in the Historical Plays, I purposely read over Hall and Holinshed's Chronicles in the Reigns concerned; all the Novels in Italian from which our Author had borrowed any of his plots; such parts of Plutarch, from which he had derived any parts of his Greek or Roman story: Chaucer and Spenser's Works; all the Plays of Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and above 800 old English Plays, to ascertain the obsolete and uncommon phrases in him: not to mention some labour and pains unpleasantly spent in the dry task of consulting Etymological Glossaries.—But, as no labour of mine can be equivalent to the dear and ardent love I bear for Shakespeare; so, if the Publick shall be pleased to allow that he owes any thing to my willingness and endeavours of restoring him; I shall reckon the part of my life so engaged, to have been very happily employed; and put myself, with great submission, to be tried by my country in the affair." *Preface.*

Hitherto

Hitherto the ardour of affection on both sides appears to be unabated; for, though we have only at that period the Letters of Theobald (those of Warburton having been punctually returned); yet Theobald's recapitulation of their contents (of which the originals were in like manner returned) are the very echo of Warburton's sentiments.

In December 1730, Theobald, in the warmth of his heart, confided a secret of some consequence to his own future views in life. Not appalled by the ridiculous caricature of him in *The Dunciad*, he subsequently became an actual candidate for the office of *Poet Laureate;* and for that purpose was introduced by Lord Gage to Sir Robert Walpole, who recommended him warmly (though unsuccessfully) to the Duke of Grafton, then Lord Chamberlain; and even procured those recommendations to be seconded by Frederick Prince of Wales *.

Subsequent to this confidential communication, from what cause does not appear, a coolness arose between them; which was satisfactorily adjusted in November 1731; when Theobald having entered into a regular engagement with Tonson †, for pub-

* "I have since waited on Sir Robert, to thank him for the trouble I gave him in that solicitation; and have the privilege to keep in his eye, with assurances of service. But, now I have frankly unburthened myself to you, as freely give me your friendly advice. — Shall I pursue this dream of expectation, and throw away a few hours in levée-haunting? or will it be more wise to wake at once from a fruitless delusion, and look on promises but as Courtiers' oratory? You will do me the justice to believe, my first quest was not on the motive of vanity, but to assist my fortune. The same reason still remains; and I would fain sit down to my little studies with an easy competency. But I should be sorry to dance a vain dependence, and be rolling the stone of Sisyphus too long. I shall wholly determine myself on *your decision*; and till then suspend the subject." *Letter to Mr. Warburton.*

† See his Letter to Martin Folkes, esq. on this subject, p. 618; and Mr. Warburton, in a Letter to Dr. Stukeley, Nov. 10, 1731, says, "Mr. Theobald has entered into articles for publishing Shakespeare with Tonson. It is to appear by next March ‡; and he is to have for it *eleven hundred guineas*, and your humble ser-

‡ It did not appear till *two years later*.

vant

lishing an Edition of Shakespeare, Mr. Warburton renewed his correspondence by the communication of many valuable notes.

After a tedious progress through the press, the long-expected Edition appeared, in March 1733-4, inscribed to Lord Orrery, in terms not dictated by the cold language of a Stranger's addressing a lofty Patron; but evidently shewing a degree of intimacy with that illustrious Family, which he had long enjoyed, both with the noble Earl and with his Father.

By this publication Theobald obtained both fame and money. A very numerous List of Subscribers is prefixed, including the Prince of Wales *, the Princess Royal, Sir Robert and Sir Edward Walpole, nearly all the principal Nobility, and many respectable Divines.

In an entertaining Preface of 68 pages, in which Mr. Theobald was most particularly indebted to the friendship of Mr. Warburton †, he has condensed a series of

rant for his pains one copy of the Royal-paper books. But, *as he has given me full satisfaction for his late conduct,* and appears to be willing to perform the part of a man of honour, I absolve him from all hard thoughts, and am disposed to serve him all I can. This I thought proper, for good reasons, to let you know, whom I had acquainted with my (groundless as I am glad to find it) suspicions and complaints." — Again, Feb. 4, 1731-2, "If you have an opportunity, pray ask Watts, by the bye, when *Theobald's Shakespeare* is like to come out."

* See before, p. 254.

† "I am extremely obliged for the tender concern you have for my reputation in what I am *to prefix to my Edition*: and this part, as it will come last in play, I shall certainly be so kind to myself to communicate in due time to your perusal." The whole affair of *Prolegomena* I have determined to soften into *Preface*. I am so very cool as to my sentiments of my Adversary's usage, that I think the Publick should not be too largely troubled with them. *Blockheadry* is the chief hinge of his satire upon me; and if my Edition do not wipe out that, I ought to be content to let the charge be fixed: if it do, the reputation gained will be a greater triumph than resentment.—But, dear Sir, will you, at your leisure hours, think over for me upon the contents, topics, orders, &c. of this branch of my labour? You have a comprehensive memory, and a happiness of digesting the matter joined to it, which my head is often too much embarrassed to perform; let

Essays connected with the main subject of his Commentary; particularly, an elaborate Defence of Literal Criticism *; a Sketch of Shakespeare's general Cha-

let that be the excuse for my inability. But how unreasonable is it to expect this labour, when it is the only part in which I shall not be able to be just to my friends; for, to confess assistance in a *Preface* will, I am afraid, make me appear too naked. Rymer's extravagant rancour against our Author, under the umbrage of *Criticism*, may, I presume, find a place here." *Nov.* 18, 1731.

In his next Letter he says, "I intend very soon to trouble you with a prosecution of the *Preface*. To guess yet at the likely time of publication, is impossible; till our Printers give us experience what dispatch they can make on their part."

* "One expedient to make my Work appear of a trifling nature, has been an attempt to depreciate *Literal Criticism*. To this end, and to pay a servile compliment to Mr. Pope, an anonymous writer has, like *a Scotch Pedlar* † in wit, unbraced his pack on the subject. But, that his virulence might not seem to be leveled singly at me, he has done me the honour to join Dr. Bentley in the libel. I was in hopes we should have been both abused with smartness of Satire at least, though not with solidity of argument: that it might have been worth some reply in defence of the science attacked. But I may fairly say of this Author, as Falstaff does of Poins, 'Hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick as Tewkesbury mustard; there is no more conceit in him, than is in a *Mallet* †.' If it be not profanation to set the opinion of the divine Longinus against such a scribbler, he tells us expressly, 'that to make a judgment upon words (and writings) is the most consummate fruit of much experience.' Ἡ γὰρ τῶν λόγων κρίσις πολλῆς ἐστι πείρας τελευταῖον ἐπιγέννημα. Whenever words are depraved, the sense of course must be corrupted; and thence the readers betrayed into a false meaning. Though I should be convicted of pedantry by some, I will venture to subjoin a few flagrant instances, in which I have observed most learned men

† David Mallet addressed a Poetical Epistle to Mr. Pope on the subject of Verbal Criticism; which he thus introduces: "As the design of the following Poem is to rally the abuse of Verbal Criticism, the Author could not, without manifest partiality, overlook the Editor of Milton, and the Restorer of Shakespeare. With regard to the latter, he has read over the many and ample specimens with which that able Scholiast has already obliged the publick; and of these, and these only, he pretends to give his opinion. But, whatever he may think of the Critick, not having the least ill-will to the man, he deferred printing these verses, though written several months ago, till he heard that the subscription for a new Edition of Shakespeare was closed. He begs leave to add likewise, that this Poem was undertaken and written entirely without the knowledge of the gentleman to whom it is addressed. Only, as it is a public testimony of his inviolable esteem for Mr. Pope, on that account, particularly, he wishes it may not be judged to increase the number of mean performances, with which the Town is almost daily pestered."—The Grub-street Journal, also, March 14, 1733-4, attacks both Bentley and Theobald on the same subject.

have

racter; with some Particulars of his private Life, and his Character as a Writer; proving also that he

have suffered themselves to be deceived, and consequently led their readers into error: and this for want of the help of Literal Criticism: in some, through indolence and inadvertence: in others, perhaps, through an absolute contempt of it. If the subject may seem to invite this digression, I hope the use and application will serve to excuse it.—I. In that Golden Fragment, which we have left of Platonius, upon the three kinds of Greek Comedy, after he has told us, that when the state of Athens was altered from a Democracy to an Oligarchy, and that the Poets grew cautious whom they libeled in their Comedies; when the people had no longer any desire to choose the accustomed Officers for furnishing Choric Singers, and defraying the expence of them, Aristophanes brought on a Play in which there was no Chorus; for, subjoins he, τῶν γὰρ ΧΟΡΕΥΤΩΝ μὴ χειροτονεμένων, καὶ τῶν ΧΟΡΗΓΩΝ ἐκ ἐχόντων τὰς τροφὰς, ὑπεξηρέθη τῆς Κωμῳδίας τὰ χορικὰ μέλη, καὶ τῶν ὑποθέσεων ὁ τρόπος μετεβλήθη. 'The Chorus-singers being no longer chosen by suffrage, and the Furnishers of the Chorus no longer having their maintenance, the Choric songs were taken out of Comedies, and the nature of the argument and fable changed.' But there happen to be two signal mistakes in this short sentence. For the Chorus-singers were never elected by suffrage at all, but hired by the proper Officer who was at the expence of the Chorus: and the Furnishers of the Chorus had never either table or stipend allowed them, towards their charge. To what purpose then is this sentence, which should be a deduction from the premises, and yet is none, brought in? or how comes the reasoning to be founded upon what was not the fact? The mistake manifestly arises from a careless transposition made in the text: let the two Greek words, which I have distinguished by capitals, only change places, and we recover what Platonius meant to infer: 'that the Furnishers of Choruses being no longer elected by suffrage, and the Chorus-singers having no provision made for them, Choruses were abolished, and the subjects of Comedies altered.'—II. There is another more egregious error still subsisting in this instructive fragment, which has likewise escaped the notice of the learned. The Author is saying, that, in the old Comedy, the Masks were made so nearly to resemble the persons to be satirized, that, before the Actor spoke a word, it was known whom he was to personate. But in the new Comedy, when Athens was conquered by the Macedonians, and the Poets were fearful lest their Masks should be construed to resemble any of their new Governors, they formed them so preposterously as only to move laughter; ὁρῶμεν γοῦν (says he) τὰς ὀφρῦς ἐν τοῖς προσώποις τῆς Μενάνδρου κωμῳδίας ὑποίας ἔχει, καὶ ὅπως ἐξεσχαμμένον τὸ ΣΩΜΑ, καὶ οὐδὲ κατὰ ἀνθρώπων φύσιν. 'We see, therefore, what strange eye-brows there are to the Masks used in Menander's Comedies; and how the body is distorted,

was a Lover of Musick; and that Milton was an Imitator of him.

distorted, and unlike any human creature alive.' But the Author, it is evident, is speaking abstractedly of Masks; and what reference has the distortion of the body to the look of a Visor? I am satisfied; Platonius wrote, καὶ ὅπως ἐξεστραμμένον τὸ ΌΜΜΑ, *i. e.* 'and how the eyes were goggled and distorted.' This is to the purpose of his subject: and Julius Pollux, in describing the Comic Masques, speaks of some that had ΣΤΡΕΒΛΟΝ τὸ ΌΜΜΑ: Others, that were ΔΙΑΣΤΡΟΦΟΙ τὴν ΌΨΙΝ· PERVERSIS *oculis*, as Cicero calls them, speaking of Roscius.—III. Suidas, in the short account that he has given us of Sophocles, tells us, that, besides Dramatic Pieces, he wrote Hymns and Elegies; καὶ λόγον καταλογάδην περὶ τῆ Χορῆ πρὸς Θέσπιν καὶ Χοίριλον ἀγωνιζόμενος. This the learned Camerarius has thus translated: 'Scripsit oratione solutâ de Choro contra Thespin & Chœrilum quempiam.' And Kuster likewise understood, and rendered, the passage to the same effect. He owns the place is obscure, and suspected by him: 'for how could Sophocles contend with Thespis and Chœrilus, who lived long before his time?' The Scholiast upon Aristophanes, however, expressly says, as Kuster might have remembered, that Sophocles actually did contend with Chœrilus. But that is a point nothing to the passage in question; which means, as I have shewn in another place, 'that Sophocles declaimed in prose, contending to obtain a Chorus for reviving some pieces of Thespis and Chœrilus.' Is this contending against them, as rival Poets?—IV. Some other learned men have likewise been mistaken in particulars with regard to Sophocles. In the Synopsis of his Life, we find these words: Τελευτᾶ δὲ μετὰ Εὐριπίδην ἐτῶν ϛ'. Meursius, as well as Camerarius, have expounded this, as if Sophocles survived Euripides six years. But the best accounts agree that they died both in the same year, a little before the Frogs of Aristophanes was played; scil. Olymp. 93, 3. The meaning, therefore, of the passage is, as some of the Commentators have rightly observed, 'that Sophocles died after Euripides, at 90 years of age.' The mistake arose from hence, that in numerals, ϛ signifies as well 6 as 90.—V. The learned Father Brumoy too, who has lately given us three volumes upon the Theatre of the Greeks, has slipped into an error about Sophocles; for, speaking of his Antigone, he tells us, it was in such request as to be performed two-and-thirty times; *Elle fût representée trente deux fois.* The account, on which this is grounded, we have from the argument prefixed to Antigone by Aristophanes the Grammarian: and the Latin Translator of this argument, probably, led Father Brumoy into his mistake, and he should have referred to the original. The Greek words are, λέλεκται δὲ τὸ δρᾶμα τῆτο τριακοστὸν δεύτερον, *i. e.* 'This Play is said to have been the Thirty-second, in order of time, produced by Sophocles.'—The mistakes, that I have

Shakespeare's Knowledge of Nature forms a very pleasing and entertaining article.

mentioned (though they necessarily lead into error, from the authority with which they come into the world); yet are such, it is obvious, as have been the effects of inadvertence; and therefore I do not quote them to the dishonour of their learned Authors. I shall point out two or three, which seem to have sprung from another source: either a due want of sagacity, or an absolute neglect of Literal Criticism.—VI. Sir George Wheler, who, in his 'Journey into Greece,' has traded much with Greek Antiquities and Inscriptions, and who certainly was no mean scholar, has shewn himself very careless in this respect. When he was at Sardis, he met with a medal of the Emperor Commodus seated in the midst of the Zodiack with celestial signs engraven on it; and, on the other side, a figure with a crown-mure with these letters about it, Σάρδις Ἀσίας, ΑΥΔΙΑΣ, Ἕλλαδος, ᾱ μητρόπολις: "Sardis, the first metropolis of Asia, Greece, and Audia."—But where and what Audia was (says he) I find not. Now is it not very strange that this gentleman should not remember, that Sardis was the capital city of Lydia; and, consequently, that for ΑΥΔΙΑΣ we should read ΛΥΔΙ'ΑΣ? Though my correction is too obvious to want any justification, yet, I find, it has one from the learned Father Harduin; who produces another coin of Sardis (in the French King's Cabinet), which bears the very same inscription, only exhibited as it ought to be.—Nor was this a single inaccuracy in Sir George. I will instance in two pretty inscriptions, the one an Epitaph, the other a Votive Table, which he has given us, but in a very corrupt condition. Though I have never been in Greece, nor seen the inscriptions any where but in his book, I think I can restore them to their true sense and numbers; and, as they are particularly elegant, some readers will not be displeased to see them in a state of purity.—VII. Of the Antiquities of Philadelphia (says he) I had but a slender account; only I have the copy of one inscription, being the Monument of a Virgin, in these three couplets of verses. But she was so far from being a Virgin, that the Epitaph shews her to have been a Wife; that it was put up in memory of her by her Husband; and that she died in the flower of her youth at the age of twenty-three.

Ξανθίππην Ἀκύλα μνήμην [1] βίου παρέδωκην	[1] βιότου παρέδωκεν.
Βωμῷ [2] τειμήσας σεμνω ταυτην ἄλοχον·	[2] τιμήσας σεμνοτάτην.
Παρθένον ἧς ἀπέλυσε μίτρην ΗΣΔΡΙΟΝ ἄνθος	
Ἔσκεν ἐν ἡμιτελεῖ παυσαμενον θαλάμῳ.	
Τρεῖς γὰρ ἐπ' εἰκοσίους τελεῶσε [3] βιον ἐνιαυτοὺς,	[3] βιοῦσ'.
Καὶ ματὰ τούσδε θάνεν [4] τουτου λιπουσαφαος.	[4] τοῦτο λιποῦσα φάος.

"I have, for brevity's sake, marked the general corrections, which I have made, at the side. The third verse is neither true in quantity, nor language: ΗΣΔΡΙΟΝ is a monster of a word, which

Addison and Shakespeare compared; as are also Ben Jonson and Shakespeare.

which never could be the reading of any marble. As I correct it, we recover a most beautiful couplet.

Παρθένον, ἧς ἀπέλυσε μίτρην· ἧΣ ἘΡΙΝΟ'Ν ἄνθος
Ἔσκεν ἐν ἡμιτελεῖ παυσάμενον θαλαμῳ.

"Puellam, cujus Zonam solvit; cujus VERNUS Flos
Præproperô tabuit in Thalamô.

—"VIII. I come now to the Votive Table*, which is rich in poetic graces, however overwhelmed with depravation: and Sir George seems as much to have mistaken the purport, as the words, of the inscription. 'At Chalcedon,' says he, 'I found an inscription in the wall of a private house near the church; which signifieth that Evante, the son of Antipater, having made a prosperous voyage, and desiring to return by the Ægean sea, offered cakes at a statue, which he had erected to Jupiter, which had sent him such good weather, as a token of his good voyage.

[1]ΟΥΡΙΟΝ ἐπὶ [2]ΠΡΙΜΝΗΣ τις ὁδηγητῆρα καλείτω, —[1] Οὖρον. [2] πρύμνης.
Ζῆνα κατὰ [3]πρωτΟΝ ΩΝιστιον ἐκπετάσας [3] πρώτων, ἱστίον.
[4]ΕΠΙ ΚΥΑΝΕΑΣ ΔΙΝΑΣ ΔΡΟΜΟΥΣ ἔνθα Ποσειδῶν—[4] Κυανεαῖς δίνησιν
Καμπύλον εἰλίσσει κῦμα παρὰ ψαμαθοῖς. ἐπίδρομον.
Εἶτα κατ' Αἰγαῖαν πόντου πλάκα [5] ΝΑΣ ἐρεύνων, [5] Νόστον.
Νείσθω· τῷ δὲ [6]ΒΑΛΛΩΝ ψαιστὰ παρὰ [7]ΤΩ ΖΩΑΝΩ.—[6] βαλών. [7] ξοάνῳ.
[8]ΟΔΕ τὸν [9]ΕΥΑΝΤΗ τὸν ἀεὶ θεὸν Ἀντιπάτρου παῖς. —[8] Ἐσδὲ. [9] εὐανθῆ.
Στησε [10] Φίλων ἀγαθῆς σύμβολον εὐπλοίης. [10] Φίλων.

"I have marked, as before, my corrections at the side; and I may venture to say, I have supported the faultering verses both with numbers and sense. But who ever heard of Evante, as the name of a man, in Greece? Neither is this inscription a piece of Ethnic devotion, as Sir George has supposed it, to a statue erected to Jupiter: on the contrary, it despises those fruitless superstitions. Philo (a Christian, as it seems to me,) sets it up, in thanks for a safe voyage, to the true God.

"That all my readers may equally share in this little Poem, I have attempted to put it into an English dress.

"'Invoke who will the prosp'rous gale behind,
Jove at the prow, while to the guiding wind
O'er the blue billows he the sail expands,
Where Neptune with each wave heaps hills of sands:
Then let him, when the surge he backward plows,
Pour to his Statue-God unaiding vows:
But to the God of Gods, for deaths o'erpast,
For safety lent him on the wat'ry waste,
To native shores return'd, thus Philo pays
His monument of thanks, of grateful praise.'

* On this subject several Letters appeared in "The Grub Street Journal" of 1734; in some of which Mr. Warburton felt a considerable degree of interest; see pp. 640. 651.

 "I shall

And, amongst other particulars, the Question on Shakespeare's Learning * is well discussed.

"I shall have no occasion, I believe, to ask the pardon of some Readers for these last nine pages; and others may be so kind to pass them over at their pleasure. (Those discoveries, which give light and satisfaction to the truly learned, I must confess, are darkness and mystery to the less capable: Φάεσσος μὲν ξυνετοῖς, ἀξυνετοῖς δ' Ερεβος.) Nor will they be absolutely foreign, I hope, to a Preface in some measure critical; especially, as it could not be amiss to shew, that I have read other books with the same accuracy with which I profess to have read Shakespeare. Besides, I designed this inference from the defence of Literal Criticism: if the Latin and Greek languages have received the greatest advantages imaginable from the labours of the Editors and Criticks of the two last ages, by whose aid and assistance the Grammarians have been enabled to write infinitely better in that art than even the preceding Grammarians, who wrote when those tongues flourished as living languages: I should account it a peculiar happiness, that, by the faint assay I have made in this Work, a path might be chalked out for abler hands, by which to derive the same advantages to our own tongue: a tongue, which, though it wants none of the fundamental qualities of an universal language, yet, as a Noble Writer says, lisps and stammers as in its cradle; and has produced little more towards its polishing than complaints of its barbarity." *Preface, pp.* lii—lxii.

* The strong marks of Warburton's revision are particularly evident in this Section of the Preface †; which, if it had no other merit, was the precursor of Dr. Farmer's most satisfactory Essay on the same subject. "Mr. Theobald, Dr. Farmer observes, "is 'very unwilling to allow him [Shakespeare] so poor a scholar, as many have laboured to represent him; and yet is 'cautious of declaring too positively on the other side of the question.'—Dr. Warburton hath opposed the weakness of some arguments

† If any other proof were wanting of the liberal assistance given by the Colossus of Literature at the time to Theobald, it may be found in the following suggestion of Bp. Hurd: "You will ask me, perhaps, now I am on this subject, how it happened that Shakespeare's language is every where so much his own as to secure his Imitations, if they were such, from discovery; when I pronounce with such assurance of those of our other Poets. The answer is given for me in the Preface to Mr. Theobald's Shakespeare; though the observation, I think, is *too good to come from that Critick.* It is, that though his words, agreeably to the state of the English tongue at that time, be generally Latin, his phraseology is perfectly English: an advantage he owed to his slender acquaintance with the Latin idiom. Whereas the other Writers of his age and such others of an older date as were likely to fall into his hands, had not only the most familiar acquaintance with the Latin idiom, but affected on all occasions to make use of it. Hence it comes to pass, that though he might draw sometimes from the Latin (Ben Jonson you know tells us *He had less Greek)* and the learned English Writers, he takes nothing but the sentiments; the expression comes of itself and is purely English."

Letter to Mr. Mason, on the Marks of Imitation, 8vo, 1758.

from

In 1734, Mr. Warburton expressed his entire approbation of the labours of Theobald; read the whole Seven Volumes of his Shakespeare with great attention*; and communicated several notes to be inserted in a future Edition†.

But here the connexion finally ceased; and the learned Critick transferred his favours to Sir Tho-

from *suspected* imitations, and yet offers others, which, I doubt not, he could as easily have refuted."

* May 17, 1734, he says, "I have transcribed *about fifty emendations and remarks*, which I have at several times sent you, omitted in the Edition of Shakespeare; which, I am sure, are better than any of mine published there. These I shall convey to you soon, and desire you to publish them (as omitted by being mislaid) in your Edition of the *Poems*, which I hope you will soon make ready for the press."—Again, June 20, "I have sent you *all I could find to cavil at in your Edition of Shakespeare*. I know it will be a pleasure to you to receive it, and it is no small compliment to your Edition; for I have been so exact in my inquisitorial search after faults, that I dare undertake to defend every note throughout the whole bulky work, save these *thirteen* I have objected to."—And, Oct. 14, "What follows are *three notes* to be added to the *fifty* I sent, in their places, which I desire you will give yourself the trouble to do. I hope they will meet with your approbation."

† "Those villains, if any such there be, who upbraid me with my acquaintance and correspondence with the Gentlemen of *The Dunciad*, know I at the same time proclaimed it to the world, in *Tibbald's* Edition of Shakespeare, in Mr. Pope's life-time. Till his *Letters* were published, I had as indifferent an opinion of his morals as they pretended to have. Mr. Pope knew this, and had the justice to own to me that I fairly followed appearances when I thought well of them, and ill of him. He owned indeed that, on reading that Edition, he was sorry to find a man of genius got amongst them; for he told me he was greatly struck with my notes. This conversation happened to pass in company, on one of them saying, they wondered I would give any thing to such a fellow as *Tibbald*. Mr. Pope said immediately, there was no wonder at all: I took him for an honest man, as he had done, and on that footing had visited him—and then followed what I relate above. This was the only time the subject ever came upon the *tapis*. For he was too delicate to mention any thing of it to me alone." *Letter to Mr. Hurd, Jan.* 12, 1757.

"Yet this *Tibbald*, contemptible as he is here represented to be, was assisted in his Edition of Shakespeare by Warburton; and he mentions, as he well might, Warburton's assistance, as a great support of his Work. This Edition of *Tibbald* was justly esteemed the best till those of Malone and Steevens appeared." Dr. WARTON.

"You

mas Hanmer *, whom he visited at Mildenhall in Suffolk in May 1737 †, and who in his turn was much sooner and still more abruptly discarded.

"You are pleased to enquire about Shakespeare. I believe (to tell it as a secret) I shall, after I have got the whole of this Work out of my hands which I am now engaged in, *give an Edition of it to the World.* Sir Thomas Hanmer *has a true critical genius, and has done great things in this Author;* so you may expect to see a very extraordinary Edition of its kind. I intend to draw up and prefix to it a just and complete critique on Shakespeare and his Works." *Mr. Warburton to Mr. Birch, Oct. 24, 1737.*

* See before, in this Volume, p. 44.

† "I have got all my Letters and Papers out of Sir Thomas Hanmer's hands. I was dissatisfied with his treatment of me, the particulars of which you shall know when I see you; so I wrote for my Letters and Papers, and desired he would *not* do me the honour to use any part of the contents of them in his Edition, if he intended one, because it was a matter of the utmost importance to me. 'I am now, at every leisure hour, transcribing all my notes and emendations fair into books, to fit them for the press." *Ibid. Sept.* 10, 1739. — On this subject see before, in this Volume, pp. 73—74; and pp. 96—110.

March 3, 1741-2, he writes thus to Dr. Doddridge: "My friends have prevailed with me to publish my large Critical Remarks on Shakespeare. I was too, as it were, necessitated to this on account of the behaviour of Sir Thomas Hanmer, who has had my papers, and is preparing something towards an Edition without any communication with me ‡."—And, in January 1742-3, thus to Dr. Birch: "I hear the University intend to open a subscription; but sure they will not do that which has been adjudged below *my* character to do."

Let us now see what is said of the several Editions of Pope, Theobald, and Hanmer, in the Preface to Dr. Warburton's Edition.

"The Proprietors, not discouraged by their first unsuccessful effort, in due time made a second; and, though they still stuck to their Poets, with infinitely more success in their choice of Mr. Pope, who, by the mere force of an uncommon genius, without any particular study or profession of this art, discharged the great parts of it so well, as to make his Edition the best foundation for all further improvements. He separated the genuine from the spurious Plays; and, with equal judgment, though not always with the same success, attempted to clear the genuine Plays from the interpolated scenes: he then consulted the old Editions; and, by a careful collation of them, rectified the faulty, and supplied the imperfect reading in a great number of places: and, lastly, in an admirable Preface, hath drawn a general, but very lively sketch of Shakespeare's poetick character: and, in the cor-

‡ See Sir Thomas Hanmer's Letter on this business, Oct. 28, 1742, in the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. V. p. 588; and Dr. Warburton's Remarks on that Letter, in 1765, when he was Bp. of Gloucester, *ibid.* pp. 589. 596.

rected

In 1737, we find Mr. Theobald contributing his assistance to illustrate the memoirs of another Dramatic Poet; of whom the laborious Mr. Birch was then compiling some memoirs.

rected text, marked out those peculiar strokes of genius which were most proper to support and illustrate that character. Thus far Mr. Pope. And although much more was to be done before Shakespeare could be restored to himself (such as amending the corrupted text where the printed books afford no assistance; explaining his licentious phraseology and obscure allusions; and illustrating the beauties of his Poetry), yet, with great modesty and prudence, our illustrious Editor left this to the Critic by profession. —Nothing will give the common Reader a better idea of the value of Mr. Pope's Edition, than the *two attempts* which have been since made by Mr. Theobald and Sir Thomas Hanmer * in opposition to it; who, although they concerned themselves only in the *first* of these three parts of criticism, the *restoring the text* (without any conception of the *second*, or venturing even to touch upon the *third*), yet succeeded so very ill in it, that they left their Author in ten times a worse condition than they found him. But, as it was my ill-fortune to have some accidental connexions with these two gentlemen, it will be incumbent on me to be a little more particular concerning them.—The one was recommended to me as *a poor man*; the other as *a poor critick*: and to each of them, at different times, I communicated a great number of observations, which they managed, as they saw fit, *to the relief of their several distresses*. As to Mr. Theobald, who wanted money, I allowed him to print what I gave him for his own advantage; and he allowed himself the liberty of taking one part for his own, and sequestering another for the benefit, as I supposed, of some future Edition.—But, as to the Oxford Editor, who wanted nothing but what he might very well be without, the reputation of a Critick, I could not so easily forgive him for trafficking with my papers without my knowledge; and, when that project failed, for employing a number of my conjectures in his Edition against my express desire not to have that honour done unto me.—Mr. Theobald was naturally turned to industry and labour. What he read, he could transcribe: but, as what he thought, *if ever he did think*, he could but ill express, so he read on; and by that means got a character of Learning; without risquing, to every observer, the imputation of wanting a better talent. By a punctilious collation of the old books, he corrected what was manifestly wrong in the *latter* Editions, by what was manifestly right in the *earlier*. And this is his real merit; and the whole of it; for, where the phrase was very obsolete or licentious in the *common* books, or only slightly

* Sir Thomas Hanmer, whose Edition of Shakespeare appeared in 1744, was honoured in consequence of it with a niche in the Notes on *The Dunciad*. See the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. V. p. 588.—Two learned Commentators, Upton and Edwards, shared the same fate.

corrupted

A second Edition of Mr. Theobald's Shakespeare, "revised and corrected," in eight volumes, 12mo, was published in 1740; after which period I know nothing more of him, except that his latter days were embittered by severe disease.

He died*, aged about 52, Sept. 18, 1744, leaving a son, named also *Lewis Theobald*, who, by the pa-

corrupted by the *other*, he wanted sufficient knowledge of the progress and various stages of the English tongue, as well as acquaintance with the peculiarity of Shakespeare's language, to understand what was right; nor had he either common judgment to see, or critical sagacity to amend, what was manifestly faulty. Hence he generally exerts his conjectural talent in the wrong place: he tampers with what is sound in the *common* books; and, in the *old* ones, omits all notice of *variations*, the sense of which he did not understand.—How the Oxford Editor came to think himself qualified for this office, from which his whole course of life had been so remote, is still more difficult to conceive; for, whatever parts he might have either of genius or erudition, he was absolutely ignorant of the art of Criticism, as well as the Poetry of that time, and the language of his Author. And so far from a thought of examining the *first* Editions, that he even neglected to compare Mr. Pope's, from which he printed his own, with Mr. Theobald's; whereby he lost the advantage of many fine lines, which the other had recovered from the old quartos. Where he trusts to his own sagacity, in what affects the sense, his conjectures are generally absurd and extravagant, and violating every rule of criticism. Though, in this rage of correcting, he was not absolutely destitute of all *art*; for, having a number of my conjectures before him, he took as many of them as he saw fit, to work upon; and by changing them to something, he thought, synonymous or similar, he made them his own; and so became a Critic at a cheap expence. But how well he hath succeeded in this, as likewise in his conjectures, which are properly his own, will be seen in the course of my remarks; though, as he hath declined to give the reasons for his interpolations, he hath not afforded me so fair a hold of him as Mr. Theobald has done, who was less cautious. But his principal object was to reform his Author's numbers; and this, which he hath done, on every occasion, by the insertion or omission of a set of harmless unconcerning expletives, makes up the gross body of his innocent corrections. And so, in spite of that extreme negligence in numbers, which distinguishes the first Dramatic Writers, he hath tricked up the old Bard, from head to foot, in all the finical exactness of a modern measurer of syllables."

* For the following memorandum respecting his death, written by Mr Stede, of Covent Garden Theatre, who lived in Duke's-court, Bow-street, I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. Bindley:

"Sep-

tronage of Sir Edward Walpole, was appointed a Clerk in the Annuity Pell-office; and died young.

There is no Portrait, it is believed, preserved of Mr. Theobald; but this *desideratum* the late Mr. George Steevens† very ingeniously contrived to supply, by the invention of a fancied one, or perhaps even by a fortunate conjecture, to complete the series

"September 18, 1744, about 10 A. M. died Mr. Lewis Theobald, well known in the polite part of the town for his Edition of Shakespeare, and several other poetical pieces, as Poems, Translations, Tragedies, &c. He had laboured under a jaundice for some months, which, after several changes of amendment and relapses, terminated in a dropsy; which, about two days after his being tapped, carried him off. His death was very remarkable, not only in that he went off quietly without agonies, but also that he was so composed as not to alter the disposition of his body, being in an easy indolent posture, one foot out of bed, and his head gently supported by one hand. He was a man well versed in the learned languages, and tolerably well acquainted with the modern. How great a Philologist he was, his notes upon, and emendation of, Shakespeare will inform Posterity. He was of a generous spirit, too generous for his circumstances; and none knew how to do a handsome thing, or confer a benefit, when in his power, with a better grace than himself. He was my antient friend of near 30 years acquaintance.. Interred at Pancras the 20th, 6 o'clock P. M. I only attended him."

† "A Portrait," Mr. Steevens observes, "of this useful Critick, is among the *desiderata* of those Gentlemen who cultivate the *fermes ornées* of Literature, and embellish the Plays of Shakespeare with a series of characteristic Prints, engraved and published by the ingenious Mr. S. Harding, of Pall Mall.—An acknowledged Painting, however, of Mr. THEOBALD has hitherto escaped research. His Son, indeed, has been heard to say, that no resemblance of him had been preserved. This deficiency may therefore prove a lasting one, unless conjecture, fortified by coincidence, be allowed to fill a vacant Picture-frame in our Gallery of Editors. Where the appropriate drug is wanting, the most scrupulous Physicians will not refuse to employ a *succedaneum*; and I have been told of a Peer, in whose Library all the lost Authors of Greece and Rome have their representatives in wood backed with leather.—The necessities of Mr. Theobald (who was a prolific Dramatist, and yet always poor) are sufficiently understood from Advertisements issued out by himself, at different periods, in the Newspapers, soliciting his friends, in consequence of his misfortunes, to take tickets for his benefit. His last Address to the Publick was delivered in a most humble strain of supplication, and appeared in the London Daily Post, May 13, 1741. It is dated from Wyman's (or Wyan's)-court, Great

of Shakesperian Commentators, published by Mr. Samuel Harding and Mr. William Richardson, in their "Illustrations" of the great Dramatic Bard.

The industry and the literary talents of Theobald are evidently proved by the preceding correspondence with his learned Friend Mr. Warburton.

Great Russel-street, Bloomsbury; but this place having been since built over, it is impossible to ascertain the precise situation of

'——— the Egerian grot,
Where, nobly pensive, Theobald sat and thought;'

where he sometimes *collated* his wishes for a good dinner with his slender means to procure it, while his wife was employed in *restoring* a lost button to his breeches, or producing a neat *emendation* in his worsted stockings.

"But a few years before, the inimitable Hogarth, who peopled his scenes with real as well as fictitious personages, had produced his celebrated Print, entitled, "The Distressed Poet;" and in it the following circumstances indicative of Mr. Theobald (at least more immediately applicable to him than any other person) could not fail to have attracted notice. To the first impressions of this plate, the annexed passage from *The Dunciad* is subjoined as a motto:

'Studious he sat, with all his books around,
Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound!
Plung'd for his sense, but found no bottom there,
And writ, and flounder'd on in mere despair.'

And it is well known, that these lines, though since applied to Cibber, were originally part of Mr. Pope's very severe and exaggerated description of Theobald.—Our unfortunate Bard (I continue my reference to the first impressions from the Plate) is likewise engaged in writing a Poem, entitled 'Poverty.' Now, it is remarkable, that one of the earliest of Mr. Theobald's productions was 'The Cave of Poverty, a Poem.'

"Over the head of the Distressed Poet (in the first impressions also) is stuck up a representation of Mr. Pope in the act of beating Curll the Bookseller, who had offended him not only by the publication of his Letters, but by personal abuse. This occurrence, therefore, might have been introduced as an admonition to Theobald, who had persisted in taking equal liberties with the Translator of Homer*. It is obvious also, that the instrument

* "When Hogarth re-published this Plate in 1740, he effaced the lines already quoted, converted the 'Triumphs of Pope' into the 'Gold Mines of Peru,' and the 'Poem on Poverty' into an 'Eulogium on Riches.' [See the 'Anecdotes of Hogarth,' 4to, vol. II. p. 144.] Why these changes should have been made, I cannot easily guess, unless the circumstances already pointed out were considered as personal reflections, and as such were resented by our Hero, whose second Edition of Shakespeare, in that very year, had confirmed his victory over Pope as a Commentator. The known distress of poor Theobald might, indeed, have proved his best advocate on this occasion, and inclined Hogarth to obliterate the chiefly offensive traits he had introduced in his representation of an indigent rhymer. W. R."

of

But it was not with that eminent Divine only that he was honoured by a liberal intimacy: Dr. Thirlby, Dr. John Freind, Martin Folkes, esq. Dr. Mead, Mr. Jortin, Dr. Birch, Mr. Nicholas Hardinge, Mr. Hawley Bishop, Mr. Coxeter, Mr. Roome, and many others, distinguished him by their friendly notice * and correspondence.

of Mr. Pope's retaliation on our Hero, the Grub-street Journal, appears on the floor of the Distressed Poet's aërial citadel. — Hogarth, though at that time a powerful Satirist, had not yet attained the summit of his reputation, and consequently might have thought it no impolitic measure, to join the interests of the Inquisitor-general of the day; a practice familiar enough to other Wits, *viz.* Bramston, Mallet, &c. who were always ready to adopt the enmities of Pope, and return a servile echo to his invectives against Cibber, Theobald, and other objects of his poetical resentment.

"But, not to dwell too long on such inferences, a degree of respect is always due to conjecture, where no certainty can be obtained. Till, therefore, what I am now offering to the publick as a probable resemblance of Mr. Theobald, can be displaced by an indisputable and authentic Portrait of him †, let me hope that a copy from Hogarth may be allowed to fill a place in the train of Shakesperian Satellites. Such a plea, perhaps, will not be charged with presumption by those who reflect how often they have admitted heads of exalted rank, on authority less decisive than is here brought forward to identify an humble Portrait. At the same time, let me avow my belief that many of our modern Collectors (to whose liberality of conduct I am bound in gratitude to express my sincerest obligations) will not merely confess that they have now and then submitted to receive ideal likenesses, but will voluntarily add, like Falstaff, that they are happy in entertaining 'a number of such shadows to fill up their muster-books;' and had rather enlist a Recruit of questionable pretensions, than, by discharging him, create a vacancy in the Regiment they are ambitious to complete. W. RICHARDSON."

* In 1731, Theobald was an associate with Pearce, Masson, Dr. Taylor, Wasse, Dr. Robinson, Upton, Thirlby, and others, in the "Miscellaneous Observations upon Authors, Antient and Modern," under the superintendance of Mr. Jortin.

† "But a few years ago, a Plate by Vandergucht, exhibiting an unpublished Portrait of the famous John Dennis, was discovered. It may be supposed, that in the year 1718, he had agreed for this Plate as a fashionable adjunct to his Works in two volumes octavo; but that, being unable to pay for it, it was withheld, and by mere accident escaped from being hammered out, or otherwise disposed of as a piece of antiquated copper. It is not, therefore, impossible that some head of Mr. Theobald, which had been engraved and suppressed for similar reasons, may hereafter be found, and instead of overthrowing my conjecture, may only serve to confirm it. W. R."

With

With the character of Mr. Theobald in private life I am wholly unacquainted; but, as nothing has been alledged against him except his controversy with Mestayer *, which occurred many years before the establishment of the *Concanen Club*, and his sarcasms on Pope, it is fair to presume little could be said against him—*Requiescat in pace.*

Origin and Progress of the Dunciad.

This admirable but cruel Satire has been so tortured and twisted in its various Editions, that some slight investigation of the changes may be acceptable †.

In 1726, and again in 1727, the celebrated Dean of St. Patrick's spent some months, in and near Lon-

* See p. 709.

† "The object of this celebrated Satire was, to crush all his adversaries in a mass, by one strong and decisive blow. His own account of this attempt is very minutely related by Pope himself, in a Dedication which he wrote to Lord Middlesex, under the name of Savage the Poet, who assisted Pope in finding out many particulars of these adversaries. If we may credit this narrative, Pope contemplated his victory over the *Dunces* with great exultation; and such, says Dr. Johnson, was his delight in the tumult he had raised, that for a while his natural sensibility was suspended, and he read reproaches and invectives without emotion, considering them only as the necessary effects of that pain which he rejoiced in having given. He would not however have long indulged this reflection, if all the persons he classed among the Dunces had possessed the spirit which animated some of them. Ducket demanded and obtained satisfaction for a scandalous imputation on his moral character; and Aaron Hill expostulated with Pope in a manner so much superior to all mean solicitation, that Pope 'was reduced to sneak and shuffle, sometimes to deny, and sometimes to apologize: he first endeavours to wound, and is then afraid to own that he meant a blow.' There are likewise some names introduced in this Poem with disrespect which could receive no injury from such an attack. His placing the learned Bentley among Dunces, could have occurred to Pope only in the moment of his maddest revenge: Bentley had spoken truth of the Translation of the Iliad: he said it 'was a fine Poem, but not Homer.' This, which has ever since been the opinion of the learned world, was not to be refuted by the contemptuous lines in which Bentley is mentioned in The Dunciad.

On

don, in a fruitless expectation of preferment; and it was at those periods that he and Mr. Pope "determined, to own the most trifling pieces in which they had any hand, and to destroy all that remained in their power." The result was, the publication in 1727 of three volumes of "Miscellanies in Prose and Verse," of which Swift participated in the credit, but the profit was wholly Pope's.

The first visit of the Dean found his Friend indignant at the liberties which Theobald, in his *Shakespeare Restored*, had taken with Pope's Edition of the great Dramatic Poet; and *Theobald* was consequently honoured with a niche in the "Treatise on the Bathos *;" which, though principally the production of Dr. Arbuthnot, first drew upon the head of Pope the indignation of "a nest of hornets."

On the other hand, the real Dunces, who are the majority in this Poem, were beneath the notice of a man who now enjoyed higher fame than any poetical contemporary, and greater popularity, and greater favour with men of rank. But it appears to have been Pope's opinion that insignificance should be no protection, that even neutrality should not be safe, and that whoever did not worship the Deity he had set up should be punished. Accordingly we find in this Poem contemptuous allusions to persons who had given no open provocation, and were nowise concerned in the Author's literary contests. The Dunciad indeed seems intended as a general receptacle for all his resentments, just or unjust; and we find that in subsequent editions he altered, arranged, or added to his stock, as he found, or thought he found occasion; and the Hero of The Dunciad, who was at first Theobald, became at last Cibber." *Chalmers's Biographical Dictionary, vol. XXV. p.* 170.

* "In which was a chapter (as we are told by Mr. Pope himself, under the name of Mr. Savage, who dedicated it to the Earl of Middlesex) where the species of bad writers were ranged in classes, and initial letters of names prefixed, for the most part at random. But such was the number of Poets eminent in that art, that some one or other took every Letter to himself. All fell into so violent a fury, that for half a year, or more, the common Newspapers (in most of which they had some property, as being hired Writers) were filled with the most abusive falsehoods and scurrilities they could possibly devise; a liberty no ways to be wondered at in those people, and in those papers, that for many years, during the uncontrouled Licence of the Press, had aspersed almost all the great characters of the age; and this with impunity,

At the same time Pope had made some progress in *The Dunciad**; the first sketch of which, as it was pretended at the time, was snatched from the fire by

nity, their own persons and names being utterly secret and obscure. This gave Mr. Pope the thought, that he had now some opportunity of doing good, by detecting and dragging into light these enemies of mankind; since to invalidate this universal slander, it sufficed to shew what contemptible men were the Authors of it. He was not without hopes, that by manifesting the dulness of those who had only malice to recommend them; either the Booksellers would not find their account in employing them, or the men themselves, when discovered, want courage to proceed in so unlawful an occupation. This it was that gave birth to *The Dunciad*; and he thought it an happiness, that by the late flood of slander on himself, he had acquired such a peculiar right over their Names as was necessary to his design."

* One of Swift's Poems was thus addressed to him whilst he was writing *The Dunciad*:

"Pope has the talent well to speak,
But not to reach the ear;
His loudest voice is low and weak,
The Dean too deaf to hear.

A while they on each other look,
Then different studies choose;
The Dean sits plodding on a book;
Pope walks, and courts the Muse.

Now backs of letters, though design'd
For those who more will need 'em,
Are fill'd with hints, and interlin'd,
Himself can hardly read 'em.

Each atom by some other struck
All turns and motions tries:
Till, in a lump together stuck,
Behold a poem rise:

Yet to the Dean his share allot;
He claims it by a canon;
That without which a thing is not,
Is, *causa sine quâ non.*

Thus, Pope, in vain you boast your wit:
For, had our deaf Divine
Been for your conversation fit,
You had not writ a line.

Of Sherlock thus, for preaching fam'd,
The sexton reason'd well;
And justly half the merit claim'd,
Because he rang the bell."

Swift,

Swift, who persuaded his friend to proceed in it*; and to him it was therefore inscribed.

* In a Letter to the Dean, Oct. 22, 1727, Pope says, "My Poem (which it grieves me that *I dare not send you a copy of*, for fear of the *Curlls* and *Dennises* of Ireland, and still more for fear of the worst of traitors, our Friends and Admirers)—my Poem, I say, will show you what a distinguished age we lived in! Your name is in it, with some others, under a mark of such ignominy as you will not much grieve to wear in that company. Adieu; and God bless you, and give you health and spirits—

"Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air;
Or laugh and shake in Rab'lais' easy chair,
Or in the graver gown instruct mankind,
Or, silent, let thy morals tell thy mind.

These two verses are over and above what I have said of you in the Poem." [They were inserted in the Quarto Edition of 1728-9.]

In a Letter to Mr. Gay, Nov. 17, Swift says, "The Beggar's Opera hath knocked down Gulliver! I hope to see Pope's *Dulness* knock down the Beggar's Opera, but not till it hath fully done its job."—Lord Bolingbroke, in February 1727-8, jocosely tells the Dean, "Pope charges himself with this Letter: he has been here two days; he is now hurrying to London; he will hurry back to Twickenham in two days more; and before the end of the week he will be, for aught I know, at Dublin. In the mean time his *Dulness* grows, and flourishes, as if he was there already. It will indeed be a noble work: the many will stare at it, the few will smile; and all his patrons, from Bickerstaff to Gulliver, will rejoice to see themselves adorned in that immortal piece."—And Mr. Pope, March 23, adds, "As for those Scribblers for whom you apprehend I would suppress my *Dulness* (which, by the way, for the future you are to call by a more pompous name, *The Dunciad)*, how much that nest of hornets are my regard will easily appear to you when you read the *Treatise of the Bathos*. At all adventures, yours and my name shall stand linked as friends to posterity, both in verse and prose, and (as Tully calls it) in *consuetudine studiorum*. Would to God our persons could but as well and as surely be inseparable! As the obtaining the love of valuable men is the happiest end I know of this life, so the next felicity is to get rid of fools and scoundrels; which I cannot but own to you was one part of my design in falling upon these Authors, whose incapacity is not greater than their insincerity, and of whom I have always found (if I may quote myself)

'That each bad Author is as bad a friend.'

This Poem will rid me of those insects.

'*Cedite, Romani Scriptores, cedite Graii;*
Nescio quid *majus nascitur Iliade.*'

I mean than *my Iliad;* and I call it *Nescio quid* which is a degree of modesty; but, however, if it silence these fellows, it must be something greater than any Iliad in Christendom."

This

This was declaring interminable war. *The Dunces* were not sparing in retaliation; and this at the precise period when Mr. WARBURTON (whose Letters to Theobald are all long posterior in time to the first appearance of *The Dunciad)* became *an honorary Member of the Club.*

The first publication* of *The Dunciad* appears to have been early in 1728†; and the remainder of

* This circumstance is involved in impenetrable mystery. Its first appearance in Dublin was probably a contrivance of Pope and Swift; or it might have been a device of the London Booksellers, to avoid the odium of being the *original* Publishers of a Work that was likely to create a great clamour amongst them; not without some apprehension of personal danger.—We are told by Warburton that "an imperfect Edition was published at Dublin, and re-printed at London in twelves; another at Dublin, and another at London in octavo; and three others in twelves the same year. But there was no perfect Edition before that of London in 4to, 1729; which was attended with Notes."

"Some false Editions of the Book having an Owl in their Frontispiece, the true one, to distinguish it, fixed in its stead an Ass laden with Authors. Then, upon this surreptitious one being printed with the same Ass, the new Edition in *octavo* returned for distinction to the Owl again. Hence arose a great contest of Booksellers against Booksellers, and Advertisements against Advertisements; some recommending the *Edition of the Owl*, and others the *Edition of the Ass*, by which names they came to be distinguished, to the great honour also of the Gentlemen of the Dunciad." SAVAGE's *Dedication to Lord Middlesex.*

In the earliest Edition I have met with, the title runs, "The Dunciad, an Heroic Poem, in Three Books. Dublin, printed; London, re-printed for *A. Dodd*, 1728. This Edition has the *Owl*, standing on a heavy pedestal, on the ledges of which are written, "P. and K. Arthur;" "Shakespeare Restored;" "Dennis's Works;" "Welsted's Poems;" "Dennis's Plays."

† The Publisher's Address to the Reader will illustrate the History of the Poem, and demonstrate the antipathy entertained by the Author against *Theobald*, the original Hero.

"It will be found a true observation, though somewhat surprizing, that when any scandal is vented against a man of the highest distinction and character, either in the State or in Literature, the publick in general afford it a most quiet reception; and the larger part accept it as favourably as if it was some kindness done to themselves: whereas, if a known scoundrel or blockhead but chance to be touched upon, a whole legion is up in arms, and it becomes the common cause of all Scribblers, Booksellers, and Printers whatsoever.—Not to search too deeply into the

that year teemed with an infinite variety of poetical squibs, and with pamphlets innumerable, many of

the reason hereof, I will only observe as a *fact*, that every week for these two months past, the Town has been persecuted with Pamphlets, Advertisements, Letters, and Weekly Essays, not only against the wit and writings, but against the character and person of Mr. Pope; and that of all those men who have received pleasure from his works (which by modest computation may be about a hundred thousand in these kingdoms of England and Ireland; not to mention Jersey, Guernsey, the Orcades, those in the New World, and Foreigners who have translated him into their languages), of all this number not a man hath stood up to say one word in his defence.—The only exception is the Author of the following Poem*, who doubtless had either a better insight into the grounds of this clamour, or a better opinion of Mr. Pope's integrity, joined with a greater personal love for him, than any other of his numerous friends and admirers. — Further, that he was in his peculiar intimacy, appears from the knowledge he manifests of the most *private* Authors of all the anonymous pieces against him, and from his having in this Poem attacked no man living†, who had not before printed, or published, some scandal against this particular gentleman.—How I became possessed of it, is no concern to the Reader; but it would have been a wrong to him, had I detained this publication; since those names which are its chief ornaments die off daily so fast, as must render it too soon unintelligible. If it provoke the Author to give us a more perfect Edition, I have my end.

"Who he is, I cannot say; and (which is a great pity) there is certainly nothing in his style‡ and manner of writing, which can distinguish or discover him: for, if it bears any resemblance to that of Mr. Pope, it is not improbable but it might be done on purpose, with a view to have it pass for his. But by the frequency of his allusions to Virgil, and a *laboured* (not to say *affected*) *shortness* in imitation of him, I should think him more an admirer of the Roman Poet than of the Grecian, and in that not of the same taste with his Friend.—I have been well informed, that this work was the labour of full six years of his life, and that he wholly retired himself from all the avocations and pleasures of the world, to attend diligently to its correction and perfection; and six years more he intended to bestow upon

* A very plain irony, speaking of Mr. Pope himself. WARBURTON.

† The Publisher in these words went a little too far: but it is certain whatever names the Reader finds that are unknown to him, are of such; and the exception is only of two or three, whose dulness, impudent scurrilities, or self-conceit, all mankind agreed to have justly entitled them to a place in *The Dunciad*. WARBURTON.

‡ This irony had small effect in concealing the Author. *The Dunciad*, imperfect as it was, had not been published two days, but the whole Town gave it to Mr. Pope. WARBURTON.

which were anonymous *; but several had real names subscribed to them.

it, as it should seem by this verse of Statius, which was cited at the head of his manuscript,

Oh mihi bissenos multum vigilata per annos,
Duncia!

"Hence also we learn the true *Title* of the Poem; which with the same certainty as we call that of Homer the *Iliad*, of Virgil the *Æneid*, of Camoëns the *Lusiad*, of Voltaire the *Henriade*, we may pronounce, could have been, and can be no other than THE DUNCIAD.—It is styled *Heroic*, as being *doubly* so; not only with respect to its nature, which, according to the best rules of the Ancients, and strictest ideas of the Moderns, is critically such; but also, with regard to the Heroical disposition and high courage of the Writer, who dared to stir up such a formidable, irritable, and implacable race of mortals.

"The time and date of the action is evidently in the last Reign, when the office of CITY POET expired upon the death of *Elkanah Settle*; and he has fixed it to the Mayoralty of Sir George Thorold.—But there may arise some obscurity in Chronology from the Names in the Poem, by the inevitable removal of some Authors, and insertion of others, in their Niches: for whoever will consider the unity of the whole design, will be sensible that *the Poem was not made for these Authors, but these Authors for the Poem.* And I should judge they were clapped in as they rose, fresh and fresh, and changed from day to day, in like manner as, when the old boughs wither, we thrust new ones into a chimney. I would not have the Reader too much troubled or anxious, if he cannot decypher them; since, when he shall have found them out, he will probably know no more of the Persons than before. Yet we judged it better to preserve them as they are, than to change them for fictitious names, by which the Satire would only be multiplied; and applied to many instead of one. Had the HERO, for instance, been called *Codrus*, how many would have affirmed him to be Mr. W———, Mr. D———, Sir R—— B——, &c. But now, all that unjust scandal is saved, by calling him THEOBALD, which, by good luck, happens to be the name of a real person. I was indeed aware that this name may to some appear too mean for the Hero of an Epic Poem! But it is hoped they will alter that opinion, when they find that an Author no less eminent than *La Bruyere* has thought him worthy a place in his "Characters."—"Voudriez vous, THEOBALDE, que je orusse que vous êtes baisse? que vous n'êtes plus Poete, ni bel esprit? que vous êtes presentement aussi *mauvais juge de tout genre d'ouvrage*, que *mechant auteur*? Votre air libre & presumptueux me rassure, & me persuade tout le contraire, &c." *Characteres*, vol. I. de la Societé & de la Conversation, 1720, p. 176.

* Amongst these was, "*Gulliveriana:* or, a Fourth Volume of Miscellanies; being a Sequel of the Three Volumes published by Pope and Swift. To which is added, *Alexandriana;* or, a Comparison

Mr. Pope at the same time was diligently employed in enlarging and improving his Poem*; of

parison between the Ecclesiastical and Poetical Pope; and many Things in Verse and Prose relating to the latter. With an ample Preface; and a Critique on the Third Volume of Miscellanies lately published by those Two facetious Writers, 1728."—This volume (which Mr. Pope attributed to Smedley†) contained several of the genuine productions of the Dean; some severe satires against him and Mr. Pope; and several interesting Letters from *The Daily Journal* and *Flying Post*.

* Swift, in a Letter to Pope, June 1, 1728, says, "The Doctor [Delany] told me your secret about *The Dunciad;* which does not please me, because it defers gratifying my vanity in the most tender point, and perhaps may wholly disappoint it."—Pope tells the Dean, June 28, "*The Dunciad* is going to be printed in all pomp, with the Inscription which makes me proudest (that is, inscribed to Swift). It will be attended with Proëme, Prolegomena, Testimonia Scriptorum, Index Authorum, and Notes Variorum. As to the latter, I desire you will read over the Text, and make a few, in any way you like best; whether dry raillery, upon the style and way of commenting of trivial Critics; or humourous, upon the Authors of the Poem; or historical, of Persons, Places, Times; or explanatory, or collecting the parallel passages of the Ancients."

The first intimation of Swift's having actually seen the Poem in print is dated July 16: "I have often run over *The Dunciad* in an *Irish Edition* (I suppose full of faults) which a gentleman sent me. The *Notes* I could wish to be very large in what relates to the persons concerned: for I have long observed that, twenty miles from London, nobody understands hints, initial letters, or town facts and passages; and in a few years not even those who live in London. I would have the names of those Scribblers printed indexically at the beginning or end of the Poem, with an account of their Works, for the Reader to refer to. I would have all the Parodies (as they are called) referred to the Author they imitate. —When I began this long paper, I thought I should have filled it with setting down the several passages I had marked in the Edition I had; but I find it unnecessary, so many of them falling under the same rule. After twenty times reading the whole, I never, in my opinion, saw so much good satire, or more good sense, in so many lines. How it passes in Dublin I know not yet; but I am sure it will be a great disadvantage to the Poem, that the persons and facts will not be understood till an explanation comes out, and a very full one. I imagine it is not to be published till toward winter, when folks begin to gather in town. Again I insist, you must have your asterisks filled up with some real names of *real Dunces*." —In a Letter to Dr. Sheridan, in September 1728, Mr. Pope says, "I am much pleased with most of *The Intelligencers*‡; but I am a little piqued at the Author of them, for not once doing me the honour of a mention upon so honourable an occasion as being slandered

† See a Note on The Dunciad, Book II. 291.

‡ A periodical paper, published by Dr Sheridan.

which, early in March 1728-9, a pompous Edition appeared *, elegantly printed in quarto, accompa-

by the Dunces together with my friend the Dean, *who is properly the Author of the Dunciad.* It had never been writ but at his request, and for his deafness; for, had he been able to converse with me, do you think I had amused my time so ill? I will not trouble you with amendments to so imperfect an Edition as is now published; you will soon see a better, with a full and true Commentary, setting all mistakes right, and branding none but our own cattle. Some very good Epigrams on the Gentlemen of the Dunciad have been sent me from Oxford, and others of the London Authors; if I had an amanuensis (which is a thing neither I nor my common trifles are worth) you should have them with this. If your University or Town have produced any on this subject, pray send them me, or keep them together, for another day they may all meet."—Nov. 12, he tells Swift, "The inscription to *The Dunciad* is now printed, and inserted in the Poem. Do you care I should say any thing farther how much that Poem is yours; since certainly without you it never had been? Would to God we were together for the rest of our lives; the whole weight of Scribblers would just serve to find us amusement, and not more. I hope you are too well employed to mind them; every stick you plant, and every stone you lay, is to some purpose: but the business of such lives as theirs is but to die daily, to labour, and raise nothing. I only wish we could comfort each other under our bodily infirmities, and let those who have so great a mind to have more wit than we, win it and wear it. Give us but ease, health, peace, and fair weather! I think it is the best wish in the world, and you know whose it was. If I lived in Ireland, I fear the wet climate would endanger more than my life, my humour and my health, I am so atmospherical a creature.—I must not omit acquainting you, that what you heard of the words spoken of you in the Drawing-room was not true. The sayings of Princes are generally as ill related as the sayings of Wits. To such reports little of our regard should be given, and less of our conduct influenced by them."—The above extracts account for the entertaining and curious Notes. Mr. Pope was much interested in having as copious an illustration as possible; notwithstanding he affects to say, or Mr. Cleland for him, that "*The Dunciad was an Orphan, sent into the world without care by its parent.*"

* Cleland's Letter to the Publisher (believed to be fictitious) is dated "*St. James's*, Dec. 8, 1728."—Savage, in the Dedication already noticed, informs us, "that on the 12th of March 1728-9, at St. James's, this Poem was presented to the King and Queen (who had before been pleased to read it) by Sir Robert Walpole; and, some days after, the whole impression was taken, and dispersed by several Noblemen and Gentlemen."

"It will be sufficient to say of this Edition, that the Reader has here a much more correct and complete copy of *The Dunciad*

than

nied with *Proëme, Prolegomena, Testimonia Scriptorum, Index Authorum,* and *Notes Variorum.*

than has hitherto appeared. I cannot answer but some mistakes may have slipped into it; but a vast number of others will be prevented, by the names being now not only set at length, but justified by the authorities and reasons given. I make no doubt, the Author's own motive to use real rather than feigned names was his care to preserve the innocent from any false application; whereas in the former Editions, which had no more than the initial letters, he was made, by keys printed here, to hurt the inoffensive; and (what was worse) to abuse his friends, by *an impression at Dublin.* — The Commentary which attends this Poem was sent me from several hands, and consequently must be unequally written; yet will have one advantage over most Commentaries, that it is not made upon conjectures, or at a remote distance of time: And the Reader cannot but derive one pleasure from the very *Obscurity* of the person it treats of, that it partakes of the nature of a *Secret*, which most people love to be let into, though the men or the things be ever so inconsiderable or trivial.—Of the *Persons* it was judged proper to give some account; for, since it is only in this monument that they must expect to survive (and here survive they will, as long as the English tongue shall remain such as it was in the reigns of Queen Anne and King George), it seemed but humanity to bestow a word or two upon each, just to tell what he was, what he writ, when he lived, and when he died.—If a word or two more are added upon the chief offenders, it is only as a paper pinned upon the breast, to mark the enormities for which they suffered; lest the correction only should be remembered, and the crime forgotten.—In some articles it was thought sufficient, barely to transcribe from Jacob, Curll, and other Writers of their own rank, who were much better acquainted with them than any of the Authors of this Comment can pretend to be. Most of them had drawn each other's characters on certain occasions; but the few here inserted are all that could be saved from the general destruction of such works —Of the part of *Scriblerus* I need say nothing; his manner is well enough known and approved by all but those who are too much concerned to be judges.—The Imitations of the Ancients are added, to gratify those who either never read, or may have forgotten them; together with some of the Parodies and allusions to the most excellent of the Moderns. If, from the frequency of the former, any man think the Poem too much a Cento, our Poet will but appear to have done the same in jest which Boileau did in earnest; and upon which Vida, Fracastorius, and many of the most eminent Latin Poets, professedly valued themselves." *Editor's Advertisement*, 1728-9.

In a Letter to Mr. Warburton, March 18, 1728-9, Theobald says, "You will hear, I doubt not, *by our Friend Concanen*, that the *Parnassian war* is like to break out fiercely again. *The Dunciad* is pompously re-printed in quarto, and the publication of it every day

Inferior Editions were speedily multiplied, with the Frontispiece both of the Owl and the Ass*.

One which I possess, neatly printed in octavo, and apparently from a *Dublin press*, has an engraved title-page, "The Dunciad, Variorum, with the Prolego-

day expected †."—April 15, he pleasantly says to Concanen, "If we look a little into the conduct and custom of the world, it may not appear so extraordinary as some have thought it, that Mr. Pope, because he cannot be the Fountain of Honour to mankind, should be fond of usurping the Fountain of Infamy, and please himself with dealing out a fund of dirty promotions from that inexhaustible spring. And as nothing yields a more sincere delight than to see the workings of a beneficent mind; I doubt not but every good man is rejoiced to observe this great Prince creating *Dunces upon Dunces*, of his own free-will and motion, with so much alacrity, and all in a due subordination. It is certain, I ought to be very well satisfied with my share of honours in his kingdom of *Dullness*, since the preamble to my patent is, that *he could not find one more fit to wear them.* I would not willingly act like the Favourite, whom Shakespeare somewhere describes, who, being made proud by his Prince, advanced his pride against the Power that bred it. But I would rather, like a grateful Favourite, lay out my talents in asserting the legality of my Master's title to those dominions, in which he exercises so free a sway, and from whence he so unsparingly dispenses his promotions ‡."—He proceeds, "Mr. Pope's *Dunciad* having lately made its appearance in so pompous a shape, with *Notes Variorum* (I am sorry the Editor could not spare us this short scrap in a single language); I am very well content to pass over the slander of his wit; but ought not, as I apprehend, to rest silent under that of his malice, in which he would fix a pretended charge of ingratitude upon me—a vice, I hope, of all others, the least ingrafted in my nature. This charge is, 'that, during the space of two years, while Mr. Pope was preparing his Edition of Shakespeare, I, who had then some correspondence with him, and was soliciting favours by letters, did wholly conceal my design (upon that Author) till after his publication §.'"

* Oct. 25, 1729, Theobald tells Warburton, "A *new Edition* of *The Dunciad* has for some weeks been threatened; but the sword is yet only kept over our heads.—I am *as much surprized as you*, at the silence of some whom *we take to be injured.* For myself, you know, I have purposed to reply only in *Shakespeare.*"—March 10, 1729-30, he adds, "As it is necessary I should now inform the publick that I mean to attempt to give them an Edition of that Poet's text, together with my corrections, I have concluded to give this notice, not only by Advertisements, but by an occasional Pamphlet; which, in order to retaliate some of our Editor's kind-

† See before p. 209 ‡ See p. 214.

§ On this subject he manfully exculpates his whole conduct. See p. 221.

nesses

mena of Scriblerus *. London; printed for *A. Dob* (a disguise for *Dod*), 1729 †."

Towards the end of the same year, a regular Second Edition, "with some additional Notes ‡," was published by Lawton Gilliver, with the identical

nesses to me, I mean to call, *An Essay upon Mr. Pope's Judgment, extracted from his own Works; and humbly addressed to him.* In this, as I have determined not to confine myself to his *Shakespeare*, but to some Criticisms that he has made, and some that he might have made, upon *Homer*; I take the liberty to send you the following extract § for your judgment; and I will second it with some others of the same, if I have the pleasure of your encouragement to do it. I only premise, that my diffidence of my own strength, and my conviction of yours, makes me very desirous to be safe before I venture to launch out too far — *vestigia nulla retrorsùm.*"—March 17, he adds, "The very kind regard you have for my character, which you are so partial to rate much beyond my desert, is a proof of such friendship as I shall ever highly esteem, because it must be the offspring of a truly generous mind."

* In the Frontispiece is the Ass, laden with Books and Newspapers (on the top of which an Owl is perched), inscribed, WELSTED Po.; WARD's WORKS, DENNIS's WORKS; TIBBALD's PLAYS; OLDMIXON; HAYWOOD's NOV.; COURT OF CARIMAN.; MIST's JOURNAL; BRITISH JOURNAL; PASQUIN; LONDON JOUR.; DAILY JOUR. At the bottom are, BAKER's JOURNAL; FLYING POST; and on the sides, DEFEROR IN VICUM, VENDENTEM THUS ET ODORES.

† Probably that alluded to by Swift, in the following Letter to Pope, Oct. 31, 1729, "You were so careful of sending me *The Dunciad*, that I have received five of them, and have pleased four friends. I am one of every body who approve every part of it, Text and Comment; but am one abstracted from every body, in the happiness of being recorded your Friend, while wit, and humour, and politeness, shall have any memorial among us. As for your octavo edition, we know nothing of it; for we have *an octavo of our own*, which has sold wonderfully, considering our poverty, and dullness the consequence of it."

The Dean, in a Letter to Sir Charles Wogan, in 1732, says, "You judge very truly, that the taste of England is infamously corrupted by shoals of wretches who write for their bread; and therefore I had reason to put Mr. Pope on writing the Poem called *The Dunciad:* and to hale those scoundrels out of their obscurity, by telling their names at length, their works, their adventures, sometimes their lodgings, and their lineage; not with *A's* and *B's* according to the old way, which would be unknown in a few years."

‡ To give the Author and Annotator every advantage they proposed in the "Testimonies of Authors" prefixed to *The Dunciad*, their own garbled quotations shall here be fairly copied:

§ See the extracts before, pp. 552, 565.

"Attacks

Plate described in the last-mentioned Edition, but printed separately from the letter-press title-page.

"Attacks may be leveled, either *against failures in Genius*," or against the *Pretensions of writing without one*." *Letter to Mist, June* 22, 1728.—"Come we now to Pope's Translation of the *Iliad*, celebrated by numerous pens: yet shall it suffice to mention the indefatigable Sir Richard Blackmore, knt. who (though otherwise a severe censurer of our Author) yet styleth this a *laudiable Translation*. That ready Writer Mr. Oldmixon frequently commends the same. And the painful Mr. Lewis Theobald thus extols it: 'The spirit of Homer breathes through this Translation.—I am in doubt, whether, I should most admire the *justness to the original*, or the force and beauty of the *language*, or the sounding variety of the *numbers*? But, when I find all these meet, it puts me in mind of what the Poet says of one of his Heroes that he alone raised and flung with ease a weighty stone, that two common men could not lift from the ground; just so one single person has performed in this Translation, what I once despaired to have seen done by the force of several masterly hands.'—Indeed the same gentleman appears to have changed his sentiment, in his *Essay* on the *Art of sinking in Reputation* §, where he says thus: 'In order to sink in Reputation, let him take it into his head to descend into Homer (let the world wonder, as it will, how the devil he got there), and pretend to do him into English, so his version denote his neglect of the manner how.' Strange variation!—We are told in "Mist's Journal, June 8, 'That this Translation of the *Iliad* was not in all respects conformable to the fine taste of his friend Mr. Addison. Insomuch that he employed a younger Muse in an undertaking of this kind, which he supervised himself.'—Whether Mr. Addison did find it conformable to his taste, or not, best appears from his own testimony the year following its publication: "Mr. Addison, *Freeholder*—'When I consider myself as a British Freeholder, I am in a particular manner pleased with the labours of those who have improved our language with the Translation of old Greek and Latin Authors. We have already most of their Historians in our own tongue; and, what is more for the honour of our language, it has been taught to express with elegance the greatest of their Poets in each nation. The illiterate among our own Countrymen may learn to judge from Dryden's Virgil, of the most perfect Epic performance. And those parts of Homer which have been published already by Mr. Pope, give us reason to think that the *Iliad* will appear in English with as little disadvantage to that immortal Poem.'—As to the rest, there is a slight mistake, for this younger *Muse* was *elder:* nor was the Gentleman (who is a Friend of our Author) employed by Mr. Addison to translate it *after* him, since he saith himself that he did it *before*. Contrariwise, that Mr. Addison engaged our

§ Published *after* the appearance of "The Dunciad;" and by no means ascertained to be the production of Theobald.

Author

In 1732 appeared "A Collection of Pieces in

Author in this Work, appeareth by declaration thereof in the Preface to the *Iliad*, printed some years before his death; and by his own Letters of October 26, and November 2, 1713, where he declares it his opinion that no other person was equal to it.

"Next comes his *Shakespeare* on the stage. 'Let him (quoth one, *whom I take to be Mr. Theobald*, Mist, March 30, 1728,) publish such an Author as he has least studied, and forget to discharge even the dull duty of an Editor. In this project let him lend the Bookseller *his name* (for a competent sum of money though) *to promote the credit* of an *exorbitant subscription*.'—Gentle Reader, be pleased to cast thine eye on the Proposal below quoted, and on what follows (some months after the former assertion) in the same Journalist of June 8: 'The Bookseller proposed the book by subscription, and raised some thousands of pounds for the same: I believe the Gentleman did *not share in the profits of this extravagant subscription*.—" After the *Iliad*, he undertook (saith Mist's Journal, June 8,) the sequel of that Work, the *Odyssey*: and, having secured the success by a numerous subscription, he employed some *underlings* to perform what, according to *his Proposals*, should come from his *own hands*.' To which heavy charge we can in truth oppose nothing but the words of Mr. Pope's Proposals for the Odyssey (printed by J. Watts, Jan. 10, 1724); 'I take this occasion to declare, that the Subscription for Shakespeare *belongs wholly to* Mr. Tonson; and that the benefit of this Proposal is not solely for my own use but for that of *two of my Friends*, who have *assisted me in this Work*'

"But these very gentlemen are extolled above our Poet himself, by another of Mist's Journals, March 30, 1728, saying, 'that he would not advise Mr. Pope to try the experiment again, of getting a great part of a book done by *assistants*, lest those *extraneous parts* should unhappily ascend to the *sublime*, and retard the declension of the whole.' Behold! these underlings are become good Writers!—If any say that, before the said Proposals were printed, the Subscription was begun without declaration of such assistance, verily those who *set it on foot*, or (as their term is) secured it, to wit, the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount Harcourt, were he living, would testify, and the Right Honourable the Lord Bathurst now living doth testify, that the same is a falsehood.—Sorry I am, that persons professing to be learned, or of whatever rank of Authors, should either falsely tax, or be falsely taxed. Yet let us, who are only Reporters, be impartial in our citations." *Dunciad*, 1729, 8*vo*, *pp.* 25—27.

The greater part of the preceding quotation is ascribed to Theobald on *supposition* only. Let us see what the Letter-writer, whoever he was, *really did say*, in the same paper of June 8, 1728, "*The Dunciad* being now a prevailing amusement, I hope you will postpone one Lecture in Politics for the sake of such sublime Heroics. I must confess myself nothing concerned with the Muses, having all my life been devoted to

different

Verse and Prose, which have been published on occasion of *The Dunciad.*" To this volume is prefixed,

different studies. But I have a most flowing and extensive benevolence; and when I assert the rights, or avenge the wrongs of mankind, as I act from the first principles of Nature, whatever the cause may be which I make my concern, none can say I act out of my province.—The Preface to the Poem declares the Author to be the Friend and Advocate of Mr. Pope; his professed design is to scourge that gentleman's enemies; and his great complaint, that of all that ingenious person's admirers, modestly computed within these three kingdoms, to be one hundred thousand, not one has appeared in defence of his character, which has long been the subject of general satire, and suffered unusual insults.—Now I think this complaint must prejudice the most indifferent Reader against Mr. Pope, that, having so prodigious an interest with the publick, he had not one advocate amongst an hundred thousand admirers; a misfortune which in common reason he can only owe to the worst cause, and most palpable injustice.' I am therefore of opinion, the Preface to *The Dunciad* is a satire on Mr. Pope, infinitely more severe than any that has yet appeared.

"The point of the Satire was not only wrong applied, but most unnatural and unjust. It reproached a person for the exercise of his own private judgment, and abused him for not being severe, or ill-natured, to the party he could not approve.—And what shewed the ungenerous disposition of the Author more than all, he worked up the Satire with the most inhuman unmanly reflections on persons distressed by involuntary evils; charging it on them as criminal, that they were poor and unbefriended, a fate that has often befel the bravest and the worthiest men; a fate which Dryden, Butler, and Cowley, could not escape; which even the great Homer suffered, to whose immortal Work he owes so much wealth himself, and which had possibly been his own lot, had not better stars decreed him Maro, the friend whom he thus abused.—After this, he undertook a Translation, the sequel of that Work which occasioned this contention; and having secured the success by a numerous subscription, he employed some underlings to perform what, according to his Proposal, should come from his own hands.—And now we must explain the occasion of *The Dunciad.* An eminent Bibliopole, well known for his thriving genius, was desirous to publish a correct Edition of a famed British Poet, and applied to this gentleman as the ablest hand, in his opinion, that could do him justice. Our Author, being thus applied to, named a sum, which he thought a reasonable premium; and, on that consideration, undertook the Work. The Bookseller immediately proposed it by subscription, and raised some thousands of pounds for the same; I believe the gentleman *did not* share in the profits of this extravagant subscription; yet this is no excuse for publishing the Author with so many errors, and is no satisfaction to the Subscribers for that

vast

a Dedication to the Right Honourable Charles Sackville Earl of Middlesex; to which the name of *Rich-*

vast price they paid for a bad Edition. — As the world resented the imposition, and were angry with the man who had given the sanction of his name to such an abuse, a different hand thought he had sufficient right to *restore* the Original Text, which, without invading any property the Editors could claim, he performed to the satisfaction of the publick, and obtained a kind reception, though unassisted by any subscription. — Our ingenious Author, on this occasion, thought fit to exert his uncommon ill-nature; and, having collected all the rubbish of twenty years, the best part whereof was none of his own, he inserted the famous Satire I have mentioned, with some lines expunged, and others added, to express his indignation at the man who had supplied his defects without his reward, and faithfully performed what himself undertook, and ought to have discharged. — The reproach our Author made use of in this case, was that his opponent Rival had no genius; a rare objection, I confess, when his own exalted self, with all his great abilities, never discharged the labour which gained his Opponent such credit! — And it being impracticable to expose any errors in that Work, he was extravagantly witty on some earlier productions of his antagonist; a poor shift in truth, and very little to the purpose! The question to the publick was, Who had done most justice to Shakespeare? or, in other words, Who understood him best? And such ungenerous reprizals did more mischief than service to our Author's reputation.—At this time, likewise, many bickerings and skirmishes happened; a barbarous unnatural Civil War being commenced between our Author and the minor Poets, some complained of Characters abused, and others of Collections plundered; which latter was unprecedented cruelty; for the Gentleman might have scorned to rob those persons he had libeled for their Poverty; nor was it any honour to defraud those of their Works whom he had decried as Dunces. — At length he published *The Dunciad*, to abuse all his Friends, and scourge all his Enemies. The sublime Poet *Maurus**, and his Arthurs, were introduced, to adorn the Work, and save the expence of invention. Poor *Namby Pamby* † likewise was aspersed, because he had written much better Pastorals than himself. And his 'Persian Tales' were censured in the next place, because they were translated for *thirty pence* apiece; — a crime, indeed, that deserves reproach; for it is not the virtue of all men to deal in *five guinea* subscriptions! — But the Hero of his Farce was the man who had incurred his eternal vengeance, by doing justice to poor Shakespeare. Over him, and all the brethren of the quill, he triumphed in heroic rage; though I cannot but think he might have spared *Cibber*, for having shewn less mercy to Shakespeare than he himself. — He took an uncommon delight in burlesquing the Dramatic Pieces of his Enemy, and was unmerciful in his usage to abundance of Poets and Poems; but his own Plays and Farces

* Sir Richard Blackmore. † Ambrose Philips.

would

ard Savage is subscribed, but generally supposed to have been written by Pope himself *.

The name of Colley Cibber † was first introduced as the Hero of *The Dunciad* in the Edition of 1742;

would have adorned *The Dunciad* much more gracefully, for he had neither genius for Tragedy nor Comedy; and when he had laid aside his inimitable jingle of rhymes, he wanted spirit, taste, and sense, as much as any man whatever.—The model of his Poem seems copied from Mack-Fleckno, and the Dispensary; but is as different from Dryden, if compared with that pointed Satire, as it is below the admired and elegant reflections which are the Beauties of Garth. The smooth numbers of *The Dunciad* are all that recommend it, nor has it any other merit."

* This "Collection," formed by Pope's Bookseller (Lawton Gilliver) out of several detailed Pamphlets remaining unsold in his shop, comprises, "Two Epistles to Mr. Pope, concerning the Authors of the Age. By the Author of the Universal Passion, 1730." "An Essay on Satire, particularly on *The Dunciad*. By Walter Harte, of St. Mary Hall, Oxon. To which is added, A Discourse on Satires, arraigning Persons by Name; by Monsieur Boileau, 1730." "Harlequin Horace; or, the Art of Modern Poetry. 1731." "An Epistle to Mr. Pope from a young Gentleman at Rome, 1730." "Certain Epigrams in Laud and Praise of the Gentlemen of *The Dunciad*." "An Author to be let. Being a Proposal, humbly addressed to the Consideration of the Knights, Esquires, Gentlemen, and other worshipful and weighty Members of the old and ancient Society of the *Bathos*. By their Associate and Well-wisher Iscariot Hackney." "Essays, Letters, and other Occasional Pieces, relating to the War of the Dunces, from May 14 to October 6, 1730."

"Whereas, upon occasion of certain Pieces relating to the Gentlemen of *The Dunciad*, some have been willing to suggest, as if they looked upon them as an *abuse*; we can do no less than own, it is our opinion, that to call these Gentlemen *bad Authors* is no sort of *abuse*, but a great *truth*. We cannot alter this opinion without some reason; but we promise to do it in respect to every person who thinks it an injury to be represented as no *Wit*, or *Poet*, provided he procures a Certificate of his being really such, from any *three of his companions* in *The Dunciad*, or from Mr. *Dennis singly*, who is esteemed equal to any three of the number." *Advertisement printed in the Journals*, 1730.

† The introductory couplet in the original Edition, and continued till 1742, reads thus:

"Books and the Man I sing, the first who brings
The Smithfield Muses to the ear of Kings."

This was altered, on the introduction of *Cibber*, to

"The mighty Mother, and her Son, who brings
The Smithfield Muses to the ear of Kings,
I sing. Say you, her instruments the Great!
Call'd to this work by Dullness, Jove, and Fate; You

and in that year a *Fourth Book* of *The Dunciad* was published separately*.

You by whose care, in vain decry'd and curst,
Still Dunce the second reigns like Dunce the first."

To account for the change (or rather to *disguise* it) the Annotator thus comments, and signs the note "BENTLEY."

"It was expressly confessed in the Preface to the first Edition, that this Poem was not published by the Author himself. It was printed originally in a foreign country. And what foreign country? Why, one notorious for blunders; where, finding blanks only instead of proper names, these blunderers filled them up at their pleasure. The very *Hero* of the Poem hath been mistaken to this hour; so that we are obliged to open our Notes with a discovery who he really was. We learn from the former Editor, that this Piece was presented by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole to King George II. Now the Author directly tells us, his Hero is the man ———————— who brings

The Smithfield Muses to the ear of Kings.

And it is notorious who was the person on whom this Prince conferred the honour of the *Laurel*.—It appears as plainly, from the *Apostrophe* to the *Great* in the third verse, that *Tibbald* could not be the person, who was never an Author in fashion, or caressed by the Great; whereas this single characteristic is sufficient to point out the true Hero; who, above all other Poets of his time, was the *Peculiar Delight* and *Chosen Companion* of the Nobility of England; and wrote, as he himself tells us, many of his Works at the *earnest desire of Persons of Quality*. — Lastly, The sixth verse affords full proof; this Poet being the only one who was universally known to have had a *Son* so exactly like him, in his poetical, theatrical, political, and moral capacities, that it could justly be said of him,

Still Dunce the second reign'd like Dunce the first. BENTLEY."

This alteration of the Hero produced a very spirited Letter from Mr. Cibber to Mr. Pope, inquiring into the Motives that might induce him in his Satirical Works to be so frequently fond of Mr. Cibber's Name," dated July 7, 1742; and it was followed, in August, by, 1. "A Letter to Mr. Cibber, on his Letter to Mr. Pope;" 2. "Homer preserved by Colley's brazen Face; or, the Twickenham Squire laid by the Heels;" 3. "A Blast upon Bayes; or, a new Lick at the Laureat;" 4. "Blast upon Blast; or, a new Lesson for Mr. Pope."

* "We apprehend it can be deemed no injury to the Author of the Three first Books of *The Dunciad*, that we publish this Fourth. It was found merely by accident, in taking a survey of the *Library* of a late eminent Nobleman; but in so blotted a condition, and in so many detached pieces, as plainly shewed it to be not only *incorrect*, but *unfinished*. That the Author of the Three first Books had a design to extend and complete his Poem in this manner, appears from the Dissertation prefixed to it, where it is said, that *the design is more extensive, and that we may*

expect

The *first complete Edition* of the whole Poem appeared in 1743, under the avowed superintendance of Mr. Warburton *.

After the intimacy commenced between Warburton and Pope, the learned Commentator presided over the counsels of the drowsy Goddess with despotic sway, deposing and creating Monarchs and

expect other episodes to complete it: And from the declaration in the Argument to the Third Book, that *the accomplishment of the prophecies therein would be the theme hereafter of a greater Dunciad.* But whether or no he be the Author of this, we declare ourselves ignorant. If he be, we are no more to be blamed for the publication of it, than Tucca and Varius for that of the last Six Books of the Æneid, though perhaps inferior to the former.—If any person be possessed of a more perfect copy of this Work, or of any other fragments of it, and will communicate them to the Publisher, we shall make the next Edition more complete: in which we also promise to insert any *Criticisms* that shall be published (if at all to the purpose) with the *Names* of the *Authors;* or any letters sent us (though not to the purpose) shall yet be printed under the title of *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum;* which, together with some others of the same kind formerly laid by for that end, may make no unpleasant addition to the future impressions of this Poem. *Editor's Advertisement, prefixed to Book IV.*

This Book was added, by Mr. Pope, at the suggestion of Mr. Warburton; who, in a Letter to Mr. Bowyer, April 10, 1744, says, "I am glad you have been printing for Mr. Pope. Don't mention to any, I beg of you, your suspicion about the Notes. Is it not a noble Poem? I am glad *The Dunciad* has such a run. The Greek, I know, will be well printed in *your* Edition, *notwithstanding the absence of Scriblerus.*"

* "I have long had a design of giving some sort of Notes on the Works of this Poet. Before I had the happiness of his acquaintance, I had written a Commentary on his *Essay on Man,* and have since finished another on the *Essay on Criticism.* There was one already on *The Dunciad,* which had met with general approbation: but I still thought some additions were wanting (of a more serious kind) to the humourous Notes of *Scriblerus,* and even to those written by Mr. *Cleland,* Dr. *Arbuthnot,* and others. I had lately the pleasure to pass some months with the Author in the country, where I prevailed upon him to do what I had long desired, and favour me with his explanation of several passages in his Works. It happened, that just at that juncture was published a ridiculous book against him, full of Personal Reflections, which furnished him with a lucky opportunity of improving *This Poem,* by giving it the only thing it wanted, a *more considerable Hero.* He was always sensible of its defect in that particular, and owned he had let it pass with the

Hero

Princes with as much *sang froid* as Napoleon Buonaparte himself in the height of his maddest frenzy. He had the game in his own hands; and hurled his vengeance with relentless fury.

In 1749, a neat Edition in 12mo was published, with the title of "The Dunciad, complete, in Four Books, according to Mr. Pope's last Improvements. With several Additions now first printed *, and the

Hero it had, purely for want of a better; not entertaining the least expectation that such an one was reserved for this Post, as has since obtained the *Laurel:* but since that had happened, he could no longer deny this justice either to *him* or *The Dunciad.* —And yet I will venture to say, there was another motive which had still more weight with our Author: this person was one, who from every Folly (not to say Vice) of which another would be ashamed, has constantly derived a *Vanity;* and therefore was the *man in the world that would least be hurt by it.* W. W. 1743."

* In this Edition the amiable Dr. John Burton was thus gibbeted in a Note on Book IV. ver. 443:

"These two lines stood originally thus:

"And most but find that Centinel of God,
A drowsy Watchman in the land of *Nod.*

But to this there were two objections, the pleasantry was too low for the Poet, and a deal too good for the Goddess. For though (as he told us before) *Gentle Dulness ever loves a joke* (II. 34.), and (as this species of mirth arises from a *mal-entendû)* we may well suppose it to be much to her taste, yet this above is not genuine, but a mere counterfeit of wit, as we shall see by placing by the side of it one of her own jokes, which we find in the Reverend Mr. *Burton's* late Satire upon *Bath* †, in the following words: *Virum, quem non ego sanè doctissimum, at certè omnium, quotquot ferè uspiam,* Literatissimum *appellare ausim.* And look, the more respectable the subject, the more grateful to our Goddess is the offering. SCRIBL."—At the request of Bp. Hayter the note was reluctantly withdrawn ‡.

The Commentator had afterwards an intention of placing also the learned Editor of Lysias and Demosthenes in an elevated situation among the *Dunces.*—"As *Cibber,*" he says, "supplied the place of *Tibbald,* so shall *Taylor* take place of *Webster,* though I will tell you my thoughts sincerely, I do not think he has so good an understanding as Webster. But it requires an infinitely better than either of them has, to understand the plainest of truths, *that the most learned Dunce, when, or wherever he exists, remains still the same Dunce in which he came into the world.*" *Letter to Mr. Hurd, Jan.* 12, 1757.

The following note on Book II. 137, appeared in some copies of the Edition of 1751, but was afterwards removed by a cancel.

† "Iter Bathoniense, a Poem, 1748," folio. See vol. I. p. 766.

‡ See the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. V. p. 587.

"In

Dissertations on the Poem and the Hero, and Notes Variorum. Published by Mr. Warburton *."

To this Edition is prefixed a Frontispiece (designed by N. Blakey, and engraved by C. Grignion), exhibiting the LAURELED CIBBER seated on a Throne; and at the bottom the motto from *The Dunciad*.

"'All my Commands are easy, short, and full:
My Sons! be proud, be selfish, and be dull."

"In verity (saith Scriblerus) a very bungling trick. How much better might our worthy Brethren of Grub-street be taught (as in many things they have already been) by the modern professors of Modern Theology, who, when they make free with their neighbour's property, seize upon his *good works* rather than his *good name;* as knowing that those will produce a *name* of their own; so that, while the Poetaster gives his Works in another man's name, the Theologaster more wisely gives his name to another man's Works. Thus *Waterland* transferred the reasoning and learning of Bishop Bull into his Defences of the Orthodox Faith: And *Jackson*, inferior to his adversary both in sense and letters, went beyond him in this, that he took to himself the entire Answers of Dr. Clarke; and by that means gained, what he only aimed at, the reputation of the better disputant — with the good faith, and, I make no doubt, with the same self-complacency of that illustrious seller of brooms, who, when a neighbour of the trade told him 'he was under some surprize at his affording brooms cheaper than himself; for, to tell you a secret, brother,' says he, '*I steal my materials*,' replied, 'Go, you fool, I can tell you a greater; *I steal mine ready made*.'

Leaden Gilbert, Book IV. of 1749, 608, was softened in 1751 into "*leaden G——*;" and the following note withdrawn: "A reflection upon the *Age* the Goddess had just then restored, not on the Person to whom the *agnomen* is given, according to the sublime custom of the Easterns, in calling new-born Princes after some great and recent event."

* Who says, in an Advertisement, "This Edition of *The Dunciad* is published for the same reason that the Editor, some time ago, published the *Essay on Man*, to prevent surreptitious and pirated Editions, to the injury both of the Proprietor and the Purchaser. As these two Works are, in their several kinds, complete, and independent on any other, they will (for the purpose above-mentioned) be always separately continued in sale." —"There is a little Edition of *The Dunciad* published for the market. I did not think it worth sending to you, because there is a better in reserve, which I intended for you. In this there is a noted *Dunce* or two that came in my way. But I shall have one general reckoning with them (which I hope you will not think unsuitable to my character), and then adieu to the Dunces for ever." *Letter to Mr. Hurd, Feb.* 10, 1749-50.

LETTERS

Letters to Dr. Stukeley, from the Marquis of Lindsey, Lord Harley, the Earls of Winchelsea, Hartford, Pembroke, Oxford, Derby, and Westmoreland, Abp. Wake, and the Duke of Montagu *.

"Sir, *London, Aug. 7*, 1715.

"I find by yours that you have now finished the draught of the Church and Steeple at Boston †, which you design to dedicate to me. If you please to send your Engraver to me, he may see my Arms, and receive what directions you think proper.

"I am your humble servant, Lindsey ‡."

"Sir, *Wimpole, Nov. 21*, 1721.

"I received a Letter from you of November 16, in which you desire I would allow Mr. Wanley to stay in town till the Election for a Secretary to the Royal Society be over §. I have wrote to Mr. Wanley this post, to let him know that, if he pleases, I give my consent very freely for his staying in town. I heartily wish you success in your undertaking; and am, Sir,

"Your humble servant, Harley ||."

"Sir, *Eastwell, Oct. 20*, 1722.

"Nothing could so much atone for your leaving us so soon, as letting me hear from you. I was extremely pleased to learn, by your very obliging, entertaining, and instructive Letter, that, after a long penance here, by what you saw and observed in your way, the journey must have been very agreeable to you; and that you are, after all your toils, arrived in good health, and are in safe harbour before the rough season of the year comes in, and where I hope very soon to wait on you. I set out from hence next Tuesday; shall dig for urns, &c. next day, and view the Kit-Coty-house; which, by the help of your observations, I shall see to much greater advantage than I could otherwise have done. Your account of it seems very just, and, I am sure, is very curious. I am glad you have prevailed with Mr. Taylor to let a section be made in this grave; perhaps I shall get it done, but I doubt whether it can well be while I am present, for want of time. I am glad you think this work strengthens my conjectures concerning Julabury's grave. You encourage me to study

* For the greater part of this Correspondence, I am indebted to the Rev. J. F. St. John (see before, p. 1).—The other Letters are transcribed from the Originals in the British Museum.

† A good South View of Boston Church was drawn and published by Dr. Stukeley; who dedicated the Plate to "Peregrine Marquis of Lindsey, and Lord Willoughby of Eresby, eldest son of Robert first Duke of Ancaster," with a brief history of it annexed. A smaller View is inserted in his Itinerarium Curiosum, Plate XIX.

‡ Peregrine Bertie, afterwards second Duke of Ancaster, and Lord Great Chamberlain. He died in January 1741.

§ The vacancy was occasioned by the resignation of Dr. Edward Halley. Dr. James Jurin was the successful Candidate.

|| Edward Lord Harley, afterwards second Earl of Oxford; see p. 785.

that matter a little farther; and your learned and very judicious Letter, with the observations you made in your way from Dover to Eastwell, give me great light. I will certainly, as you desire, bring you some of the stones out of Todingden Brook.—I much fear my time will not allow me to see the Roman *Durolenum*, unless it falls in my coach-way to Bursted. I should enlarge a great deal upon your Letter if I did not hope to see you so soon, when we can discourse upon these things at large.

"I received a Letter last post from my Lord Hartford *, who is a great lover of Antiquities; he sent me a design of a fine Tesselated Pavement found in a church-yard at Gloucester. It seems to be very curious, but perhaps you have seen it. I have promised my Lord your acquaintance, and you will not let me break my word with him. Mr. and Mrs. Smith present their humble services to you; and I am, Sir, your much obliged and most humble servant, WINCHILSEA †."

"SIR, *Dec.* 27, 1722.

"I supped last night with my Lord Hartford, who has not yet recovered strength enough to go this week to Hounslow, but will be very glad to go with you the next. I am commissioned in the mean time, with his humble service to you, to desire your company at dinner with him to-morrow, which day he chuses, because he is to be at home all day, and, being in waiting ‡, he cannot so well fix any other. If you have no engagement that interferes with this, I will call upon you to-morrow morning, that we may go together. You will much oblige my Lord, if you will carry with you a book of your drawings, and the book in which we write our names and mottos; and, if you have e'er a ring left, I believe it will not be unwelcome.

"Pray favour me with a line or two, and you will oblige, Sir, your affectionate brother and humble servant, WINCHILSEA."

"SIR, *April* 17, 1723.

"If this finds you well enough to endure a coach, I shall send you mine to-morrow morning by eight o'clock, or soon after, to bring you to Lord Hartford's, from whence his coach will carry us with his Lordship to Hounslow. We go so early, that we may be returned by three o'clock in the afternoon, and dine in Dover-street. My Lord depends upon your going, if it may be without prejudice to you. He presents his humble service to you.

"Pray let me know by the bearer whether you are well enough to go upon this expedition.—I am, Sir, your very affectionate brother, and most humble servant, WINCHILSEA."

"SIR, *Reading, May* 9, 1723.

"Though I could not see you before my departure, I will write from hence, to let you know that in my way hither I have

* Algernon Seymour, son of Charles sixth Duke of Somerset. On the death of his father in 1748 he became the seventh Duke, and died in 1750. Lord Hartford was in the year 1724 elected President of the Society of Antiquaries; and the Earl of Winchilsea a Vice-President.

† Daniel Finch, fifth Earl of Winchilsea (so the noble Earl uniformly spelt his name). He died in 1726; see p. 783.

‡ As Lord of the Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales, afterwards Geo. II.

gone

gone through our Camp on the Heath. I was drove into it in my chaise, and all over it; and am with a great deal of pleasure satisfied (if possible) more than I was before, of its great antiquity, and of its being a Roman Camp. I will not trouble you with farther particulars, more than that I find it is almost a mile beyond a turnpike, which is two miles from Hounslow; *viz.* the Camp is thirteen miles from London. These are but trivial observations; yet, if I had passed by the Camp without going up to it (as I shall always do when I can) my conscience would have flown in my face the next time you and I had met.—I hope to be in town next Wednesday; soon after which I shall wait on you; and, I believe, Lord Hartford (who will send you this) will be at liberty to go with us to our Antiquarian Society.—I am, Sir, your affectionate brother and humble servant, WINCHILSEA."

"SIR, *May* 24, 1723.

"I am very sorry to tell you, that, after your having given yourself so much trouble in setting our meeting for next Monday, a delay of a few days is yet requested; for Lord Hartford desired me last night to let you know that the King has appointed the Opera to be on that day; and, if he goes to it, my Lord, who is in waiting, will be obliged to attend him, and therefore cannot engage to meet us next Monday; but, if the Wednesday after will be as convenient to you and the rest of our brethren, he will not fail us that evening, or any other except Thursday, when I believe he will attend the King as far as Greenwich. My Lord is much concerned, that, from this accident, you will have the trouble of sending to stop our friends coming on the day appointed, and engaging them for the new day.

"Lord Hartford sends you his service, and I am, Sir, your very affectionate brother and humble servant, WINCHILSEA."

"DEAR BROTHER, AND VENERABLE DRUID, *From Canetio, July* 12, 1723.

"I prevent our Brother *Segonax's** writing; but, with his compliments, I must pay his thanks for your Letter, and design of the famous camp on Oldbury Hill, with your description of it: I have put a copy of your drawing into my Journal.

"I have a favour to desire of you, if you have an opportunity of sending me a Letter, and time to write it before we leave this place, which will be on Tuesday next. I would desire of you to draw me the two Circles; one, the great one which surrounds the village of Abury; the other, the outward level of the Temple of Earth at Overton Hill, without any of the other Circles; and these only scratched out without compasses, or any measure, in single lines, with the avenues which go both ways, and these each with a single line (without any mark of the stones). I desire this because I cannot perfectly recollect how they lie to the grand work; particularly, how that runs which goes to Beckhampton. —Excuse this trouble.—I have services from Lady Hartford, and all friends here, to send you. We all wish, if you cannot come

* Lord Hartford's *Druidical* name; Lord Winchilsea assumed that of *Cyngetorix*; and Dr. Stukeley was styled *Chyndonax*.

sooner, that you would come hither on Monday evening; and you may from hence as easily go by the Bath coach next morning as from Abury.—We met at a gentleman's where we dined to-day two Mr. Nicholas's, one a brother of Mr. William Nicholas, the latter his cousin, who intends to call upon you at Abury next Sunday after dinner. We all congratulate your pleasure at the Camp. I should have told you before that *Boadicea's* service was sent to the Druid; but I must add, not the Boadicea that was ravished.—I am your very affectionate brother and humble servant, CYNGETORIX."

"SIR, *July* 15, 1723.

"Thanks in abundance for your Letter, and design of the Abury avenues; you have sent me just what I wanted. To-morrow, I trust, we shall all be in motion *. I wish you a good journey to the Bath; and hope your harvest for this season is not yet over, but that you will discover more Antiquities, and add to the great treasures you have already acquired; while I shall, if I am not deceived, besides Maiden Castle and Dorchester Amphitheatre, visit the Camp between Sherbourne and Ilchester; and, when I come back to this place, I shall go to Oldbury Hill Camp: You have described it so agreeably that I shall have no peace of mind if I leave this place without seeing it; and, if I do not flatter myself, I shall carry home some good pieces of Antiquity to add to my collection.—Yesterday Mr. Solley †, an acquaintance of yours, and a great traveller, dined with Lord Hartford. The Bishop of Salisbury has presented him to Preshutt Vicarage; this was the first day of his coming here. I think he is a very ingenious man; he has a Collection of Antient Medals, which I shall see when I am in town.—I need not send my Lord Hartford's compliments, he intending to write to you himself: but I am charged with my Lady's. You sent her the benedictions of a Druid, and I am to let you know that she sends you those of the Cumæan Sibyl; and the blessings of such a Sibyl must be sweet. Captain Edwards is your humble servant, and is not afraid to meet you again on Silbury Hill over another punch-bowl. Mr. Clavering does not only present you with his service, but with a petition too; and desires the venerable Druid, who is Priest of the Temple of the Sun, will prefer him to the Priesthood of the Moon. And for Pokey, if you will accept her compliments, her bones will rattle for joy in her skin, for she has no flesh to interrupt them. Lady Betty will not be left out, but adds her service to you; and, if I had room, I should have a great deal to say from her; but I must conclude, who am, with a great deal of sincerity, dear Brother, your most humble servant, WINCHILSEA."

"MY DEAR DRUID, *Eastwell, Oct.* 3, 1723.

"You cannot imagine with what pleasure I received your Letter: I longed for your return to London, where you are within

* I have a neat, finished Drawing of "Thomas Hayward, esq. owner of Stonehouse, who died in 1724—*Ad vivum designavit W. S. præsente illustr. Com. Winchilsea, 4 Jul.* 1723."

† Rev. Joseph Solley, of Chelsea. He was of Bene't College, Cambridge, M. A. 1718; elected F. S. A. 1724.

reach

reach of a correspondence, though I shall be impatient till I can have a personal conversation with you, and therefore shall leave the country as soon as possible for me; but not quite so soon as I would do, for I must pick up a few rents, to maintain me in my winter quarters in town. Your Letter is full of obliging expressions; but believe me, Sir, if I was any way agreeable to you, I am sure, I reaped a great deal of pleasure, and profit too, by your conversations and instructions.

"I am extremely obliged to you, and my very valuable friend Dr. Hales, for remembering me at your College; as I am to Mr. Gale, whose health, with yours, is drunk every day by me and Mr. Creyk*, a very worthy Clergyman, who is with me. I wish I could have gone with you through all your progress from *Carbilium*; but I shall soon see some of the fruits of your travels; and shall be very thankful for your design of the Dorchester Amphitheatre.—Though I have not been so well employed as you since we parted, I have not been idle; and, though I may trouble you with too long an epistle, I must give my dear *Chindonax* some account of what I have seen, and what I have got.

"In my way from London to this place, I drove into a field near Newington (at this day called *Crock Field)*, famous for the vast number of urns and other earthen ware formerly dug out of it, as we learn from Dr. Meric Casaubon, and after him from Mr. Burton in his Itinerary. I found there two or three bits of urns, and of Roman tiles, which have been turned up by the plough: but, since I was there, nine men have dug for me three days, without success; though I hear, something, I know not what, was found the last day, which is kept for me.

"To make amends for my ill success here, I have had some things brought me which were found in East Kent; *viz.* two large pateras of the fine red earth; two dishes, something like large coffee-cups (but wider at the mouth), and in the bottom of one of them this inscription, CALETI M. for *caleti manibus*; these too are of the fine red earth. These were found some years since by the Whitstable men, dredging for oysters, near Reculver. I have too a piece of a broken vessel found at Richborough. And he brought me several other pieces of Antiquity, which were some years ago dug out of a barrow in East Kent, and there seem to be some of them Roman, and others Saxon; and such the late Dr. Batteley told me he had seen dug out of one barrow in that County. Mine are as follow:—A large fibula of copper, but wrought: and two strings of beads; one of amber, with some of blue glass among them; the other, of glass gilt, most round, but some of them long.—I take these to be Roman.—I have a piece of a skull found there.

"Those which I think may be Saxon are, the head of an axe, sharp before, and very thick behind; it is iron, and weighs one

* John Creyk, of St. John's College, Cambridge; B. A. 1711; M. A. 1722; elected F. S. A. 1723-4.—Another John Creyk, of St. John's also; B. A. 1734; M. A. 1748 (probably son of the former); obtained the Vicarage of Eastwell in 1742; and died in 1745.

pound

pound and half and a quarter of an ounce;—and there is a little round fibula of copper gilt, on which a head (Saxon, I think) is carved (not engraved, or cast).—There was a sword and helmet, and many other things, found there; some of which I think I shall procure, besides those above mentioned, which I have already.—Besides these, I have found something worth your knowledge at home, in my park. I do not know whether you remember your way from Eastwell to Beamstone gate (in your road to Charing). On the right hand of Beamstone lawn, the top of the hill is covered with woods, from whence the hill slopes gently down to the plain; but towards the bottom the slope is steep, and a sort of bank runs a great way along the plain from N.W. by W. to S.E. by E.; and the bank faces S. by W. at 10 degrees, or thereabouts, (without regard to the variation of the compass). Conies have burrowed in this bank; and at the further end of it, almost over against Beamstone house, my keeper found two or three pieces of urns, by the mouth of a coney-hole newly turned out by a rabbit; he brought them to me, and I needed no better motive for digging, and at the same time to destroy the rabbits which spoil my park. Accordingly, I dug through two burrows; and in my working I found a great many pieces of urns, which had been of diverse shapes, and of different-coloured earth, as white, black, brown, red, and two very small bits of the fine polished red earth, I believe pieces of pateras. I found no whole vessels; but human bones, and bones of beasts, and some pieces of deers' horns, and horses' teeth (as I found formerly in Julabury's grave). I must observe, that the bones and pieces of urns are very rotten, and crumble with handling, which may be the reason we found nothing entire; the rest may be dissolved and incorporated with the earth about them. I found a large bead, of baked earth, perforated from end to end. We found a great deal of wood, coal, and several pieces of iron; some which I believe are pieces of armour; and one which I think was an iron mace, used in battle. It is only the head, with a bit of its handle. I will send you a drawing of it another time.—I believe you are satisfied this was a burial-place, and, I think, Roman, by its situation, &c. I think I can trace an antient road along that side of the hill, and which goes through my park by my house, through Wye and Crundale, and so on to Canterbury, and the other way to Charing, and perhaps to *Durolenum*, which place I shall look after next week. But I must tell you, this place where I have dug is very near the distance between Canterbury and *Durolenum* in the Itinerary: but the distance would be great from thence to Maidstone and Rochester; and every way we shall find great difficulties in that respect; for Lenham, which some would have to be the place, is 16 or 18 miles from Canterbury, and *Durolenum* should be but 12 miles from thence; and if we place it where you suppose it should be, it will be yet too far from Canterbury, and a great deal too far from Rochester. But I will use all the diligence and care I can in making some discovery, and shall make designs; as I will do

of

of this place in my park, where I shall have more digging.—It is time to release you.—Pardon blots, repetition, and nonsense; but I have not time to write over my Letter again by this post.

"I am, Sir, your most faithful humble servant, CYNGETORIX."

"DEAR CHINDONAX, *Eastwell, Oct.* 12, 1723.

"Though I have reason to believe you had too much of my last long Letter, I must write again, to give you an account of my proceedings upon Wednesday last, when I went with my friend Mr. Creyk in search of *Durolanum*; some progress I have made, but am not yet at the end of my task (which will be pretty difficult), though I was out many hours, in my chaise, and upon brown Joan. I sent my keeper some days before to Hazlewood-street, as you directed, but no shoemaker or cobler lives there; wherefore Dobson went to Egerton, another town, where he was told there lived an old cobler, and there he found one, who, I believe, is your man: for he said a Physician called there last October, and talked with him about Antiquities, and went over the way (for you was, he says, at a public-house) to see a grandchild of his who was sick: you will remember whether this is so. He believes you are something more than mortal; for, that you not only cured the child, but foretold that he would live, and make a bright man, if he would give him learning (which he will certainly do). He says, that, as you foretold, the child's parts are already wonderfully improved, and that he is the cutest boy he ever saw of his age.—This person (John Pemble by name, and by profession a Cobler, and an Anabaptist Teacher), this Rabbi, who by appointment met us at Charing, upon examination, knows of no place where he has heard of any Antiquities, except at Royton Chapel, at about a mile and a half from Lenham on the left hand, and by a river. This description seemed right enough, if the distance is so.

"We went from Charing town to the Heath, about a mile, where we thought we saw your Roman Road, but which leads to the left hand. We went that way for a while; but, seeing no continuance of the Road (if it was Roman), we turned back, and went into our former road upon the Heath, and, at a mile and half beyond Charing, we came upon a road a little raised, which we fancy is the Roman Road—if the other is not, which I should rather take for it. We kept on for above half a mile farther on the Heath, and a little way in a lane, where we turned on our left hand, and went on for about half a mile, when we came to Royton Chapel. We rode up a high bank on the left hand of the road; and among trees stands the little ruin of the Chapel, which I measured, and drew a design of (with some others, which I will send you as soon as drawn fair). I must here observe, that Mr. Creyk, with better eyes than mine, perceived two paving-tiles between the stones of the wall in different places. We pulled them out of the mortar with some difficulty; for the mortar is as hard as the stone. They are singular, and perhaps Roman. After I had drawn this ruin, I made another drawing of it in a less scale, with a prosp[illegible] of the country.

"We

"We descended into the road again, and on our right hand, over against the ruin, stands an old house called too Royton Chapel; Mrs. Crips, a widow lady, lives in it. I drew its front, but could not bring it into my prospect of the country, because it stands below the bank, which partly hides it, and trees about the ruin hide the rest of it: but I drew it by itself, except that I have added a very little of the country beyond it; and, what is more material, the little river, which has its rise about a mile, or a little more, from hence on this side Lenham, and it runs behind the back front of Mrs. Crips's house, within about 30 yards from it. From hence it runs to the South-west a little by the South (no regard to the variation of the compass); but after that course for some way it turns toward the South-east, and goes by Ashford, &c. — At 30 or 40 rods beyond this house we came into the great Rochester road; so that from Charing this way, I think, is as near a road to Rochester as the Lenham road. The river near Mrs. Crips's house is not above three or four feet wide.

"You will not find, I doubt, that I have discovered much. The ruin, though little remains, for it is not above (I mean the wall) 16 feet long, and ten feet and a half high, the wall a yard thick—a little bit of a cross wall remains—this ruin, I say, seems to be very antient (whether a Chapel or not); but the tiles sticking among the stones of the building must have been taken from some antienter ruins, with which materials this probably was built.—I will send you a Drawing (with the others) of these Tiles, of their proper size, with the work upon them; but must give you a little description of them here, and you may, perhaps, judge whether they are Roman.—I have designed the tiles square, though they are not exactly so, as you will see by the measures set down. They are about eight-tenths of an inch thick. They are glazed, the ground of the work upon them is of a deepish yellow, and the figure is of a very pale yellow. It is all flat work. The tiles were burnt very hard, even almost as any stone; and where one of them has a piece broken off, I see they are of a black earth, as several pieces of the urns which I found in my park. Pray have you met, among any Roman Antiquities, tiles of this sort?

"This is all I have been able to do at this place: whether this can be the place we hunt after, or another (which I intend to go to next week) I cannot tell. But I have tried an experiment, which perhaps may bring me right (if I am not so already): for, seeing the distances in the Itinerary to be 16 miles from Rochester to *Durolevi*, and from thence 12 miles to Canterbury, I opened two pair of compasses, one to 16, the other to 12 miles, by the scale in Mr. Philpot's Map in 'Villare Cantium,' and set a point of one at Rochester, and a point of the other at Canterbury; I found the other points (upon that Map) meet at a stream which runs into the river that comes from near Lenham, and, running by Royton Chapel, goes to Ashford; and this point is in the Ashford road, within three-tenths of a mile from

from that river. It is one mile and two tenths from Charing, on the left hand of the way as soon as we come upon Charing-heath. It is about two miles from Royton Chapel, about a mile from Cale-hill, and very little above a mile from Egerton.—If this is the place (to which the distances between it, and Rochester, and Canterbury, agree) we should have turned on our left as soon as we came upon the Heath, where there runs a bank, which may be the Roman road you told me of. We did go a little way there, as I told you: but, when I go again, I will pursue it till I come to the point; and you shall soon have an account of my proceedings, with drawings, if I find any thing worth preserving.—The measures I took in the Map are the distances in strait lines; and allowance should be made for the Roman miles being shorter than ours; but I am convinced the Itinerary wants correcting; for there are certainly a great many mistakes in the figures.—I would have sent you the Drawings by our carrier the beginning of next week, if I had not been prevented by a severe fit of the stone, which much tormented me yesterday. I am easier, yet not able to copy my Drawings fair for you, but you shall soon have them.—Pray let me hear from you as soon as possible, if but three lines, to let me know if you can make any thing of this lame account, and if you can guess whether either of the two places mentioned is likely to be that we look for.—Mr. Creyk, a learned gentleman, and lover of Antiquities, presents his service to you. I am, dear Brother,

"Your humble servant, CYNGETORIX."

"*Eastwell, Oct.* 14, 1723.

"This is to return you, dear Chindonax, abundance of thanks for your present of the Dorchester Amphitheatre, though it is not yet come to my hands; for Mr. Bedford has by the post informed me that an accident made him miss sending it by the carrier last week, and therefore I cannot receive it till next Saturday; but you, supposing I had it already, might have thought me very wanting in not taking notice of it till next week, and that brings you this trouble. I impatiently long to see it, for I am sure you must have designed it very perfectly. My next, I believe, will bring you an account of my farther proceedings near Charing; for, the first fair weather, I shall go upon that which I hinted to you in my last; no pains or diligence shall be spared; and, if I do not succeed, it must proceed either from not finding sufficient marks of the place I look for, or from my want of capacity; but I will do my best. It is late; and I am, Sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"WINCHILSEA, as an Englishman;
"And as a Briton, CYNGETORIX."

"*Eastwell, Oct.* 21, 1723.

"I shall trouble you, dear Sir, with but a very few lines by this post; and should not have written till the next, but that I cannot defer one moment the paying my thanks for your most agreeable

agreeable present, which I did not receive till last Saturday. You have made a very fine design of the Amphitheatre, and it is very well engraven; but your discourse upon it is admirable. There is very good learning, and much ingenuity; your thoughts fine, and extremely well expressed.—Though I expected no less from you, I know not any other man who could have performed this undertaking half so well. Mr. Creyk (who desires me to present you with his humble service) is in great admiration of it. This increases my longings to see Stonehenge and Abury set in their true lights; I hope you are upon that Work.

"To-morrow morning I go again in quest of *Durolenum;* and by the next post you may expect to be informed of the utmost I can do in this matter; no pains shall be spared. I shall make use of your directions for finding the place; and, if I should be so happy as to succeed, '*O brave Cyngetorax*' shall be engraved upon my tomb-stone. Farewell, dear Chindonax. I hope to see you in town within a fortnight; and am, &c. WINCHILSEA."

"DEAR DRUID, *Oct.* 26, 1723.

"I promised you in my last an account of my farther proceedings, and did hint to you the difficulties I apprehended in my attempt to find out *Durolenum;* and I have indeed found them too great for me. No pains have been spared by me and my friend Mr. Creyk. But, alas! all our endeavours have been with so little success, that, instead of the inscription on my tomb-stone mentioned in my last, I doubt you will think I deserve to be deprived of my spurs.

"Last Monday we went again upon our quest in my chaise, where that could go; and where not, upon our horses; and where they could not be got into the inclosures, we did not spare our feet. We had for our guide an old gentleman of Charing, who knows every road, every town and village, and every inch of ground, for some miles round about him.

"When we were about half a mile or less beyond Charing, we turned out of our road on the left hand, and went to Calehill Heath; and near the Warren-house we were shewn a place, where, some years ago, digging in a sandy ground to set up a jossing-block for upping stock, a man found a very large family urn, above two feet high, in which, besides bones, there were several sacrificing-dishes (as they called them). They were given to one Mr. Gardner*, Minister of Charing; but he is dead, and they are gone. May not the town we look for have been near this place? but I could not find any other signs of it. From this place we went to Hunger Hatch; from whence, at about a quarter of a mile, we came down to the river, the same which from near Lenham runs by Royton Chapel; and from hence to Little Chart; and so to Ashford: but here the river is become six or eight feet wide. It runs from North-west by North to South-east by South (no regard had to the variation of the compass).

"At this place, where we passed over the river, we saw Egerton Church at about a mile and a half from us to the North-

* Daniel Gardner, M. A Rector of Charing 1681; died in 1698.

west;

west; and on our left hand Little Chart Church was a little more than a quarter of a mile from us to the South-east by East.

"At the place where we were to pass the river before we went over it, we saw on our right hand a great bank (not belonging to the river as we apprehended) run a little way parallel to it, and we took it for a piece of the Roman road. When we were got over the river into the field, and turning about with our faces to it, we saw more of that Roman road beginning opposite to the place where that on the other side ended. It goes up by the river to the North-west by North to a wood, where we lost it. It was here in length 240 of Ben's paces. And standing over against the passage of the river, with our faces still to it, we found the river keep its course the same as before a little way, till near a farm-house it makes an elbow, and goes by Little Chart. We rode some way by that course, and found more of that Roman road, 74 paces long, in a line with the other, but not near the river, nor has it any ditches by it, which makes me the rather guess that these are several pieces of the Roman road. — After having viewed this, we went back to our passage, but without going over, we went up by the river and the road to the wood, where we lost our bank (or Roman road), but we went on by the river, which runs along by the side of the wood, and when we were passed that, we crossed the river again, and at about half a mile, in the middle of a very broad highway, we found more of a Roman road; it bears North-east by East.

"From this road, by a place called Park-house (belonging to Mr. Darell of Cale-hill), we went to Charing-heath, and in our way picked out, as we thought, several pieces of the Roman road, and upon the heath we saw that bank which I think I mentioned in my last Letter, where I said, that as soon as we came from Charing upon that heath we saw a great bank on our left hand, which I took for part of a Roman road. I now took its bearing, and it runs from North-north-east to South-south-west.—We rode to a place upon the heath, where we saw a water-course (now dry). It cuts the Roman road. We followed it to see where it runs (when full) into the river. We crossed several fields on foot, and found that it joins the river at about a furlong from the place where we first passed the river; but we met with nothing that inclined us to believe *Durolenum* could be here; and yet I am of opinion that it was somewhere within the compass of the ground we had traced that day. This is all I can say, or have been able to perform, which I doubt you will think, as well as myself, is nothing to the purpose; and what I have written is, I fear, hardly intelligible for want of the Drawings, which I will shew you when I am in town. Oh, that I could either write or draw like Dr. Stukeley!

"I have since been at Canterbury, where I picked up some pieces of Antiquity. And I have been at Julaber's grave, which I have formerly measured only by my paces, but have now taken it with my measuring-chain, and have all its dimensions very right:

light; and I took its bearings with my compass, and from the top of it I have drawn a prospect of the country, with Chilham-house, the Castle, and the Town, which you shall see when we meet. I believe this is the last Letter I shall trouble you with from hence at this season, but may receive one from you.

"Excuse blots.—Mr. Creyk's humble service attends you; and I am, Sir, your humble servant, CYNGETORAX;
or, (if I have lost that title for insufficiency) WINCHILSEA."

"SIR, *Marlborough, Oct.* 31, 1723.

"After so long a silence, I not only am, but ought to be, ashamed; and, had I not experienced your good-nature, I should have gone still farther, and not dared to have set pen to paper, for fear of my merits, even no pardon. But hold; I would not have you imagine from hence that I fancy any thing I can write, or say, deserves more than thanks, for the escaping the trouble of either reading, or even hearing, what I am able any way to express; but, stuff such as it is, take it, and use it as it deserves.

"I please myself not a little with the progress you have made, and hope to have an account of it from you when we meet at London, which I, with great satisfaction, promise myself may be in company with my Lord Winchilsea and Roger Gale, an old acquaintance that I shall have the utmost pleasure in renewing. You tell me, you saw the inscription of the Temple of Neptune at Chichester; you would oblige me if you would send me a copy of it; for that I had from Lord Winchilsea is very imperfect, some words being entirely wanting. As to the Amphitheatre at Dorchester, I am sure you were pleased with it.

"My Lord Winchilsea went with me to Cadbury; I shall say nothing of what we saw; his Lordship, I doubt not, having given you a better account than I am capable of. I am sure you will not let next summer pass without seeing Avebury; and as I will contrive to be in this country, if possible, at the same time, no information that I can get shall be wanting to make Wiltshire agreeable to you. I envy much the time you spent with *Carvilius Magnus*. I remember so well the pleasure I had there four years ago, that I am sure the innumerable additions since made must be inexpressible, as would be my pleasure again to go.

"I will mis-spend no more of your time, but assure you that I am, your obedient humble servant, SEGONAX [HARTFORD]."

"SIR, *Dec.* 23, 1723.

"Since what you told me of the late discovery of Hippocrates upon some of the Medals of Smyrna, I have examined mine, and on the other leaf of this sheet * have written a Catalogue of such as I think have that figure, with the names of persons—that, if Dr. Mead designs to take notice of those sort of Medals, and finds among these any names of persons that he has not yet met

* His Lordship has there given a description of six Smyrnean Medals in his possession, which have the figure of Hippocrates.

with,

with, he may have the perusal of them, and have them engraved if he thinks fit.—I hope it will not be long before you and I meet again. I will endeavour to call upon you in a few days.—I am, Sir, your very affectionate humble servant, WINCHILSEA."

"DEAR DRUID, *Jan.* 1, 1723-4.

"I shall begin with wishing you a happy new year, and ten thousand more; and now I am to tell you, that next Monday morning, at about ten o'clock, Lord Hartford and I intend to beat up your quarters (if it will not be unseasonable to you), having something to discourse with you. He sends you his service; and I am your most humble servant, WINCHILSEA."

"SIR, *Monday night* [1723].

"I did not intend to have wrote to you, thinking every moment of your time mis-spent in reading any thing I either shall or can write; therefore will only say that I am not a little obliged to you for the very few days you were with me, who have had too much pleasure in your conversation not to wish it had been longer. I hope next winter to enjoy more of your company, and to be esteemed by you as I really am, your very humble servant, HARTFORD."

"MOST VENERABLE DRUID, *Eastwell,*

AND MY DEAR DOCTOR, *Oct.* 26, 1724.

"Though I hope to see you very soon (but not till next week) I will not defer my thanks for your very obliging and most entertaining Letter, and for the favour of your company here. What could be kinder, than to come out of your way, and let me enjoy your company for a week, in a house till then very solitary, where we had nothing to divert and entertain you so well as I would have done, and yet I should have been glad to have lengthened your mortification, if I could but have adjourned St. Luke's day * for one fortnight.—I am glad your weather was so favourable for your journey; we have had wet enough since. I long to discourse with you upon the fine things you saw; you have described them enough to make me long to hear more of them.—Our Society friends will, I doubt, be disappointed, by finding my acquisitions not come up to the ideas you have raised of them.—You was not displeased, I believe, when you saw your Sister (the Cleft Doctor) at Elham. I am glad my old friend Dr. Wagstaff is not dead, as was reported. I question not but Dr. Hales made you a fine speech, with his *belli homines*, whether you was meant or no.—I shall be impatient to see Dr. Mead's Dissertation; but I must wait with patience for the sight of that and other things. Oh, why did not I take my degree in your Faculty, instead of the Civil Law? but I was not fated to be great.—I am glad you saw our dear President †, and that he has a reasonable prospect of improving the discovery in his neighbourhood to something very considerable.—Last Wednesday my *fac-totum*, after a ramble of four days on foot in all our bad wea-

* The grand Anniversary of the College of Physicians.

† Lord Hartford; see p. 770.

ther,

ther, came hither, and brought with him a very large urn, very perfect, of a dark colour, with a patera of the fine red earth, which stood as a cover upon the mouth of the great urn. These are fine things; and with them, I think, I have finished my harvest, and have had a good one this summer; and it is time to finish my Letter. All health and happiness attend you. Mr. Creyk returns his love and service to his dear Brother.—I am, dear Sir, your very affectionate humble servant, CYNGETORIX."

"DEAR DRUID, *Feb.* 17, 1724-5.

"If you conveniently can, I wish you would meet me at Lord Hartford's to-day, where you are always welcome, and after dinner we shall go all together to the Mitre: but, if this does not well suit with you, I will come to you about 12 o'clock, having something to say to you from Lord Brooke; nothing concerning the engine; but, if you have got an opinion upon the paper I left with you, I desire you will bring it with you to Lord Hartford's if you can come there, because I would send it to Lord Brooke by to-morrow's post, and at the same time an account of something else which I am to discourse with you upon. WINCHILSEA."

"MY DEAR DOCTOR, *Eastwell, Oct.* 18, 1725.

"Four months absence, and leave a friend in doubt all that time whether you was dead or alive! was that right? You may excuse yourself by telling me that your time was wholly taken up in search of Antiquities, and in making such discoveries as will not only be a public benefit to all lovers of Antiquity and History, &c. and a particular pleasure to me (I am sure nobody more). I confess, when I consider how fully you must have been employed, in travelling, viewing, examining, drawing, and writing, it was not reasonable to expect Letters;—but why not a few lines to acquaint me of your health and return? Till Lord Hartford informed me of his seeing you at the Mitre, and a Newspaper of the same post telling you are chosen a Censor of your College (which I congratulate) I knew not what was become of you. I am glad you are returned, and well.—Mr. Creyk is your humble servant, and congratulates your safe return.

"I am, dear Sir, your most humble servant, WINCHILSEA."

"MY GOOD DOCTOR, *Knowsley, Dec.* 12, 1725.

"I never designed to buy any more of the things you mention; being satisfied, God be thanked, with what I have, not only in such things, but in every thing else. All that I wish for is, that we may in safety enjoy what we have, which at present we are in no danger of losing. I have given orders to Mr. Edward Stanley, of Hare-court, Temple, to pay you for the figure whenever you send it to him; and he will take care to convey it hither. If I had not your word for the goodness of it, I would not meddle with it; but, since I have that, I shall seek no further satisfaction. I am glad you are approaching nearer to us; but

* The famous old Tavern in Fleet-street, where the Society of Antiquaries originally met; and where the Royal and Antiquarian Societies long held their convivial associations.

cannot

cannot help wishing you had been still nearer. I make my life as easy as I can to myself and all my neighbours, and so am resolved (to manage wisely the last stake) at least as far as my poor understanding will give me leave. I am glad to find you agree with me that a country life is the most innocent, as well as the most satisfactory, especially for one that has seen so much of the bustling part of the world. I have no list of what you desire; but, as soon as I have one, you shall have it. I forgot in my Letter to Mr. Gale (to whom pray give my hearty service) to mention Cumberland, for we can see *Black Coume*, which is in that county. I find (and am glad) you design to oblige the world further with your pleasing and useful labours; and you can none more than your very hearty friend, DERBY *."

"SIR, *Dec* 15, 1725.

"I have orders from Lord Derby to pay you £.100, for a Figure in Brass of a Venus and Cupid; and will, for that purpose, wait on you this afternoon about five; and am, EDW. STANLEY."

"SIR, *Dec*. . . , 1725.

"I have, since I received your Letter, had an opportunity to give a good character, as I know you deserve, and not only for your learning, to the Duke of Rutland; and, though I find that my Lord Howe † and family are used to one much nearer them, yet I gave the same character of you to him. I have, since you were at Wilton, where you will always be welcome, had come over the last eight load of Antiquities. Dr. Mead did not know where to place the two large Statues he had, and therefore has sold them to me. I have also the fine carved Marble Urn which you drew when he had it. I was glad to hear, by Mr. Gordon, that you were so well settled; who am your humble servant,

PEMBROKE ‡."

"SIR, *Wilton, Oct.* 13, 1726.

"I must first tell you, from the Ladies, that they are much pleased with their Letters, and I thank you for mine, and shall be glad to see your Book; pray bid my porter send it to me with the four I have marked with a cross in the inclosed Print. I desire that you will buy them; and if any are not bound, only have them stitched, that I may the sooner have yours. I hope Mr. Gale (with my service to him) is perfectly well again. And my service to Mr. Anstis, and tell him that I shall be glad to see him well at London, though without the Medal, which I desire him to keep. When I pay for these books, I must remember that I forgot the last digging at Stonehenge.

"I am your humble servant, PEMBROKE."

"DEAR DR. STUKELEY, *Eastwell, Sept.* 30, 1726.

"This morning, at five minutes before six, I performed the doleful office of closing the eyes of my dear Lord Winchilsea, who died of the iliac passion, of which he had been ill since Sa-

* James Stanley, tenth Earl of Derby; see vol. I. p. 298.

† Emanuel Scrope, Lord Viscount Howe; of whom see before, p. 30.

‡ Thomas Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery; see before, p. 22

turday

turday last. I shall leave this dismal place after I have performed my last duty of burying his Lordship; and beg you will let me hear from you in town.—I know not whether you know my direction; at Mr. Doughty's, in King-street, St. Anne's, Westminster.—I am, dear Sir, your most humble servant, J. Creyk."

"Worthy Sir, *Feb.* 2, 1726-7.

"I was really at a loss to know what was become of you, till I received the account you were pleased to give me of it. Since you resolved to leave the town, and retire altogether into the country, I am glad you have fixed on so pleasant a place, and country, as that you are now in; and where I hope you will meet with all the content you proposed to yourself in it. My niece Payn, and her family, will have a sensible benefit by it; for indeed so I account it, in our present state of life, to have a Friend and Physician within call, upon occasion, upon whom one may entirely depend. Though I have no fear that this removal will abate your love of Antiquities, yet I doubt it will hinder your usual search after them; and that we must be content with your account already published of your Travels in England, without expecting any new increase of the like curious remarks. I believe I once acquainted you that I had been endeavouring to gather a perfect Collection of our English Money, of all metals, from the Conqueror to the present times. I am almost perfect from King Henry VII. (inclusive); but want several of the more antient Reigns. If it should lie in your way to meet with any of them, and you would be so kind as to think of me, I would most thankfully receive them at any reasonable rate you could get them for me. I have some of William the Conqueror, Henry II. Edward I. II. and III. Henry IV. Henry V. Henry VI. and Edward IV. None of any others before Henry VII.—You will have the goodness to excuse this liberty, and impute it to the desire I have to finish a Collection intended for the use of the publick, when I myself must have done with it.—I am, with all respect, good Sir, your faithful and assured friend and servant, W. Cant.*"

"Sir, *April* 20, 1727.

"I am obliged to you for your agreeable Letter; and the concern you express for the loss of Lord Winchilsea cannot but be pleasing to me; for I should have been very sorry that you, for whom he had a just value, should not have grieved with the rest of his friends; and I think I may call the whole world so, for sure he had no enemy, nor was he one to any body. By his will he left me his Imperial Medals, and his Sark Antiquities;—what he wrote upon them is in the possession of Mr. Creyk;—whether he will publish them or not I do not know;—he has the disposal of every thing;—he has promised me the refusal of the Athenian Medals, and some of the Books. I have seen Baron Clerk several times; he seems very sorry that he missed of you as he passed through Grantham. I will send you the Prints of

* Dr. William Wake, Archbishop of Canterbury from 1715 to 1737.

the

the Sark Antiquities, and, if I can, that of my Cup: It is engraving, but not yet finished, though I expect it every day.

"Since I wrote my Letter, the print of my Cup is come home, so that I will send it to you by the first opportunity, being glad to have any thing in my power by which I can oblige Doctor Stukeley, to whom I am a very humble servant, HARTFORD."

"SIR, *Dover-street, Nov.* 30, 1728.

"The Bookseller you employ, Arthur Bettesworth, sent to me the other day, to know if I had any thing to send down to you; which I was very glad of, for I had forgot the name you mentioned to me at Grantham. I have sent him your Book of Roads, for the use of which I return you many thanks. I have likewise sent you two sets of the Prints of my Lamp. I think it is a curious piece of Antiquity. I have it at Wimpole. Two Prints of Mr. Prior; they are not to be sold; the Plate is mine: two Prints of Sir Hugh Middleton: two Prints of Mr. Bagford. The Bishop of Chester (Dr. Gastrell) is graving for me by Mr. Vertue, which I shall send you when finished.

"The Prints, though trifles, I hope you will accept from me, though but a small mark of the esteem I have for you.

"Did Mr. Wanley ever shew you some curious Egyptian Antiquities I have? If you have not seen them, I wish you did. When I had the pleasure of your company at Grantham, you mentioned in discourse somewhat relating to the number of Crosses set up in memory of Queen Eleanor, and mentioned where an account was wrote of them, and the places; there is a dispute about them, what number, and the places. I do not remember any account of them but in old Weever. I shall be glad to know from you at your leisure your thoughts upon this.

"I am, Sir, your most humble servant, OXFORD *."

"GOOD SIR, *Nov.* 4, 1729.

"I am sorry you came at so unlucky a time to the Bp. of Lincoln; but, as his stay at Lincoln will be very short, so I hope a few days will put a full end to your trouble, and fix you in the legal possession of your Church at Stamford. I am much pleased that your lot is fallen in a place so desirable to you, and where you will have the opportunity of doing much, in quality of Physician, both to the bodies and souls, not only of your parishioners, but of your friends and acquaintance round about you. I hope God will long continue your life and health to enjoy your new settlement. It is all I can now do at the end of life; and, as I am very sincere and hearty in it, I hope you will accept of it as a true token of the esteem and friendship with which I am, good Sir, your very affectionate brother and servant, W. CANT."

"GOOD SIR, *Feb.* 19, 1729-30.

"I am glad to hear you are already settled in your parish at Stamford. The place itself is so fine, and its situation so conve-

* Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford, D. C. L. &c., the munificent Founder of the Harleian Library. He died in June 1741.

nient for you, that I hope you will find as much pleasure to yourself, as I persuade myself you will do service to the Church of God in it.—What observations you make in reading the Holy Scriptures I hope you will take care to preserve, for the benefit of the world, as well as for your own use: but, as some of the instances you mention have exercised the pens of some of the most learned men, I should advise you, before you come to a final resolution upon them (at least before you publish your thoughts upon them) to communicate your observations to some of your friends, who are both capable of examining them, and will be so faithful to you as to deal freely with you concerning them. This will both secure you from any great mistakes, and render your remarks most useful and valuable when they come abroad into the world. I am, with great truth, good Sir,

"Your very loving friend, W. CANT."

"SIR, *Feb.* 13, 1732-3.

"There was, a year or so ago, in digging or ploughing, found a parcel of old Coins in your neighbourhood, which a gentleman, who is a *Virtuoso* in those matters, having heard of, hath desired me to make inquiry after. If, therefore, you know of any such, or there are any to be found, I shall give a handsome reward for the same to the finders; and if you can direct me where to make inquiry, you will oblige, &c. WESTMORELAND *."

"*Ditton, Jan.* 4, 1744-5.

"I give you a great many thanks, dear Doctor, for your Letter, and shall be very glad of a continuation of your thoughts concerning the weddings on the mount; for I am really in earnest about it, and have thoughts of doing something of that kind. I was in hopes you would have been in town before now, and then I might have had the pleasure of seeing you here during these holidays, with your facetious friend Swiney, who is here, and desirous to be remembered to you.

"This has been a very mild season; and, though it is in the middle of winter, yet the flowery banks are in the greatest perfection of beauty, so that it is not possible to look at them without imagining that one sees at the same time Hebe the Goddess of Youth crowned with garlands of them. You remember her figure is in the cieling of my hall at Boughton, which figure some Philosophers imagine was formed there by the steams of your toasts daily repeated there, and ascending from the table towards the heavens; which, if they had not been stopped by the cieling, would have formed a better or finer constellation than that of Andromeda; but, not being able to make their way through the roof of the Hall, they condensed themselves into the figure of Hebe in the cieling. MONTAGU †."

"DEAR DOCTOR, *London, Jan.* 29, 1744-5.

"I am the worst Literary Correspondent in the world, and I should almost as soon choose to go to be hanged as to write a

* Thomas Fane, twelfth Earl of Westmoreland, died in 1736.

† John, the second Duke of that name. See vol. I. p. 480.

Letter f

Letter; therefore, you must excuse my not having sooner thanked you for your most agreeable one, with the Verses relating to Hebe, which, without any flattery to you, are exceedingly pretty, and not only thought so by myself, but by every body that has seen them.—My Model-maker was in town a little before I received your Letter, and told me of the error in the Model of the Arches of the Temple not being the same breadth, but that he would rectify it: I am sure they were right in the plan.

"Before I conclude, I must mention Hebe again: I want to know her birth-day; and I think you could contrive to find that out for me: but you must not appear in it yourself, and I beg that you will not let any body whatsoever know that I asked this of you; and you will very much oblige, &c. MONTAGU."

"*Saturday, 2 o'clock, July* 18, 1746.

"As your man tells me you are not so bad as to be confined to your chamber, I flatter myself that, as the Mountain cannot come to Mahomet, it will not be troublesome if Mahomet should go to the Mountain; and as I want to get some information from you, as well as to have pleasure to see you, Mr. Barton and I propose to dine with you to-morrow, but I beg, entreat, and insist, that you will not think of making a feast, but let us have the family dinner only, as a Philosopher ought to have; if you do otherwise, I shall seriously take it very ill of you. It is very fine weather to-day; I hope it will be so to-morrow; and I will come to you, unless it should be an abominable bad day; if it should, we will come on Monday. I once more beg, and insist, it may be only the family dinner, which will oblige MONTAGU."

"SIR, *London, Nov.* 12, 1747.

"I must beg pardon for not having writ to you, though I have received two Letters from you; but, if you knew how abominably I hate writing, you would easily excuse me. As to the first Letter, I return you many thanks for the receipt of the Usquebæ. And, as to the second, about the Prebendary of Worcester, it is not in my power to do you any good:—but what is in my power to do for you myself, I will do with the greatest pleasure, if it be agreeable to you.—I remember that a few years ago you had a mind to have St. John's Chapel, which I could not then do. At this time, not only the Prebend of Worcester is vacant by the death of Dr. Green *, but the living of St. George, Queen-square, also, which is in my gift. In the valuation of my living, it is called two hundred pounds a year; but I am assured, by those who should know, that it is considerably more.

"If it is what you should like, it is very much at your service. I have had a good many solicitations for it, but I shall wait for your answer: and I will tell you one thing in relation to it, which I desire you will keep to yourself absolutely, whether I

* Samuel Green, of Queen's College, Oxford; M. A. 1711; B. and D. D. 1733; Prebendary of Worcester 1731. Dr. Green had also some Church Preferment in Hampshire. He died in 1747.

am in the right of what I think or not; which is this:—This Living of St. George's was taken out of the Living of St. Andrew's about twenty-five or thirty years ago; and is not a Living in what they call the King's books; and consequently, I believe, may be held with any other Living, though out of distance; and I have been assured that Doctor Green had another living in Hampshire; if this be the case, you can hold it with the other things you have. Now the reason why I would have you keep this to yourself is, that you know I have a good many people who hold livings of me, and some pretty good ones, who would not, may be, care to exchange what they have for this; but, if they were aware, which I do not find any body as yet is, that they could hold what they have and this into the bargain, I should have them all upon my back for it; and they would think it a great hardship were I to refuse complying with their request. I am your most humble servant, MONTAGU."

Letters of Dr. STUKELEY and Sir HANS SLOANE.

"WORTHY AND DEAR SIR, *Grantham, Dec. 6, 1726.*

"The real pleasure I always took in the business of my profession was one cause of my quitting London, because I could not meet with it there in such manner and measure, and upon such terms, as were agreeable to my humour. The passionate love I ever had for the country, where true happiness only is to be met with, and the very agreeable situation I am now in, engages me absolutely to abandon any thoughts of returning thither; therefore I have been casting about in my mind to lay a scheme for such sort of business as may best reward me, and encourage my pains in being useful to the world in practice. I have at present a prospect of being chiefly concerned in the best families. The Duke of Rutland is not yet engaged to any Physician; and I beg of you, as I perceive you now and then write to him, to take an opportunity to put in a word for me, which I apprehend will no way interfere with your correspondence. My brother is at present his Apothecary.

"At the Duke's seat lately, in an old stable which was the Chapel of the Monastery, they dug up a considerable piece of antiquity, the Coffin of the Founder of the Family, the Castle, and the Monastery; and I wish you would desire of the Duke to have it preserved some way or other, for it is wholly exposed. The inscription on the top is this: 'ROBERT DE TODENEI LE FUNDEUR.' His bones lie in the stone trough underneath *.

* See Itin. Cur. vol. I. p. 49.—The Coffin was afterwards engraved in the "History of Leicestershire," vol. II. p. 23, with several other curious fragments, in consequence of a visit which I paid to those remains, with my late truly excellent Friends Mr. Gough and Mr. Schnebbelie.

He

He was one of William the Conqueror's concomitants. There are other such stones on both sides, but not yet uncovered.

"I am just preparing my instruments for observation of the weather, and quantity of rain, &c. I shall send you my memoirs of them when ready. I wrote to Dr. West, to know how I must ward off a foolish pretence they have got here of sessing me to the tax for my *office*, as they call it, meaning my practice; but I have not yet had his answer; and I would not suffer the profession to lose of its privileges through my neglect. — I am, Sir, with wishes of your health,

"Your most obedient humble servant, WM. STUKELEY."

"SIR, *May* 2, 1728.

"I have perused both yours to his Grace the Duke of Ancaster, and the Letter of his Grace's Housekeeper since the date of yours. I think you did very well, in the circumstances of the young Lord *, to bleed him, and blister; and not to purge, which I have always observed to do more harm than good. I think you should keep him from being bound; which, perhaps, may be done with taking a quarter of a pint of asses milk in a morning. I would also recommend to you a tea made of sarsaparilla china and a little eyebright, which will have no bad taste, especially if there be added to it some cow's milk; and these remedies are easily taken, and very beneficial. If you add to the collyrium I directed a little mucilage of seeds of psyllium, and make use of it to his eyes by way of eye-water, it will be of advantage. You do well not to meddle with the speck on his eye that was hurt, for it is a scar from the wound, which will, by being touched with sharp medicines, receive harm rather than good. If the inflammation should continue, you must bleed again with leeches, and have an issue made in his left arm, though it be a pity to put him to that trouble if it be not necessary to preserve his sight. I cannot see how it can be a doubt whether he sees with his hurt eye; for sure his favourites about him may, with great ease, cover his other eye, and, by presenting objects to that, know whether he can distinguish them. I am sorry to hear that this disorder continues, and advise you the best I can, which is left to your liberty, who are upon the place, to change or proceed with as you see best. Your most obedient servant, HANS SLOANE."

"HONOURED AND DEAR SIR, *Grantham, Aug.* 26, 1729.

"The following inscription was given me lately. It is cut on the back side of a large silver plate of Roman work in basso-relievo, found by ploughing in Risley Park, in Derbyshire, June 6, 1729: 'EXSUPERIUS EPISCOPUS ECCLESIÆ BOGIENSIS DEDIT ☧.' The Plate † (they tell me) is an oblong-square, 12 inches long,

* Peregrine Bertie, the young Marquis of Lindsay (afterwards third Duke of Ancaster), who at that time was dangerously ill. He died Aug. 12, 1778.

† Of this Silver Plate Dr. Stukeley printed an explanation, with an engraving, in 1736. See "Literary Anecdotes," vol. V. p. 503.

about

about 8 broad. It is high raised, and thought to have been enameled, being now decayed by time, and rendered brittle as glass. It weighs seven pounds. The sculpture or work on it represents a hunting, one man naked, another with a loose garment on; one has a sword, the other a spear. Two dogs seizing on a lion lying under a tree; a lioness at a distance running away. It was found standing on an edge, but two inches under-ground, and, no doubt, was deposited there in order to be taken away again by the same person. It was within a mile of Dale Abbey. There is an embossed border runs round the outer edge, charged with variety of figures, sheep, goats, men, some on foot, some mounted without bridle or saddle. I suppose these are of a less form than the other and principal work. There are fawns, a temple, and many other grotesque figures. The outermost rim is set round with little knobs, somewhat bigger than peas. The inscription is set round the foot, at the bottom; I suppose like that of a salver, and probably put on in later times, that it might serve for administration of bread at the sacrament, for which purpose it was given to the church (*Bogiensi* †). It may originally have been a Roman votive table. I know not the Church †, nor the Bishop ‡. We have not books in the country to inform us of such things.

"Next week I expect Mr. Gale here, with whom I shall have the pleasure of drinking your health, and our friends at the Greeks. I am, Sir, with hearty prayers for your health,

"Your most obliged and obedient servant, WM. STUKELEY."

"HONOURED AND DEAR SIR, *Grantham, Sept.* 24, 1729.

"I received yours. I have not been unmindful of observing the superfice and the bowels too of the Earth since I came into the country; and have collected a good deal in relation to a theory thereof, and a confirmation of what I advanced in the beginning of my 'Itinerary,' of a visible proof of the Earth's rotation on its axis from view of its surface; but you know well, Sir, there is nought to be done by way of publication unless one be in town. I design to be there two months in every year when I get any preferment in the Church; for then I shall abandon practice; for now, though I have all the business within ten miles round and more, which you will allow to be fatigue enough, I assure you I do not make above 50*l.* *per annum* of it.

"I desire to know if you have in your Collection a Coin of Claudius, the reverse CERES AVGVSTA; a modius, or the like, relating to corn. I have one, on which I have written a dissertation, shewing it to belong to the famine in Claudius's time, mentioned by St. Luke, Acts xi.

"At this time the Living of Allhallows in Stamford is near vacant; the incumbent Mr. Rogers is in the last *stadium* of a dropsy, and cannot live a quarter of a year. It is worth near 150*l.* *per*

† Bourges.

‡ Exsuperius, called St. Swithin, Bp. of Thoulouse about the year 205.

annum.

annum. I should be well pleased to have it. I guess there will be great application; it is in the gift of the Crown. I beg, dear Sir Hans, you will exert your interest, which I know is very great, in my favour. I guess the only way to secure it, is to be time enough. I dare say you will be denied nothing either of the Court or Courtiers. I design to come up to town in a very little time; but would have you speak first, to prevent others. I shall watch the opportunity as nicely as is in my power.

"I am, with heartiest prayers for your health, dear Sir, your most obliged and most obedient servant, WM. STUKELEY."

"GOOD SIR HANS, *Stamford, Aug. 14, 1730.*

"I am desired by *Mr. Wesley* *, *a Clergyman in our County*, to beg the favour of you to lend his son, the bearer of this, Don John de Castro's description of the Arabian Gulf. His father is upon a most excellent Work, an Edition of the Book of Job, with large Criticisms and Dissertations, it being a Book as most antient, so full of all kinds of knowledge of those early ages, will be very acceptable to the learned world. Your book would be very safe; and I shall take it as a favour, added to, good Sir, Your most obedient and most humble servant, WM. STUKELEY."

"HONOURED AND DEAR SIR, *Stamford, Oct.* 19, 1730.

"Among the proofs of the Deluge of Noah visible to this day, whereof there are infinite numbers in your admirable Museum; this stone likewise before me is one, of which I send you enclosed the exact drawing. The sight of the stone, and the day, put me in mind of that great judgment, which God Almighty brought upon our globe as on this day, whereof the stone is a monument. The appearances which you see in the cavity of it are, perhaps, a parcel of fruits like hazel-nuts, promiscuously jumbled together, and turned into stone; though they are pretty much like nuts, yet I suspect they are some other fruit. You, that are the great oracle of all natural knowledge, will probably at first sight resolve the doubt: and for that purpose I have drawn underneath two of them in their true shape and bulk. The fruits themselves are very distinct, the texture of the coat, rind, or shell of them, is like that of our hazel-nuts and pistacho's, and of the same bulk. There is in some of them a bit of the *pedunculus* or stalk; in others, the cavity, from whence it is dropt off, is very plain. This stone, among others full of shells, was taken out of a quarry near Aynho in Oxfordshire, and sent to Dr. Mead by the Rev. Mr. Wasse, minister there, about nine years ago. There were several small *cornua ammonis*, and other fossil shells, dug up in the same place, and are frequently so. The Doctor gave them to me. The stone is ten inches long between the two corners. A shell left in the stone, and there are other shells on the back of it.—It is commonly known that, upon digging in our fenny

* Father of the celebrated Methodists, John and Charles. This Letter is directed, "To the Rev. Mr. Samuel Wesley, Dean's-yard, Westminster."

levels

levels of Lincolnshire, on the edge of the high countries, they find very great quantities of antediluvian timber-trees, for such I do not scruple to call them. The like is observed on the marshy grounds at the mouth of all great rivers, and generally in all boggy and moorish ground, all the world over. Likewise among these trees they frequently find great quantities of hazel-nuts, acorns, and the like, crowded together on heaps. These appearances, as well as the stone before us, are, I suppose, not only a demonstrative proof of the veracity of the sacred records, whence we have the account of the Deluge; but likewise in my judgment, bring us to a very near approach to the time of the beginning of the Deluge; but different from what is assigned in Authors.—I observe, they generally make the beginning of the Deluge to fall in winter. Scaliger fixes it to the 17th of November; Abp. Usher, the 17th of December; Whiston, the 28th of November; Shuckford, the 1st or 2d of November. The Sacred Historian says, it began on the 17th day of the second month. The first month they begin with the autumnal equinox, as if Moses reckoned time by exact Julian years. But according to the calculations I have made of this matter, I find God Almighty ordered Noah to get the creatures into the Ark on Sunday the 12th of October, the very day of the autumnal equinox that year, and on this present day, on the Sunday se'nnight following (the 19th of October) that terrible catastrophe began, the moon being past her third quarter. If we would know how it answers to this year, in order to understand the season; it is parallel to the 19th of September, when summer is over, and autumn begins. All the grain and fruits of the earth are now perfectly ripe, and fit to be gathered. The nuts began to drop off the trees, Holyrood day being past. The seeds of vegetables have all possible chance to escape in sufficient quantity, to cloath again the new world. Many trees were then torn up by the roots with the violence of the storm, hurried down from the high countries, and with the decreasing waters left in the mud, on the edge of the fens, mouths of great rivers, &c. where the turf has overgrown them. Along with them nuts and acorns were driven together in heaps, and are found at this day in their true form. The oil they abound with, and hardness of their shell, has enabled them to withstand a total change of parts, though the colour be lost, and the whole like dirt. They wanted the condition of the fruits in our stone, if such they be, which happening to fall into the cavity of a matter then beginning to turn into stone, by help of the petrifying juices, like insects in amber, have found a more durable tomb. It is just to suppose that, if the Deluge had begun at the latter end of November, or December, the nuts would have been sunk into the earth, which is generally soft in woods, or would have been eaten up by animals, or carried into their dens and holes by that time; and not so readily have been gathered together, to accompany the trees; as when beaten off the trees when first ripe, according to our assertion.

"This

"This assignment of the beginning of the Deluge may possibly be a week earlier, or the like, but not later, and is attended too with this advantage: that the Ark rested on the top of Mount Ararat on Monday the 23d of March, and the earth generally appeared on the 5th of June; which answers to the beginning of our May, as to season. Here was the whole power of the summer's heat, to dry the earth, and call forth the benumbed vegetable world; and Noah went out of the Ark at the latter end of October, soon after the autumnal equinox, and there would be sufficient quantity of food for the creatures turned out. Whereas, by the other hypothesis, Noah quits the Ark at the very dregs of winter.—Thus the flood began and ended at the time of year when the world was created, and in several respects there is a *par ratio* for it; though I believe God Almighty in this grand concern ordered it pursuant to many natural causes, and made use of the concurrence of all as far as they would extend; yet in the main it was purely miraculous; and to pretend to solve it by philosophical or astronomical principles is no less an impotent than an impious attempt; and among other things, has given a handle to the late sceptics, who doubt of the divine authority of the Scriptures; which, the more they are looked into, the more they discover their truth and beauties. I am, honoured and dear Sir, your most obedient and devoted servant, WM. STUKELEY."

"HONOURED AND DEAR SIR, *Stamford, Dec.* 29, 1730.

"I received your Letter with a very particular pleasure, because therein I flattered myself that I perceived you had a favour for me, in a matter you will guess by the station I am now in. My Living here is worth 200*l. per annum*; and I have lately had a salary of 25*l. per annum* settled on me by the Bishop of Lincoln *, as I am Governor of an Hospital at Stamford by virtue of my Living. And I have a further expectancy of a Living in our neighbourhood; but it will be some trouble and charge to vindicate the Bishop's intended favour to me, which I should save, as well as the time I could employ better, if you should please more plainly to encourage my hopes; and then I should think only of pushing my future fortunes in a different quarter of the world. Our common friend Mr. Gale, who well knows all my views, can explain this, if you please to ask him about it. All I have to say in my own favour is, that no one in life had a greater respect for Sir Hans Sloane than myself, or has upon all occasions more endeavoured to vindicate his honour, when I lived in town; and the doing it has cost me some friendships, which I never regretted. I could mention in particular, that it bred a great coolness in a neighbour of mine of Ormond-street †. As I always espoused your interest cordially, so I shall be more engaged to do it when you are my Patron, and shall be more enabled to do it, when fixed nearer the Thames, for which I shall willingly enough change my present station, though a very plea-

* Dr. Reynolds. † Undoubtedly by Dr. Mead.

sant

sant one. I should then be set more in the eye of the world, and could be then a constant Member again of the Royal Society, and should endeavour to be an useful one. I have some Discourses which I wrote in town, with a view of sheltering them under your name. They are considerable curiosities in Botany, never yet taken notice of. I might then have opportunities of improving them, so as not to be unworthy of your patronage. I hope you will excuse the freedom I here take, in confidence of the long acquaintance I have had with you. Nor would I have it thought that I have done any dishonour to the profession of Physic, by taking another gown. The first Founder of the College did the same, Dr. Linacre I mean, and died a Dignitary of the Church; and one of my views in it, under direction of the Archbishop of Canterbury *, was to combat the Infidel spirit that prevails so much in this generation, for which I have made some preparation, and may perchance do it more effectually, when I come to enter the lists, than some others have done, that were altogether bred up in Divinity studies.—I drank your health yesterday at the Duke of Ancaster's. The Dutchess and Marquis of Lindsey are now under my care. I have some curiosities in my Collection, though few yet very remarkable, which I should think honoured by being added to your valuable Museum; and I have had some thoughts about that, which I should be glad to communicate, if you have not better settled it yourself: so as to be a most noble monument of your fame, and learning, and industry, &c.—I heartily pray, dear Sir, for your health and happiness, and for the prosperity of your family in all its branches; and am, with great truth, dear Sir, your most obliged and obedient servant,

WM. STUKELEY.

"Pardon haste.—I expect to be in town in February."

"HONOURED AND DEAR SIR, *Stamford, April* 14, 1733.

"Our friend Mr. Gale acquaints me that Dr Wallis has sent a Letter to the Royal Society against my Discourse about the Gout-oils †. I perceive his facts are false, and his intent ungenerous and malicious. I desire you would please to order me a copy of that Letter, and the Society shall hear further from me.

"I am, with heartiest wishes of your health and happiness, and with greatest respect, dear Sir, &c. WM. STUKELEY."

"SIR, *Stamford, April* 28, 1733.

"I suppose it would be reckoned very inhuman and illegal, when a prisoner stands upon his trial, to deny him a copy of his indictment. Such, indeed, is the practice of the Spanish Inquisition: and such is refusing me a copy of a paper read publicly against me at the Royal Society.—I insist upon demanding a copy of it; and am, with great respect, &c WM. STUKELEY."

"HONOURED AND DEAR SIR, *Stamford, Jnly* 7, 1733.

"Last year, on June 29, the gout seized me; it lasted three or four months; nay, I cannot say I was well till I used Dr. Ro-

* Dr. Wake. See before, p. 784.

† See before, p. 25.

gers's

gers's oils, which was December 11. Just seven days earlier this year it seized me again very violently. Upon using the oils, the pain ceased in a day, but the swelling rose as high as ever. In nine days I buckled on my shoe, and walked out. I mean my ordinary shoe. In a fortnight I am perfectly well, and that not without greatest joy and amazement. I laugh at them that fancy either a repelling, or a returning of the humour; it kills it perfectly as fast as it comes, as much as an antidote does poison; and it is as specific a remedy as any in the whole compass of the art of Physic; the greatest discovery ever made in the art in our own country. During that week of operation, I wrote a second Letter to you, wherein I shall give the world the true history and cure of the Gout.—We have received accounts daily of the success of the oils, from all parts of the kingdom, and not one failure. The Gout is really a poison, and this is the proper antidote for it.—I am, honoured and dear Sir, with heartiest wishes of your health, your most obedient servant, WM. STUKELEY."

"GOOD SIR HANS, *Grimsthorp, July* 4, 1735.

"I am now attending the Dutchess of Ancaster in an hysteric colic. Mrs. Newton, housekeeper there, has been troubled with an inflammation in one of her eyes for a twelvemonth last past *. Every thing has been done for her that can be thought of, and without any effect. I fancy an external application may be serviceable. If you would be pleased to send her a small phial of your eye-water, I hope it would do her good. I am sure it would be kindly taken by the family here.

"They have printed a very elegant Edition of my book of the Gout in Ireland, with some addition. I doubt not but you have seen it. Our oils continue to meet with great success in Gout, Rheumatism, and Sciatica, all the kingdom over.

WM. STUKELEY."

"HONOURED AND GOOD SIR, *Stamford, Feb.* 3, 1738-9.

"After my hearty thanks for your kind assistance to me, I thought it necessary to acquaint you with my present state, and ask your further advice. The Erysipelous Fever still continues, and is never quite off. It had a bad symptom, an asthma in the night, which is for the most part gone off, upon a critical discharge of humour on my late weakened feet I cannot call it gouty, because it has not the pain and manner of the gout, rather of a dropsical swelling; and in a morning my head is a good deal out of order, the distemper seeming still to lie upon the nerves. My appetite is pretty good; and I sleep pretty well.—I chiefly want your opinion whether or no I should take the bark

* Sir Hans Sloane was frequently consulted on disorders of the Eyes, a subject in which he was particularly well skilled. See his advice on the case of the young Marquis of Lindsey, p. 789; and I have now before me the following letter of advice from him for a daughter of Dr. Z. Grey in 1748:

"I would have you every morning and evening let Miss's eyes be washed with cold spring water, or *collyrium*; and when they bleed have leeches applied to her temples, to draw from thence four or six ounces of blood, and to use the ointment whenever they grow worse. HANS SLOANE."

for

for the fever. I have no great thirst, or febrile symptoms more than mentioned.—I most heartily pray for the continuance of your health; and, with my service to the gentlemen on Thursday at your house, remain, honoured and good Sir,

"Your most obliged, &c. WM. STUKELEY."

LETTERS to Dr. STUKELEY, from Mr. BANKS, Mr. WASSE, Dr. POCOCKE, B. WILLIS, Orator HENLEY, Dr. STEPHEN HALES, Dr. HARTLEY, &c. &c.

"DEAR DOCTOR, *Whaddon Hall, near Fenny Stratford, Bucks, August* 9, 1720.

"Meeting the other day with a ballad containing some history of a famous person of both your names, I here inclose it, to divert you. I see in some part of the copy he is called *Stutley*, which I conceive to be a corruption or vulgar pronunciation of *Stukley;* for our town in sight of this place that bears your name is by the common people always called *Stutley*, and so I think are the two *Stewkleys* in Huntingdonshire. I hope your heat of stock-jobbing is a little abated, and that you have got enough in traffic to buy our Stewkley, and so are at leisure to come down and see it. If you see Mr. Becket, remind him of his promise to give me some account of Dr. Roger Gifford, M. D. Precentor of St. David's, and President of the College of Physicians, who died 1596. I wish I could tell where he was buried. The Register of Christ Church, London, is burnt, and so I cannot be informed whether buried at Christ Church from thence.

"I am now all alone, my wife and family being gone to the Bath for a month or six weeks, and have only with me three servants, otherwise a clear house, fit for the reception of a Recluse, or Antiquary Friend, especially yourself, who would be very welcome to your most humble servant, B. WILLIS."

"DEAR DOCTOR, *Revesby, June* 6, 1722.

"Good cousin Gale has been so kind as to give me two Letters of how the world goes, &c. to this place, barren of intelligence. I have not confidence to ask him for more, since I can make no return; but beg you will of the tenders of my best solicitude; and wish he was here with you. I would shew you a sight of eight Religious Houses, very great ones, in twelve miles riding, in the nearest road from my house to Lincoln, all within 200 paces of the road; Revesby Abbey, Tatteshall College, Kirkshead, Sticks would, Axholme, Bardney, Stanfield, and Barlings, Abbeys; which shew you what fine folks we have been formerly. And pray tell us when we may hope to see you, being we are for going soon to some Spas to play. And pray a little news, since I dare ask Mr. Gale for no more, unless of his own good will.—I think you told me you had a sketch of all the drawings, &c. in East, West, and Wildmore Fens, on North side of Boston:

I wish

I wish I had one. Son and daughter are your servants, and hope to see you in your circuit. I am, dear Doctor, your most faithful servant, Jos. Banks *."

"Sir, *Aynho, Oct.* 23, 1722.

"I have been twice at Oxford, in order to hunt out for you, as I promised, a Catalogue of the Manuscripts in St. Mark's Library; but they have turned your whole Library upside down, in order to make a new Catalogue, so that I cannot as yet meet with it. They place the Books, not according to their matter, as they stood formerly, but according to their bulk, which will be very inconvenient. Thomasin's Account, ut in 1650, 4to, or a Manuscript which my friend Mr. Gale will help you to, Number 6015, 217 of his Library, will supply the want of what I intended to procure. I know not whether the business will permit you to look upon the stones I send you: all of them were dug up in Fritwel Pits, within half a mile of us, and one may collect vast numbers of all sorts, except the largest, which, I think, is very surprising.—I have now finished my Notes upon Lactantius: but I am not ready for the press yet, by reason of the necessity I am under of correcting a text for my composer's use, and marking the insertions, which, though an ungrateful, is yet a necessary piece of work. I hope, some time in this winter, I shall have opportunity to wait upon you, and make the due acknowledgments for the favour of those MSS. you so generously allowed me the use of.—The largest stone was the very heart or centre of a rock, four yards from the surface of the quarry which faces the North, and not near any gully or cavity.

"I am, Sir, your obliged and most humble servant, J. Wasse†."

"Dear Sir, *March* 22, 1725-6.

"I thank you, in behalf of my country, for the care you took in adorning the little fabric we call *Arthur's Oven*. Though the thing was much in my own circumstances, not worth your noticing, yet I could not but observe with pleasure what you was capable of doing if you had got subject to work on.

"Pardon my curiosity to know what you are doing in your constant application towards promoting of Learning; and when you have leisure I wish you would acquaint me on what footing your Antiquarian Society is. I rejoice to hear that the Earls of Hartford and Pembroke give so much countenance to it. Their good example, I hope, will make Learning fashionable amongst great men as well as others. When this kind of Society was first erected in France under the late King, Learning was not so common as it came to be afterwards; for, so soon as it was warmed by the sun-beams of Royal favour, all the Statesmen in that country became Antiquaries, and scarce any body was thought capable of public employment who had not a tolerable

* Great-grandfather of the Right Honourable President of the Royal Society. He was elected F.S.A. 1724.—His son "Joseph Banks, jun. Esq." was elected six years earlier.

† Of whom see the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. I. pp. 263, 706.

share

share of Learning. That King found his advantage in this; for, amongst other things, the learned men whom he encouraged strove, by all their art and eloquence, to make him the *vir immortalis* which he aspired to be thought; and though they could not altogether hide his imperfections, yet they dressed him up as such a Lover of Learning, and Encourager of Arts and Sciences, that I believe the learned part of posterity will not be over-active to pry into his blemishes. May your Society prosper; and may all men of power, as well as of sense, enter into right notions about it! May they consider, that though a respect for Roman Antiquities be in itself of little or no value, yet, as it invites to Learning, and as this necessarily carries along with it a perfect knowledge of those Worthies amongst the Greeks and Romans who were famed for love of their country, of glory, and of liberty, to let them conclude that those who have the greatest knowledge of Antiquity have, *cæteris paribus*, the best title to be esteemed Patriots. This theme is so tempting, that I find myself insensibly led to say more of it than is necessary to you. I am, with the utmost sincerity, dear Sir,

"Your most faithful humble servant, JOHN CLERK."

To Dr. HARLEY, in Alnwick, Northumberland.

"HONOURED SIR, *London, July* 1, 1725.

"There are few Counties in England but their Antiquities have been taken notice of, and explained by some or other: and it is great pity that ours (which has so many Remains of Roman and British) should not have that justice done it, through the want of leisure of those who are curious that way. We might have expected it from Bp. Nicolson and Dr. Todd, who were making Collections on that head; but as their talents lay in different kinds of Antiquities, the one in British, the other in the Roman; so, I believe, it will be allowed that there is none more fit for pursuing that design than Dr. Stukeley, in whom the knowledge of both is so happily united, and who has devoted a great deal of time to those curious and entertaining studies. It will be needless for me to say any more of him, for you have seen his performances, and are better able to judge of them than I am; but what I should have mentioned first, and will, I hope, add weight to my request, is, that Dr. Mead (whose favours I always think of with gratitude and pleasure) expects an exact account from him of the Roman towns there. I beg, therefore, you will please to go with him thither, and ask the favour of some of our friends to go with you, and do him all the service you can. I would have you be entertaining him with your thoughts of the antient and present state of those places. His conversation will be agreeable, I hope, to you. He will, I doubt not, be ravished with the sight of *Bremenium* and *Habitancum*, and Alnwick Castle, the antient seat of his great friend the Lord Percy's ancestors, the Mound at Elsdon, and all other our Antiquities. I thought it needless to write to Mr. Cay, as not knowing

knowing whether he can be at leisure; but, having some business with Mr. Horsley, have hinted it to him, and have wrote about it to Mr. N. Punshon. I have little news since my last. I am pretty well, blessed be God; though I had got a dizziness yesterday, for which the Doctor ordered me to bleed, and entirely cured me. My duty and service where due. I am, dear Sir, your ever dutiful and affectionate son, J. H[ARLEY.]"

"HONOURED SIR, *Upminster, Feb.* 22, 1725-6.

"I lately met, casually, the Account of Stonehenge that I long since promised you, and could not with strict searching find; which is, an information of one Stainer, an ingenious and experienced Statuary on Bow-bridge, near London, who visited Stonehenge; and the better to inform himself of the nature of the stone, he bought at Salisbury a new strong hammer to break off a piece, which he intended to have polished, weighed, &c. But, instead of breaking the stone, he broke his hammer, and lost his cost and labour; but found, however, the stones to be harder than porphyry. He measured the largest of the stones, and found it 22 feet out of the earth. He hath had the curiosity to try the weight of several sorts of stones, and finds Portland stone to be 16 solid feet to the ton; white marble 12 feet; and black marble 10 feet to the ton. And, forasmuch as the Stonehenge stone is much harder than any of these, yea than porphyry, he concludes, that eight solid feet of these stones would make a ton, and that the weight of the great stone above ground is 50 or 60 ton. But, according to the measure I myself took some years ago of that stone (if I mistake not therein) it is above 80 ton; what a vast weight therefore is the whole stone, which probably is as much under ground as above it. And I hope you, who have been curious and inquisitive in the matter, will inform us whence these stones were brought, and by what carriage and mechanism, which, with all success and felicity, is heartily wished you by your most humble and affectionate servant, WM. DERHAM."

"DEAR SIR, *Teddington, May* 15, 1726.

"When I saw you last, you told me you should have in a few days the Modern Names of those Towns on the Picts Wall which are mentioned on the Cup which was found at Littlecott, near Hungerford. I have now a draft of it; but believe you have since seen the Cup, which I hear was sent to Lord Hartford. I shall be obliged to you, if you will let me know where it is, and whether it may be seen; and if you have the Modern Names I beg of you to send me them, in the order they are upon the Cup. — I am your humble servant, STEPH HALES."

"DEAR DOCTOR, *Oct.* 26, 1727.

"When I look upon the date of your obliging Letter, I am ashamed not to have answered it sooner. I heartily thank you for thinking a poor old friend worth your attention, especially when you have (as I perceive by your Letter) so many delightful objects about you to engage it much better. The few friends I have

have (among whom I desire still to reckon you) are not increased since you left the town. I am too old now to create new friendships; and, as the world goes now, few good ones are best. Among those of your profession I stick still to honest Dr. Hale, who hath not yet been so fickle and inconstant as to cast me off.

"I will not turn my Letter into a newspaper. You have (no doubt) enough of them in the country; and I live too much retired to be able to be a news-writer. My conversation never did, nor doth much lie that way. I had rather read the ingenious description you give of your country villa, than all the North and South news which stuff our daily papers. Your invitation thither is what I wish I could comply with; but the little businesses which still chain me to the town, will not let me enjoy that happiness. Besides, there is a sort of a laziness attends one, who grows old; which maketh him loth to change his sedentary life.—The disposition of your rural house (and none better fitted for those things than yourself), and your suitable inscriptions, please me well. The criticism you make upon Horace [in the beautiful antithesis of *Te* and *Me*], and the parallel places you bring to prove it, convince me of the truth of your reading.

"I am glad, and congratulate my good friend Mr. Williamson upon his happiness of having you for his neighbour, and enjoying your conversation. Pray my service to him, and to his elder sister, if she liveth with him. His younger sister, you tell me, is married at York; and was your partner. I heartily wish, dear Doctor, you may, some time or other, be blessed with as good a partner as you deserve.

"Your neighbourhood ought to value you, for introducing among them an *Assembly*; by the means of which good manners, polite entertainment, and honest correspondence, are kept up and preserved; much preferable to our foreign operas and vicious masquerades, which last are like to be still continued.

"I shall now close my Letter with answering the kind conclusion of yours; wherein you are pleased to continue as a *Subscriber to whatever I publish*; by which I see that distance of place makes no alteration in your friendship. I am just rid of my last volume of the *Annales Typographici*; and am ready to put to the press a new Edition of *Marmora Oxoniensia*, by Subscription, every copy Large Paper, the same as what I have used before in the books you have been so kind as to subscribe to. The copies of these books will be as few as I can, and for no other but Subscribers; for I value more the opportunity of experiencing the kindness of my Friends, than the vain name of an Author. I will make bold to acquaint you by a Letter with my Proposals when they are ready.

"After having robbed you of some minutes (and it is a pity any moment of that time you spend so usefully and agreeably should be lost) by this homely scribble, give me leave to subscribe myself, with the honest sincerity of a friend, dear worthy Sir, your most humble and most obedient servant, M. MAITTAIRE."

"*Ho-*

"HONOURED COLLEAGUE, *July* 28, 1728.

"I received the favour of yours of July 6, and hope now I shall quickly hear of the Flixweed Seed, that I may at the same time return your expence, with thanks, and with an Oration and lecture, to be left at Mr. Bettesworth's. We lose our *Domine's* here apace, for want of your assistance. Dr. Freind (54 they say) went off on Friday last of a fever; but an imposthume in the thorax last of all broke and suffocated him. So he will ridicule the *Inoculators* no more, in his noble Histories. And we have lost our noble man-midwife, Dr. Chamberlane, the D's minion; and the curious Dr. Woodward; all, I think, in their prime; and pretty old Dr. Gibbons (78), who did not receive fees with grief, but alacrity. We may be sure they did not want help; but you were not here, to turn the scale right. I hear not a word of Benefactions to the College, notwithstanding the recited losses and previous gains; and, I believe, we shall not get that way a single penny, until Astræa returns among us, as we might well hope, in this Golden Age, which I still hope that the Cavillations at Soissons will not turn into an Iron Age. Benefactions must, and will always, proceed from plain, honest, and good men, and from them only, and not from Politicians, howsoever confederated. I had almost forgot our late loss also of old Dr. Slare, within a year as old as I am, through God's blessing, now 81 and a quarter. Also we have lost the ingenious and worthy Dr. Wellwood, and Dr. Grimbalston. But we are like to have a good and plentiful supply of new Members, thanks to the King's late visit to Cambridge. Six new ones are to be examined next Friday. But I shall tire you. God governs the world; and men of your sense, and knowledge, and industry, need not doubt the best.—I am, worthy Sir, your most humble and obedient servant, WALTER HARRIS*."

"SIR, *Morpeth, Jan.* 22, 1728-9.

"I was willing to take the first opportunity of making my acknowledgments for the civilities I met with at Grantham.

"The motto I put down in haste was suitable enough to those studies I was intent on; but I ought to have remembered the change you have made in your state, which readily occurred to me after I had left you; and then I wished I had changed my Antiquarian into a Congratulatory motto: *Felices ter et amplius*: The rest you will supply in word and deed, and, I doubt not, be found amongst those whom Horace pronounces so happy. I called at Collingham in my way, and was pleased to find your Account of the Station at Brugh so exactly agreeable to matter of fact. It must, no doubt, be *Crocolana*. The distance of nine computed miles from Lincoln answers exactly to twelve in the Itinerary, according to the proportion I have generally observed to hold true. I cannot say that I am so well satisfied with respect to the other places in the Sixth Iter. *Ad Pontem*, according to the number in the Itinerary, should not be above two or three miles from Newark, and *Margidunum* about eight. I observe that

* Author of "A Description of Dublin, 1732."

the distance between *Ratæ* and *Lindum* is just 52 miles in the Itinerary, three-fourths of which is just 39 miles, and this I suppose will be pretty near the number of computed miles from Lincoln to Leicester. This, with me, is a strong argument that *Ratæ* (not *Verometum)* is Leicester, notwithstanding what a late Author says to the contrary; and that this Iter, or this part of this Iter, has proceeded directly, without any excursions. As nobody is more capable than yourself of making such discoveries, so I still hope you will find some Remains, or Evidences, at due distances.—I could never yet discover, or hear of any certain Remains of the way that must have gone from Tadcaster to Manchester, any farther than it may have coincided with that from Tadcaster to Castleforth. I have had an account of some part of a Military Way remaining at Dunkam Park (belonging to my Lord Warrington), which must have gone from Manchester to Chester. This favours your opinion concerning *Condate,* to which I freely accede. But I am much of the opinion, that the Military Way from Chester has returned quick, and coincided in part with the present London Road from Chester. Upon this supposition, it is very possible that the shortest distance between *Condate* and *Mediolanum* may be but 78 miles (as in the Tenth Iter); though this can never hold good if *Mediolanum* be *Meiwood.* Some Coins that have been lately found between Nantwich and Whitchurch confirm me in this opinion.—I am still in hopes that you will discover some place more directly upon the Military Way from *Durobrivæ* to *Lindum,* that will answer as to distance with more exactness than Great Paunton for Gansennæ. The want of a river, I believe, is not a sufficient objection, where no river intervenes in so great a space as from *Durobrivæ* to *Lindum.*

"Your much obliged humble servant, JOHN HORSELEY*."

"DEAR SIR, *Redmile, Feb.* 19, 1728-9.

"I return you the Philosophical Transactions. Your drawing is, like all your performances, fine and masterlike. By the simplicity of the materials and figure in the Pavement it is possible it might have been a British imitation, after Agricola had endeavoured to soften the inhabitants of this Isle by Roman arts, delicacy, and luxury. See Tacitus, in Vitâ Agric. 'saluberrimis consiliis ea hyems consumpta,' &c.—In my Observations upon your Iter Curiosum, I shall give my reasons why the brave Coritani were a confederate, and not a subdued people; and that therefore their Chiefs might have elegant villas instead of their ancestors' tuguria. I am well satisfied with Dr. Nichols' reasons for the cause of an aneurism. I read your rhymes, but did not, out of great respect to your reputation, communicate them as you desired. I think that empiric brimstone Curate ought to have been despised, and not answered. There is a sublime in your Prose, which shews you might attempt the Epic in Poesy with great success; but this paltry doggrel is beneath your abilities, and a disgrace to your pen. The bearer, who will inform you of his case, desired me to write to Mr. Gale in his behalf. As your

* Of whom see the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. VII. p. 187.

acquaint-

acquaintance has been more intimate, and interest more weighty with our learned friend, I have advised him to apply to you; and, if his case deserves pity, I know you have abundance of good nature, making you ready to relieve the distressed; and I flatter myself you have kindness enough for me to write a line or two in the behalf of one recommended by yours E. VERNON*."

"DEAR SIR, *Morpeth, March* 15, 1728-9.

"I received yours of the 20th ult. with the two Drawings, for which I am deeply indebted to you. I should sooner have made my acknowledgments, but that I was afraid of being too troublesome.—I cannot but say, that, upon farther thoughts, I think more favourably of the conjecture I hinted to you in my last concerning the Stations on the Foss between Lincoln and Leicester; for, by what I can judge, the Station near Willoughby will answer both for distance and every thing else very well to *Vernometum*. If the Station near Bridgeford be upon a *Dunum*, I shall still more strongly suspect it to be *Margidunum*; but this is more than I know. I think I observed, in a large Map of Nottinghamshire, that a rivulet runs into the Trent not far from Newark. And upon the *Lingula* near the confluence would I look for *Ad Pontem*; but this I submit to your better judgment.

"I am glad you agree with me in your opinion about the Sculpture at Netherby. We have, I find, also been both determined by the same reason: only the *mural crown*, I remember, not to be frequent in *Genii*; and Mr. Gordon has made the figure very much bearded, though in that he differs from me; but perhaps I, and not he, may be in the error. I should be well pleased to know how you took it in this respect.

"I took Netherby, when I saw it, to be a proper place for *Exploratores*, and Middleby is not far from the Frith, so that it may perhaps do well enough as to etymology for *latum Bulgium*, if we read it so, and suppose the preposition *ab* to intimate its being beyond the estuary (which perhaps the expression *a vallo* does imply with respect to the Wall). My reasons for this conjecture are too long to trouble you with at the present. However, as *Blatum Bulgium* is not mentioned among the Stations *per lineam valli*, I take it for granted, that *Boulness*, which is the last Station upon the Wall, cannot be it.

"I like an etymology, where it is easy and natural (as in *Itunocelum*); but, I own, I pay a much greater regard to remains and proper distances, which are certain matters of fact.

"As for Mr. Gordon, and his friend Mr. Goodman, I shall act a just and generous part to them; but I know them both too well to suffer myself to be insulted or bullied by either. The work is going on as fast as it can; and I have let my Bookseller know how to send any of the proofs of the Plates to you, as soon as they are wrought off.—I was agreeably surprized the other day to find that, after I had, by reasoning from the distances, &c.

* Chaplain to John first duke of Rutland, successively Rector of Muston and Redmile, co. Leic.: died 1742. See "Hist. of Leicest." II. 291, 302.

placed *Rutunium* near *Wem* in Cheshire, there is a Roman place on the river *Rodan*, not a mile from Wem. The account you will find in Camden. *Rodan* and *Rutun* are not unlike; and as every thing else answers with so much exactness, I see no objection against fixing *Rutunium* here. *Mediolanum* I believe to be between Whitchurch and Nantwich, where Coins have been found not long ago. Your most obliged humble servant, J. HORSELEY."

"DEAR DOCTOR, *Bury, April* 20, 1734.

"I was much pleased to have it under your hand that we may hope to see you soon. Child and I always talk of you when we meet. As to Sir Isaac, you know I am prejudiced (if any man can be) much in his favour, and Divinity is out of my depth. But I thought his making not only all Daniel's Prophecies, but all the others belong to the state of the Church in all ages, and reach to the end of the world, had been new. His fixing the Ten Kingdoms to the years 408—411; his Interpretation of the Seventy Weeks; his determination of the times of the Birth and Passion of Christ, and the Harmony of the Gospels consequent thereupon; his discovery of the Relation between the Apocalypse and Temple-service; his History of the writing it in Nero's Reign; and many other things of less importance, are also new to me. The Chapters about the Compilers of the Books of the Old Testament, and the Prophetic Language, do not contain much more than what has been observed before; but I think they are well worth considering, as being drawn up with great clearness. Sir Isaac's Account of the Prophetic Style may be called a general proposition formed from Mede's particular cases; and perhaps we may mount up to a theory still more general. Be this as it will, if the grand Revolution be now approaching, it is the duty of every one who wishes well to mankind to consider such things. The Christian Religion is in such a situation, that it must either quite fall, or be confirmed more than ever. Every honest mind hopes for the last, without doubt; and I think it very strongly hinted in many parts of both Old and New Testament, that that will be the case. All the Revolutions that ever yet happened in the world are inconsiderable with respect to this. It is plain that God has made it and the world we live in so, that we may be much happier than we are if we will; and it is plain that Christianity has hit upon the true method of making us so. This is both a strong confirmation of the truth of it, and the highest motive to excite every man to make it take place in its full extent as soon as possible. We may think that we want the Evidence of Miracles again; but you know Christ tells us, that Moses and Prophets are as convincing proofs as those, so that, without doubt, the only reason why they do not appear to be so to us is because we do not take them right. These notions, you see, are Sir Isaac's, and they appeared to me worthy not only of him, but of the Religion itself; and I did not know that any one else had spoke so well of them before. You will forgive me for talking so much out of my province. D. HARTLEY*."

* A Physician at Bury. See before, p. 25.

"DEAR

"DEAR SIR, *Prince's-street, near Leicester-fields, Dec.* 19, 1735.

"I am very glad to find I shall have the pleasure of seeing you in January; and think the best thing in my situation to be, that I shall have an opportunity of seeing my friends, from whose conversation I receive pleasure and improvement, once a year generally. As to wealth, I hope I shall never be solicitous about it. It is necessary for me to have some business; but after that is tolerably secured, I hope and believe that I shall prefer going with the stream to labouring at the oar. In country business one's whole time is devoured in getting bread.

"How go your Chronological affairs on? As far as I am a judge, you gentlemen who have abilities and inclination to defend Revelation ought not to be idle. There seems to be a general doubt *at least* of Christianity prevailing amongst all the moderately learned part of the world; and some even of good learning and abilities are quite Infidels. I have no fears; but the History and Chronology of the Scriptures can never be too much studied, because the arguments of that kind, when once explained rightly, are level to all capacities; and yet so convincing, that I think nothing can resist them. I beg pardon for talking so much Divinity to you. I am, with great sincerity, D. HARTLEY."

"DEAR DOCTOR, *Prince's-street, Jan.* 1, 1735-6.

"I am extremely obliged by your honest and friendly Letter. Christianity is indeed *the goodly pearl of great price.* I am truly satisfied; and I hope I shall always use my best endeavours to convince others of its truth and excellence. If I expressed myself so as to shew any doubts, I am sorry for it; for I have really none. But this I see, that, if the Friends of Revelation be not thoroughly upon their guard, its enemies will do a great deal of mischief, for the present at least. I have heard, since I came to town, that Sir Isaac used to say, that Infidelity would probably prevail till it had quite banished Superstition, but would then be swallowed up by the great Light and Evidence of true Religion. And I think he seems to have conjectured well upon this, no less than other matters. I shall be very glad to have the pleasure of talking over these things when you come to town. I read Locke and Newton till they made me read St. Paul, and now I like him much better than either of them, or any body else, the other sacred Writers excepted. Yours most sincerely, D. HARTLEY."

"DEAR SIR, *Jan.* 6, [1735-6.]

"I am infinitely obliged to you for your kind invitation, but would not (if I cared to stir from hence) live any where without practising physic, which I should not pretend to do in a place so well provided as Stamford. I have lately read the Controversy relating to Sir Isaac's Chronology, as stated in 'The Republic of Letters;' and must needs think all the objections may be answered. I have heard that Dr. Cumberland has shewn by calculation that there might be in the world as great numbers as are represented in the Histories of the Kingdoms of Argos and Sicyon, and

and of the Expulsion of the Shepherds; but have never seen it, and think it a hard matter to prove. If I know any one that would thank me for a remark or two in defence of Sir Isaac, they should have them, I being at present otherwise employed in Physic. Dear Sir, yours most sincerely, D. HARTLEY."

"DEAR SIR, *London, June 7, 1745, Rawthmell's Coffee-house, Henrietta-street, Covent Garden.*

"Soon after my return from Ireland, I received the favour of your kind present of 'Stonehenge;' which will be a great ornament of my library, and a particular honour, as it comes from the Author; and I do return you my hearty thanks for it.

"I am going again to Ireland, in the month of August, having the honour to wait on the Lord Lieutenant as his Domestic Chaplain. If at any time you have any commands in that country, you will do me a particular pleasure if you will honour me with them. — As I hope sometimes to come to England, so I have not laid aside my thoughts of a Northern journey; which I shall undertake with greater satisfaction, as I am sure you will favour me with all the hints you can give; and I shall not despise even Scotland, and the Orkney Islands, where I expect to meet with something curious, at least in relation to their customs and manners; and I shall be greatly obliged to you if you will mark any thing down for me which you meet with in your reading.—Pray my compliments to your lady, and family. I am, dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant, RICHARD POCOCKE*."

"GOOD DOCTOR, *Whaddon, June 10, 1745.*

"This comes to enquire after your health and your Lady's. I doubt I shall not be so great a traveller as to come your way again; however, pray let me hear from you; and vouchsafe to let me know if you are about any Antiquity-book. You have done great honour to the publick; and no one can more benefit the learned world. I drudge on, and amuse myself. I have laboured of late about Buckinghamshire Collections, and done more than I thought I should. I also have, with good success, proceeded in my Collection of our English Coins. I shall be glad of your opinion of two books lately published in that way; *viz.* Mr. Martin Leake's, Clarenceux, 'Nummi Britannici Historia;' and Mr. Martin's folio 'Account of our Silver Coins;' both in 1745. I have been still collecting our Town and Traders' Farthings; and as I have furnished the University of Oxford with my Cabinet of above 1200, have been making a small one of duplicates to fill my empty tables, and fain would have some of Lincolnshire. I have not one left of the whole county, except a single piece of William Browne, of Crowland. As I enclose a frank, cannot you put me into it a Stamford, Grantham, or Boston Town or Traders Token, or Lincoln. They will come in a Letter; or may be left at Newport Pagnel, as, I think, your Stamford newspaper comes thither. I was at Newport Pagnel

* The learned Oriental Traveller. He was at this time Archdeacon of Dublin; and in 1756 Bp. of Ossory; translated, in 1765, first to Elphin, and then to Meath; and died in the same year.

last

last week, and was told that an old brasier there, who had left off business, had several. I wish I could purchase them if worth it. One Blakemore, a sadler at Newport Pagnel, if left for me at his shop there, would send it me: three or four enclosed in a Frank would come safe; and your goodness in this respect, and indulgence in pardoning this notice, will ever oblige one who is, with tender of best respects to your lady and self, and wishes of your health, and family's, good Doctor,

"Your most devoted humble servant, BROWNE WILLIS *."

"GOOD DOCTOR, *July* 14, 1745.

"I hope you got well down to Stamford, and that your lady and self are in good health, which I shall be glad to hear; and pray pardon my seconding my request about Traders' Tokens. I think I enclosed a frank. But cannot you send some for me to Mr. Blackmore's? If you have not opportunity of sending so, a Stamford Trader or Town Piece will come in a Letter; and pray, Doctor, favour me in this respect; who am, with tender of best respects to your lady and self and family, begging your excuse of this scrawl, your most humble servant, to command,

BROWNE WILLIS."

"DEAR SIR, *Dublin, Jan.* 5, 1747.

"After having acknowledged the favours I received from you at Stamford, I heartily congratulate you on your preferment in the Capital, by the distinguishing eye of the Duke of Montague. This must give all lovers of Learning and Antiquity a particular pleasure, as it will give you a greater opportunity of pursuing your observations, and obliging the world with them; and I hope that this is only a step to some better preferment.

"I had a much more pleasant and successful journey than I could reasonably expect, considering the time of year; but the season was very fine to the last, though it was about two months after I left you before I came to my own house. I can give you an account of nothing in England but what you have seen, except the Pavement at Winterton, which I believe you will see engraved from Dr. Drake's drawing. I had a letter from him lately, in which he says he has been to see a third Pavement, discovered near the others since I was there; which, I suppose, will be engraved with the others.

"I do assure you, the part of Scotland I travelled through is very well worth seeing; the journey from Berwick, almost all the way near the sea, and the Frith, is a very pleasant ride; a great number of fine situations are seen near the sea. You may be assured that I was curious enough to go on the spots of Preston Pans and Falkirk. The situations of Edinburgh and Sterling, which resemble one another, are very extraordinary; and the former, especially, has a very singular appearance on account of the hills and rocks, which from the East seem almost to hang over it. The prospect from one is very pleasant in the view of the meanders of the river Forth, and from the other of

* The celebrated Antiquary. See the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. VII. pp. 469, 713.

the

the Frith, of the towns on the other side of it, and the islands in it. Lord Hopeton's, seven miles beyond Edinburgh, is one of the finest situations I ever beheld, on the Frith; and the house and offices are to outward appearance very grand. Glasgow is the best laid out and best built town in the King's dominions; and the country about the Clyde is very fine.

"When I came over to Ireland I saw the greatest natural curiosity in the world, which surpasses the account we have of it, I mean, what they call the Giant's Causeway. I have writ some account of it to a Friend, which I believe you will hear of.

"I find I had Stonehenge from you, though I forgot it! I had also Abury, and the Remarks on an Ode of Horace. I received great civilities from Baron Clerk, and made your compliments to him. He is almost the only searcher into Antiquities I met with.

"I shall at all times be glad of the pleasure of hearing from you; and now you are in the Capital you can never want matter for correspondence, though I may be put to it here.

"I am, with great regard, RICHARD POCOCKE."

"DEAR DOCTOR, *Dublin. Jan.* 3, 1754.

"This waits on you to wish you and yours many happy years.

"I thank you for your kind present of Oriuna, and do admire the erudition of it. I hope we shall soon see Carausius. Your derivation from *Ululue* is very just; they call it here the Irish *Pululu*. —Dr. Milles has one of the Egyptian locks.

"Your Letter of the 3d of September, 1743, came under the Archbishop of Canterbury's frank, and I heard nothing of Mr. Haleron. —It is very easy to send you all the Carausiuses in the cabinets of this kingdom, for there are none; I will look over mine, and see what I have, and give you an account of them.

"I am sure there was a colony here from Egypt, the Old Milesians from the Nomos Miletes. I take it, when the Continent was in wars in the fifth and sixth centuries, people came over to study, as to a place of quiet; but I believe the learning was very little.—We are doing nothing here; only the County of Kerry is coming out.

"Before this year is at an end; I hope to have the pleasure of kissing your hand in England; uncertain whether I shall land in the West, or in the North, and come along the Tees, and all down the Eastern coast; any intimation from you would be very agreeable. My Western tour is to be along the Northern coast on the Bristol Channel; and so through the heart of Wiltshire. —I am, with great regard, RICHARD POCOCKE."

"VERY REVEREND, AND (WHAT IS BETTER) VERY GOOD SIR, *Sept.* 21, 1754.

"This is the first moment of ability I have had, to thank you for the very great honour and favour of your calling on me. In you, the *Priest* excels the *Samaritan;* your humanity and benevolence shine, not only in your aspect and words, but your actions; as your learning and erudition are not ostentatious, but genuine, and solidly useful. —When you called, I was at my re-

pose;

pose; and feared also that one who attends me (I wish, you *had*, were it not for *the trouble*) would meet you.

"I have been ill these eight weeks. My disease was from an atrabilious, hot, saline acrimony in my blood. I am liable to a cachexy, scorbutic, and jaundiced; with eruptions in my face and head, and a Saint Antony's fire. I wish the Saint had kept his fire to himself; the flames of Saints are more mischievous than the wicked.—I have been purifying my blood by some mixture of *flores sulphuris*, &c. &c. My skin is generally smooth, and myself, thank God, healthful. I have a good stomach, but cannot rest well. I am very sure, *an honest Æsculapius would cure me soon, and no relapse.* I have been reading Dr. Turner, Quincy, Fuller, and Surgey, about it: but I will not use the least mercury. I know the cause was internal, and is in the acrimonious humours, and that proper moderate physic would help; but I am a Rationalist, and love to enquire into ingredients, and no Doctors will talk reason with me. They are like Popish Priests, and *demand implicit faith.* I beg, dear Doctor, you would consider well this, and take my health under your guardianship. And, I have a servant, who has lived with me sixteen years, who, from an old contusion in her leg, is almost lame. Surgeons make only jobs of these things, as Physicians do. She has cost me a great deal of money; but, I doubt, she must go into the Infirmary, if she cannot come into a more summary cure, internal and external, without relapse. I wish you would be so kind and compassionate to her as to write for her. [Christ was a servant, and a physician; and, I think, he lived upon physic. The word, in the *Acts*, nor is there *salvation* in any other; is, in the *Greek*, ἴασις, *healing;* and forgiving sins, was curing distempers, which were God's penalties for sins, executed by evil demons; and the word *soul* means the *life*, the *person;* nay, sometimes it signifies a *dead man.*—This, by the bye.]—I wish I could wait on you, but my eruptions in my face are the only things that hinder my coming abroad, or into my Oratory; which always was, is, and shall be, at your service.

"I could send a messenger to receive what you *write*, if you condescend to do it for *me* and *my servant.* I pray God keep your *most valuable health and life, and your good family.* I wish you would make this (asking pardon for interrupting you so long) the object of some mature practical reflections. I wish I was in the Church to preach for you now and then, being, with the truest veneration, Sir, your most devoted and hearty friend and servant, J. HENLEY *."

"DEAR SIR, *Teddington, Sept.* 25, 1758.

"I return you hearty thanks for so zealously interesting yourself in behalf of Mrs. St. Amand, who has for a great part of a long life been in a most distressed condition, through no fault of hers, but from an unkind husband. A gentlewoman in my house has for several years past given her yearly a guinea. She will now think herself very rich. Her widow-sister Warnford,

* The well-known Orator; see the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. I. p. 384.

who

who has supported her, has but 30*l. per annum*, a shameful scanty allowance, from her husband's brother, who came to a good estate by his death, and who had been maintained by his brother when living.—The Princess has left off Sunday drawing-rooms, when she resides in town; and the King's drawing-room at St. James's, immediately after Divine Service, is, as I am told, very short. She is obliged to go every Saturday to London, in order to attend the King's drawing-room the next day at Kensington; and has every other Sunday a drawing-room in town, to avoid the coming purposely to town on a week-day.

"Alas! too many are the causes of our dissoluteness! But the grand depraver of the morals of the lower people is that greatest of all evils, because both a natural and moral evil, *drams*. Were I sure that what I have done in relation to Ventilators, &c. &c. would be a means of bettering the health, and prolonging the lives, of an hundred millions of persons, it would not give me near the satisfaction that I have from the pleasing reflection of having, for near thirty years past, borne my public testimony in books and newspapers against drams eleven times; and the last time, in my book on Ventilators, which I lately published, in which I have exerted myself at large, with the strongest expostulations, in hopes to rouse the attention and indignation of mankind against this mighty debaser and destroyer of the human species. And as there are many things in that book which will be of great benefit to mankind, so I am in hopes that the cautions I give against those, worse than infernal, spirits, will be the more attended to, and taken in good part. With this view I have sent the book to the principal Nations in Europe, as far as to Petersburg, the greatest gin-shop in the world; for that Empress has the whole monopoly of them. And I have, for some months past, given orders to send 400 of that book to all our Colonies in America, from Barbadoes to Hudson's Bay, sending with each parcel pressing letters to the several Governors against those decolonizing legions of evil spirits; which I cannot forbear looking on as the third woe in the Revelations, a woe much sorer and greater than the sum total of all the other woes there denounced.

"Ventilators are now in such esteem in our Fleet, that they work them incessantly night and day.

"If, when the Princess comes to reside in town, you should have a call towards Duke's Court, St. Martin's Lane, on a Saturday, after twelve o'clock, I should be glad to see a Fellow Collegiate old acquaintance. With what a number of years have we been blessed beyond those of many of our contemporaries! The infirmities of age will not permit me to visit you. I am, Sir, your affectionate humble servant, STEPHEN HALES *.

"Pray my respects to Mrs. Sisson and her Sister, to whom Mrs. Gillow in my house sends hers."

* This excellent Divine and very able Natural Philosopher, whilst at Bene't College, Cambridge, employed his hours of relaxation in the study of Botany and Anatomy, in which Dr. Stukeley was his constant companion. He was many years Minister of Teddington; where he died June 4, 1764, aged 84. He was one of the witnesses to Mr. Pope's Will.

LETTERS

Letters from the Rev. Mr. Warburton (afterwards Bp. of Gloucester) to the Rev. Dr. Philip Doddridge *.

"Reverend and worthy Sir, *London, April* 19, 1738.

"I found the very agreeable favour of your Letter of the 13th instant in London, where I am lately come for a few days. I can now easily forgive the *Country Clergyman* †; as owing to him, in some measure, the acquisition of such a friendship as I flatter myself, Sir, to reap in you. And, though you give so polite a turn to that occasion, I must never suffer myself to believe that it was any merit in my book, but a generous indignation against an abandoned libeller, that has procured me the honour of so considerable a patroniser.

"I will assure you, Sir, that, next to the service of Truth, my aim in writing was to procure myself the favour and friendship of good and learned men. So that you will not wonder that I accept the friendship you are pleased to offer me in so generous and polite a manner, with all the pleasure that gifts most esteemed amongst men are generally received. Difference of religious persuasion, amongst sincere professors, never was, I thank God, any reason of restraining or abating my esteem for men of your character in life and learning.

"I have read your Proposals for 'The Family Expositor;' and have entertained, from the specimen, so high an opinion of your Notes and Paraphrase, that, had I any thing material on the Gospels, I should be very cautious (without affectation) of laying them before so accurate a Critick, notwithstanding all the temptations I should have of appearing in so honourable a station. But the truth is, I have little of this kind on the Evangelists worth your notice, and your work is already in the press: but you shall be sure to command what I have on the other parts of the New Testament on occasion, if of any service to you. In the mean time, I make it my request to be admitted into the list of your Subscribers ‡. I shall pay the subscription-money to

* Large as the present volume already is, I cannot resist the pleasure of inserting in it a Series of Letters, so honourable both to Bp. Warburton and Dr. Doddridge, which should properly have been introduced with those to Dr. Forster in pp. 151—169. Most (but not all) of them were printed in 1790, in a very judicious and entertaining Collection of Letters to and from Dr. Doddridge, published by the Rev. T. Stedman, Vicar of St. Chad's, Shrewsbury. That curious volume is now rare; and I not only have obtained the worthy Editor's free consent to reprint them, but have been favoured by the loan of the Originals; by which several additions are now made, which had before been omitted from motives of delicacy now no longer existing.

† In January, 1737-8, Mr. Warburton published the first volume of "The Divine Legation of Moses," &c.; and in March, a Vindication of the Author of that Work, from the Aspersions of the Country Clergyman's Letter, in the Weekly Miscellany of Feb. 14, 1737. The professed Editor of the Miscellany was Dr. William Webster. T. S.

‡ His name accordingly appears in that list.

Mr.

Mr. Hett *, but shall take no receipt, because I would have one from yourself, in order to engage you to begin a correspondence from which I expect to receive so much benefit and pleasure. I am greatly indebted to you, Sir, for your good prayers. I beg you would do me the justice to believe you do not want mine; being, with the utmost esteem and sincerity, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate humble servant, W. WARBURTON."

"DEAR SIR, *Newarke-upon-Trent, May 27*, 1738.

"It has been a great pain to me, that I had not an opportunity before now of returning my hearty thanks for your last very friendly letter of the 22d past. It would have been a particular pleasure to me to have taken Northampton in my way home: but I was under prior engagements to go by Cambridge, where I stayed much longer than I intended, as not being able to withstand the importunities of my Friends. So, I have been got home but a very little time. But I do not despair of finding leisure and opportunity of paying my respects to you at Northampton, if not this summer, yet next spring.

"You see that wretched Writer of the Weekly Miscellany (God knows from what motive) goes on with the most frantic rage against me, unawed by the public contempt and detestation. You would naturally imagine that he had some time or other received, or that he thought he had received, some personal injury from me; but you will be surprized to be told that I never, to my knowledge, saw him, or ever made him the subject of my conversation or writing, he being always esteemed by me of too infamous a character to have any kind of concern with; for, take such a man at the best, suppose him sincere, and really agitated with zeal for Religion, it was always my opinion that the very worst rogue in society is a saint run mad. I can assure you, with the utmost sincerity, that my motive in taking any notice of him, and the doing it with the temper I did, was out of pure Christian charity, to bring him to a right mind. What has been the consequence? —it has but made him the more outrageous, and unchristian, and insulting. His coadjutor, *Venn*, publicly declared that I discovered in my Vindication such a sneaking humble spirit as shewed plainly I was not orthodox. What then is to be done with these men, either for my own sake, or the sake of the publick? they beginning to grow a nuisance, to all virtue, to all learning, and love of truth. A poor young Fellow of Oxford did but say the other day, in a Sermon, that he thought natural reason discovered that God would pardon a returning sinner, and they fell upon him as the worst of heretics; he recanted, and they led him chained at their chariot-wheels in triumph through their news-papers. I have determined what to do: — having thought it proper to publish a Sermon, preached two years ago at the last Episcopal Visitation for Confirmation, on 2 Peter, cap. i. ver. 5, and following, I take an opportunity in a Preface

* Mr. Richard Hett, Bookseller in the Poultry, and afterwards Treasurer to the Company of Stationers. See the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. III. p. 607.

that

that gives the reasons of the present publication, to draw my adversary in his native colours: a thing, in my opinion, very necessary for the good of society, and no offence to Christian charity sure to expose a professed persecutor. There is a Postscript which, I dare say, you would think there was little occasion for, did I not tell you that there are London Divines who pretend to think the calumny confuted in it is none. These matters will be but little worth your notice. But the Sermon itself may deserve it more, and, I hope, may give you some entertainment. I shall therefore take the liberty of ordering one to be given to Mr. Hett for you, which I beg your acceptance of. You see how insensibly I have entered into matters, with all the liberty and freedom of a Friend. I will make no apology for that, because, I dare say, it would be displeasing to you. I know not how, dear Sir, to make my acknowledgments for the many very kind things which your partiality to me puts me upon saying, otherwise than by assuring you of my most sincere and cordial esteem and affection. What I said of your specimen was my real sentiments; and I have the highest expectations of the Work, and so, I perceive, has the world; and I make no question of your satisfying them. I shall certainly take the first opportunity of looking into Sir Isaac.

"Pray what think you of our new Cabalists? Are they more rational than the Jewish? Is not Hutchinson's method as much a disgrace to human nature as that of the Talmud? What think you too of the Methodists? You are nearer to Oxford. We have strange accounts of their freaks; and Madam Bourignon's books, the French Vissionnaire, are, I hear, much inquired after by them.

"I beg my most humble service to good Mrs. Doddridge, whose guest I hope to have the pleasure and honour of being. My Mother, I thank God, is well, and joins with me in our best respects to you both. I heartily pray God long to continue and increase your happiness and health, that you may go on vigourously in his service at a time when it wants such servants.

"I am, reverend and dear Sir, your most affectionate brother, and most obedient friend and humble servant, W. WARBURTON."

"DEAR SIR, *Newarke-upon-Trent, Feb.* 12, 1738-9.

"I am much indebted for your last kind Letter; and I heartily wish I could make the same excuse for not acknowledging it sooner, that you have done on the same occasion. But I live in a much less comfortable neighbourhood, and at a greater distance from the few friends whose acquaintance is worth cultivating. But the knowledge of my friends' happiness always relieved my own unhappiness. The kind obliging things you say to me would, from a Courtier, very much disgust me; but coming from one whose virtues and parts I have so great an opinion of must needs be highly agreeable to me, though I thought them no more than the effects of a partial friendship, and merely on that account.

count. Every thing you say concerning the Dedication * to the Princess of Wales I highly approve of; and I dare trust you in preserving the dignity that becomes an honest man and a Minister of Christ. All that relates to J——m, and who he is, and his affair with Count Zinzendorf, and what that is, I am an entire stranger to, and should be glad of a little information in that matter. I have heard indeed there are *Priests of Hercules* amongst you, as well as you know there are such amongst us. Last summer I was at Nottingham, and, saying there what I thought fit of you, I understood you was once expected to receive that Province under your care. But Providence was kinder to you than to commit that peace, which is the reward and product of your virtues, to so turbulent a people; and thought fit to punish their unchristian zeal, by depriving them of one who could have regulated and reformed it.

"Young Fordyce † has great merit, and will make a figure in the world, and do honour to Professor Blackwell ‡, whom I have a great esteem for. *Apropós* of this last. You may remember Webster abused him in the libels he wrote against me. I hope his charge in that particular was false, as I know all his others were.

"Manne's § is a wild ridiculous notion, and you will do well to expose it ‖. Sir Isaac's is much more plausible; though this great man, in Divinity and Chronology, is as much below many others, as he is above every body in Mathematicks and Physicks.

"Pray how do you like Chapman's Book against 'The Moral Philosopher?' He writes by order of the A. B. C ¶. You see he is civil to me. We should laugh about some circumstances in it were we together. Look at p. 444, and tell me whether you do not think something has been struck out after the first word of the last line but one. You see, p. 272, he goes out of his way to rectify an observation of mine, but very unluckily. He says, that 'what I lately said of Arnobius, as undertaking the defence of Christianity before he understood it, must be interpreted as to doctrines and precepts; which is not to be wondered at, since he wrote before he was admitted to baptism.' Mr. Chapman seems to have mistaken me every manner of way.

First, you see, he supposes I have left it in doubt what I meant by Arnobius's not understanding Christianity; but you know the place where I make the observation confines it to *doctrine*. 2. He supposes I made a wonder that he did not understand Christianity, whereas the wonder lay in his *writing* about it before he understood

* Of "The Family Expositor." T. S.

† David Fordyce, Professor of Philosophy in the Marischal College, Aberdeen; and elder brother of Dr. James Fordyce, the elegant Preacher to Young Men and Young Women.—Of David more hereafter.

‡ Dr. Thomas Blackwell, Principal of Marischal College, Aberdeen. He died March 18, 1757. See the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. V. p. 641.

§ Master of the Charterhouse. "Literary Anecdotes," vol. II. p. 165.

‖ See "Family Expositor," V. i. 96. *note (g)* 140, *(a)* 310, *(g)* &c.

¶ Dr. John Potter, Archbishop of Canterbury.

derstood

derstood it. But, 3, I made no wonder, with regard to Arnobius, at all. His case and Lactantius's were brought only by way of similitude to Modern Writers, who write about it before they understand it. These indeed I blame, because no one who does not understand it can write a good defence of it against *Modern* Pagans. But I blamed not the ancient Apologists, because they might, and did, write good defences without understanding it. You see the reason, p. 291; note (u).—So this was an unlucky stroke of this Critic. But what think you of his defence of the contested passage of Josephus? for that is against me too. Did you ever see such an interpretation put upon poor ATTOT before? Do you now think the world will lose much when Bentley and Hare are gone?—but observe how the latter end of his criticism has forgot the beginning. At first he says, 'To insist upon it stiffly as a testimony unquestionable might be thought no great argument of modesty, wisdom, or impartiality.' But at last he says, 'I think with all this evidence we might join [or agree with] the great Js. C. G. I. V. & L, in ascribing it POSITIVELY to Josephus.' But, I believe, you will not so easily pardon an insinuation against me, in this note, contained in these words: 'To give it up entirely as spurious—CHIEFLY, because it speaks so strongly in our favour—seems to be a degree of COMPLAISANCE TO OUR ENEMIES and UNKINDNESS TO OUR FRIENDS by no means necessary by the true principles of FREETHINKING or the laws of INGENUITY.' You see what follies the writing for any men, or any cause but Truth, makes people commit against honesty and charity. But all this in your ear as a friend; for I dare say the Author thinks me under much obligation to him for his civilities; and I never love to stifle the *smoaking flax*, or the least disposition towards peace and friendship.—I have seen an abstract of Mr. Leland's Answer, and it seems exactly to correspond with the character you gave of it.

"Your Eight Sermons* were extremely acceptable to me on many accounts. I have a favourite Nephew, to whose use I particularly design them. It is my way, after I have read a book, to give the general character of it in some celebrated lines or other of ancient or modern Writers. I have characterized the Author and his Sermons, in these two lines on the blank leaf before the title-page:

'O Friend! to dazzle let the vain design;
To mend the heart, and raise the thought, be thine†.'

"Now we are upon Poetry, my Mother desires her best respects to you and Mrs. Doddridge, and thanks you for the charming little Hymn you sent her. She has got it transcribed, I do not know how often, into a larger hand. It is not only the language of the heart, but the language of a poetic heart.

"You cannot oblige me more than communicating to me the

* "Sermons to Young People." T. S.

† "Ah, Friend! to dazzle let the vain design;
To raise the thought, or touch the heart, be thine." *Pope*.—T. S.

most

most plausible objections against my scheme; which I shall be glad of, not for your instruction, but for my own. They will be of use to me. I have seen Mr. Leland's reasons, against Morgan, for the Jews having a Future State. They are the common arguments employed for that purpose. Divines have a strange confused conception of this matter which I do not doubt to clear up to your satisfaction.

"I make no doubt but you have seen Mr. De Crousaz's Critique on Pope's 'Essay on Man.' I have defended our great Poet, as you will see, in some of the late Numbers of the 'History of the Works of the Learned;' but my name is a secret. I thought Mr. De Crousaz* maliciously mistaken; and I thought it of service to Religion, to shew our Libertines that so noble a Genius was not of their party; which delusion they have affectedly embraced.

"I have nothing particular to remark to you about the texts you refer to, only as to John vii. 22. 'Moses therefore gave you circumcision *(not because it is of Moses, but of the Fathers)*; and ye on the Sabbath-day circumcise a man.' It may be asked, why Jesus used the words in the parenthesis to the Jews, who well knew that God ordered all Abraham's posterity should be circumcised at eight days old! I reply, it was to obviate an objection that might be urged, to this effect:—'How came circumcision to be ordered on a certain day, which must needs occasion a violation of that strict rest enjoined on the Sabbath?' Here the answer is admirable. Had Moses enjoined both one and the other, he probably would not have fixed the day of circumcision: but it was ordered by another covenant, which Moses could not *disannul*. St. Paul (Gal. iii. 17.) considers these as two different covenants. This raises our idea of the wisdom of God's providence. Had *Circumcision* and the *Sabbath* been both enjoined by Moses, it would have seemed fit, in order not so apparently to contradict the law about the rest of the Sabbath, to have relaxed the law about circumcision on the eighth day: but that relaxation would have been productive of great mischiefs; therefore circumcision was given by another covenant, and confirmed only by this. You see, I suppose, the *Sabbath* to be entirely a Mosaical Rite. I do so as a *day of rest*, not as a day of devotion†. I am going on, as fast as my health will permit, with my Work. I desire your prayers for me, not only on this account, but for my general welfare. You never want mine. I wish that you would give so large a liberty of correction at the press. When I see your book, the reading of it may perhaps awaken some hints in me that may be worth while communicating to you against a Second Edition.

"I am, dear Sir, your most affectionate friend and brother,

W. WARBURTON."

"DEAR SIR, *Cambridge, April* 4, 1739.

"I write to you amongst a strange mixture of entertainments and study, between the College-Halls and Libraries. The necessity

* Professor of Philosophy and Mathematicks in the Academy of Lausanne. T. S.

† See Doddridge's "Family Expositor," *note (g)* on John vii. 22. T. S.

of consulting books only to be met with here, has brought me to Cambridge; but my long nights in company make my mornings by myself so very short, that I am likely to return as wise as I came; which will be in a few days. Before I left the country, I had the pleasure of receiving your 'Family Expositor.' My Mother and I took it by turns. She, who is superior to me in every thing, aspired to the divine learning of the Improvements, while I kept groveling in the human learning in the Notes below. The result of all was, that she says she is sure you are a very good man, and I am sure you are a very learned one. I sat down to your Notes with a great deal of malice, and a determined resolution not to spare you; and, let me tell you, a man who comments on the Bible affords all the opportunity a caviler could wish for. But your judgment is always so true, and your decision so right, that I am as unprofitable a reader to you as the least of your flock. A friend of mine, Dr. Taylor of Newark, (M. D.) who has seen your book, desires to be a subscriber. If you will be so good to order a book to be left for him at Mr. Gyles's, he has orders to pay for it. I have taken the liberty to inclose two or three papers of Proposals, just now offered to the publick by my friend Dr. Middleton for his 'Life of Tully.'

"I am, dear Sir, your very affectionate friend and brother,

W. WARBURTON."

"DEAR SIR, *Brent-Broughton, Aug.* 13, 1739.

"I have the favour of yours of the 19th of May to acknowledge. I will take it as Tully did the Roman History (who wanted to be at his dear Consulship) at the wrong end: and for Tully's reason, because there is something there more interesting; and that is the agreeable news you are so good as to give me of the birth of a son, and of good Mrs. Doddridge's being in a fine way of recovery. Providence blesses you, as it blessed its prime favourites the Patriarchs: for he 'knows' you, as he knew Abraham, that you 'will command your children and your household after you to keep the way of the Lord.' To such, and only to such, children are a blessing. I am sorry to hear you have been ill since I wrote my last; but am glad I heard not of it till I heard of your recovery along with it. What you say of your success in your ministry and academical capacity gives me infinite pleasure on your account. And it is impossible the Author of the "Free Thoughts," &c. should meet with less; or, he who observes the directions there laid down. As for that blasphemous fellow Morgan *, he is, I think, below my notice, any farther than to shew my great contempt of him occasionally. Besides, I ought to leave him to those who are paid for writing against him.

"You judge right that the next volume of 'The Divine Legation' will not be the last. I thought I had told you, that I had divided the work into three parts. The first gives a view of Pa-

* Author of "The Moral Philosopher." See the various passages referred to in the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. VII. p. 276.

ganism; the second of Judaism; and the third of Christianity. You will wonder how this last inquiry can come into so simple an argument as that which I undertake to inforce. I have not room at present to tell you more than this—that, to leave neither doubt nor obscurity in the argument, after I have proved a future state not to be *in fact* in the Mosaic dispensation, I next shew that, if Christianity be true, it *could not possibly* be there. And this necessitates me to explain the nature of Christianity, with which the whole ends: But this *inter nos*. If it be known, I should possibly have somebody writing against this part too before it appears.

"Your kind and friendly advice *to mind my business* is very seasonable, when one naturally grows tired of an old subject, and has not met with that return from one's friends which one might expect. But I would not have you think that any of the Letters against Crousaz cost me more than two or three hours in an evening. Mr. Pope has desired they may be collected, and printed together. I have therefore complied with the Bookseller, who is now reprinting them in the size of Mr. Pope's duodecimo volumes, and I suppose they will come out in Michaelmas Term.

"I desire you would put down the Rev. Mr. Philip Yonge *, Fellow of Trinity College in Cambridge, a subscriber to your 'Family Expositor;' and to contrive that he may have the first volume sent him, either from Northampton or London. It need only be directed as above, for he is well known, being the principal Tutor in his College.—A passage in St. Luke comes into my head, which I hope will not come too late for your use; in which, I think, we have one of the most illustrious instances of the divine address of Jesus in his disputings with the Priests; and which I do not find the Commentators take notice of; (Chapter xx.) 'As Jesus taught in the Temple, the chief priests and the scribes came to him with their elders, and asked him by what authority he did those things?' To this Jesus replies by another question, 'Was the baptism of John of heaven, or of men?' They answered they could not tell whence it was. 'Neither,' says Jesus, 'tell I you by what authority I do these things.' This is generally esteemed a mere evading the question, and taking advantage of their inability of answering *him* to refuse to answer *them*; a shift quite below the dignity of his divine character. It had been more decent to have denied answering at first. But the fine address seems not to be taken. The answer was a satisfactory one on the Chief Priest's own principles. Observe how the case stands: "The Chief Priests and the Scribes came to him as he was teaching in the Temple." They were, without all question, a deputation from the Sanhedrim, who either had, or were then universally allowed to have, the right of inquiring into the credentials of all who pretended to come from God: or, to try the spirits of the Prophets. Here they

* Afterwards Bishop of Norwich. See the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. IX. p. 487.

was

was the dilemma. Jesus professed to submit to the established authority, and yet it was too early to own his Messiahship. What was to be done? Why, with an address and presence of mind altogether divine, he asked them about the authority of John, who pretended to be a messenger from God, and his forerunner. But they, not owning his authority, and yet, for fear of the people not daring expressly to disclaim it, they answered 'they could not tell whence his authority was.' This was the point Jesus watched for; and we are to suppose him answering them in this convincing manner: 'If you come from the Sanhedrim, whose authority I acknowledge, to inquire into my mission, I apprehend that there is no necessity, even on the principles of the Sanhedrim, for that body to come to a determination in the point; for the mission of John, who was before me, is, it seems, a question yet undetermined in that body; why then should not mine? Besides, John professed himself the forerunner of me. Order and equity therefore require, that his pretensions be first examined, if the examination be necessary; and till these two objections be removed, I may, without any disobedience to the authority of the Sanhedrim, decline telling you by what authority I do these things*."

"I received your excellent Sermon on the Fire at Wellingborough.—With my humble service to Mrs. Doddridge, I am, dear Sir, your most affectionate friend and humble servant,

W. WARBURTON."

"DEAR SIR, *July* 1, 1740.

"I have been long a debtor for your obliging favour of the 16th of February past. But I have been about two months in London since that time, where I was in a constant hurry; and this threw me so much back that I have been as busy since I came home. The truth is, you and I are not on the foot of ceremony; therefore I trespass upon you in a manner I would not do to a common acquaintance. I hold myself peculiarly unlucky. 'We were within a very little of one another this spring at Oakham; where your person and talents drew the particular regard of strangers, and by that means I accidentally heard you had just then been there. But Mr. Pope and I have laid a kind of scheme for meeting at Oxford the latter end of the summer; and, if that holds, I shall be wise enough not to neglect taking Northampton in my way.—I should say, were I not part of the subject of the Epigram, that it was as good a one as ever was made; and why may I not say it though I am?

"The second volume of 'The Divine Legation' goes slowly on; but I hope to have it out next winter. I am impatient, and my Mother is more so, for the Second Volume of your 'Expositor.' She has read your first three or four times over; yet was very unwilling to lend it lately for a month to a gentleman, whom she thinks ought rather to have bought one. But those who *take up* their Religion *on trust* are generally for *borrowing*

* See Doddridge's "Family Expositor," *note (f)* on Luke xx. 8. T. S.

their Learning. I have received the kind present of your Sermon on the Fast; and it is, what I am accustomed to find your things, an excellent one. The paragraph concerning the *peculiar providence* of the Jews I particularly attended to. You are surely right. You speak with some diffidence. I hope to shew you might have spoke more positively. The *circumstance of multiplying chariots and horses*, the Bishop of Sarum * will be pleased with. It is a favourite point with him.

"I am much obliged to you for the relation of Count Zinzendorf. I find he is a perfect enthusiast; so that I have very little farther curiosity about the Moravian Church. You can oblige me with a matter of infinitely more importance; and that is a Sketch of your method of Academical Education, which I know enough of you to be assured must be excellent. The studies of Humanity and Divinity, as I am sure you direct them, are the two barriers to Fanaticism and Irreligion. You may believe, therefore, I long much to have a particular account of them. And you do me but justice in considering me, as you say you do, when you write to me, as your entire friend.

"That I consider you as such, you will perceive by what I am going to tell you. Young Mr. Fordyce, whom you mentioned to me once in a letter, came to me two years ago in London, as from Professor Blackwell, whom I think he called his relation †; on which account I received him with great civility and openness; introduced him into good company; and he was by no means backward in making acquaintance. But I was no sooner gone, than he used me in a very indecent manner before this very company, to which on my score he had been welcome: who therefore withdrew their countenance and acquaintance from him. When Dr. Middleton came to town the year after, this gentleman came to him, as he had done to me, and was received in the same manner; when my friends told him how he had used me, and how they resented it. The Doctor therefore withdrew himself from him likewise. This time I was in town, I met the young gentleman accidentally in the street, who accosted me in the free manner I had indulged him in. But then, having been informed of his behaviour, I treated him with great coldness; and, after walking with him the length of the street, parted from him. A year and half ago, I received a kind but complaining letter from Professor Blackwell, that he heard not from me, and that he feared I had forgot him: which letter I immediately answered in the friendly manner it deserved. Since that time I have never heard from him; so am a little suspicious of his pupil's having done some ill office between us; for, if he would use me thus freely with my intimate acquaintance in London, what might one not expect from his representation at so great a distance, where his falsehoods could not be easily detected? If you hold any correspondence with Professor Blackwell, I should

* Dr. Benjamin Hoadly, translated shortly after to Winchester.

† Professor Blackwell was his uncle.

be

be much obliged to you to give him a representation of this case; not by way of complaint from a friend, but caution to one*.

"I am, dear Sir, with my own and my Mother's best respects to you and Mrs. Doddridge, your most affectionate friend, brother, and faithful humble servant, W. WARBURTON."

"DEAR SIR, *Feb.* 2, 1740-1.

"I had the pleasure of yours of the 22d past, after a very long and unkind silence. I did not hear of your illness, and am glad I did not till now the same news brought me an account of your recovery. I will, in my turn, force you to a speedy answer; for I desire the favour of you, that you would send me all the texts both in the Old and New Testament, that you know, either to be urged by others, or that you yourself think have any weight, towards proving that a future state was taught in the Mosaic dispensation. It will be necessary for me to examine those texts; and I myself can find so few in the Bible, that I suspect the point I have to maintain prejudices me so as to hinder my discernment. This therefore will be of great use to me; and I do not know any one more capable of giving me this assistance. But, to shorten the trouble I give you, you need only mark the texts in a list, except where the inference from the texts is so fine, that you may reasonably suspect I cannot see it, The sooner you do this, the greater will be the favour. Nor need you mark who it is that employs each text in this argument, for I do not intend to take any particular notice of any one on this head.—You are the first that gives me the agreeable news of your Second Volume. But that it has not yet been delivered to my Bookseller is very certain. Now I know it is published, I shall take care to send for it; and make no doubt but it will afford us as much delight and instruction as we received from the First. The regard you shewed to my Mother in her favourite part of the work is very obliging. She had been often enquiring after the Second Volume with great impatience, so that the news was received with great pleasure, and she charges me to make her compliments on this occasion.

"I am glad you think any hints I gave you worthy of appearing in so valuable a work. You were master of them in what manner you thought fit, and you used me with too much ceremony and deference. I have reason to ask your pardon for being freer with your name than you would choose to be with

* Dr. Doddridge in answer to the above; taken from his short hand on the back of Mr. Warburton's letter: "I saw Mr. Fordyce the very day after I received your account. And though I did not think it proper to read him your letter, I could not forbear hinting what related to him in it. He assured me, that the gentleman who represented what he said of you after you left the company, must have misunderstood him. And indeed he has always spoke of you in so respectful a manner to me and every body else, where I could trace the conversation, that I hope it was a mistake. But, if it were not, I beg you would forgive him, and place it to my account. And though I shall never have an opportunity of forgiving you any thing, I will endeavour to make it out another way, by loving you, if I can, so much the better." T. S.

mine;

mine; for I had occasion to quote a paragraph of yours of a passage in the Evangelists. But the truth was, I wanted your authority to support what I was upon, and you had no want of mine.

"I am confident your abridging the Bishop of Sarum's Fourth Dissertation will be a very agreeable thing to him; for it is a favourite point with him. I have in the Second Volume had occasion to speak of the *prohibition of Cavalry*, but whether in a manner he will like so well I know not: though I think I have made it appear the Israelites could never have conquered Canaan from the seven nations by human force alone, with only Infantry. But I give other momentous reasons for the prohibition, besides manifesting the divine power.

"I have some thoughts of going to London this spring, and will, if possible, take Northampton in my way; but I desire that may be no reason for your deferring to send me a sketch of what I have long desired, for my own improvement, to see.

"What you say about Mr. Fordyce is extremely obliging. I could easily do much greater matters for you than forgetting the treatment I complained of. I therefore heartily forget it, and desire you would assure him of my esteem and best respects. But, as trifling as what I give, and what you ask is, that you may not think it to be altogether nothing, I can assure you I have reason to be as confident of the fact, as if I myself had been an eye and ear-witness of it. But he is a very young man, and such a slip is pardonable enough, as soon as ever one begins to be sensible of it.

"And now, dear Sir, I am to thank you for your very friendly and obliging concern for my reputation. What you observe of that absurd account of my First Volume in 'The Works of the Learned,' is exactly true. I believe there never was so nonsensical a piece of stuff put together. But the Journal in general is a most miserable one: and, to the opprobrium of our country, we have neither any better, nor, I believe, any other. And that this will never grow better I dare be confident, but by such an accidental favour as this you design it*. I altogether approve of

* Extract from a Letter of Dr. Doddridge to Mr. Warburton:—"And now, Sir, I will tell you what I meant by extorting an answer. It is this, I am far from being pleased with the manner in which the Extracts from Books are generally made in 'The Works of the Learned,' and other monthly papers of that kind. I think it would be more for the credit of our Nation abroad, and the improvement of it at home, that these accounts should be a kind of *Abridgement* of the most material things contained in books of importance; which might give those who have never read them some idea of their contents, and revive in those who have read them, an impression of their most material passages. This is what I would especially wish, where so valuable a book as yours is in question. And though where every thing is so charming as this second volume will be, if it be like the first, it is difficult to know what to omit, and consequently how to abridge it; yet, if you please to trust me, I will do my best, and, busy as I am, will in two or three successive articles give such an abstract of it, as may do it the least wrong; and, till some translation of it can be made, give the learned world abroad the justest notion of its design, which so narrow limits will permit. Now, if you think this little piece of friendship worth your acceptance, I beg you would let me know,

the method you propose to take in abstracting it; and Robinson*, I dare say, will not have the impudence to alter a word: I am sure I would not; and therefore my seeing it before he prints it will be needless. I will take care you shall have a copy sent you before publication. I propose to have it out about Easter: and yet, to my shame, I must tell you, though it consists of three books, the first is not yet entirely printed; and the far greatest part of the other two I have not yet composed. To let you into this mystery; I must acquaint you with my faults and imperfections, the common occasion of all prophane mysteries. I am naturally very indolent, and apt to be disgusted with what has been any time in my hands or thoughts. When I published my First Volume, I intended to set about the remainder immediately; but found such a disgust to an old subject, that I deferred it from month to month, and year to year; till at length, not being able to conquer my listlessness, I was forced to have recourse to an old expedient — that is, begin to set the press on work, and so oblige myself unavoidably to keep it a-going. I began this project last year, but grew weary again before I had half got through the first book: and there it stuck till just now, when I set it a-going again; and have absolutely promised the Bookseller to supply him constantly with copy, till the whole volume is printed, and to get it through by Lady-day. So that now I hurry through it in a strange manner: and you may expect to find it as incorrect as the former†, and for the same reason. Yet I had resolved against serving this volume so; and still my evil nature prevailed, and I find at length it is in vain to strive with it.

"I take no pride, I will assure you, in telling you my infirmities. I confess myself as to a friend without any manner of affectation. And that you may see it is so, I would not have you think that natural indolence alone makes me thus play the fool. Distractions of various kinds, inseparable from human life, joined with a naturally melancholy habit, contribute greatly to increase my indolence, and force me often to seek in letters nothing but mere amusement. This makes my reading wild and desultory: and I seek refuge from the uneasiness of thought from any book, let it be what it will, that can engage my attention. There is no one whose good opinion I more value than yours; and the

know, and that you would order the second volume in sheets to be sent me as soon as it is printed off; at the same time letting the Author of this paper know, that the affair is lodged in my hands, and consequently that he is to wait for the first article from me, which I will dispatch as soon as possible." T. S.

* Jacob Robinson, Bookseller in Fleet-street.

† "The Bishop grew very exact and critical in giving the later Editions of his Works, so that he would review the same sheet several times, and of course gave the compositor no small trouble: which made his learned Printer, Mr. Bowyer, whom he much esteemed for his friendly qualities, as well as merit in his profession, say pleasantly to him on a certain occasion, 'Those were fine times, when you never blotted a line, but allowed me to print your copy as fast as it came to hand, and without interruption.'" Bp. HURD.

marks

marks you give me of it make me so vain, that I was resolved to humble myself in making you this confession. By my manner of writing upon subjects, you would naturally imagine, they afford me pleasure, and attach me thoroughly. I will assure you, No. I have amused myself much in human learning, to wear away the tedious hours inseparable from a melancholy habit. But no earthly thing gives me pleasure, but the ties of natural relation, and the friendship of good men. And for all views of happiness, I have no notion of such a thing, but in the prospects Revealed Religion gives us. You see how I treat you, as if you was my Confessor. You are in a more sacred relation to me: I regard you as my Friend.

"It gives me pleasure to hear, Mrs. Doddridge is likely to escape the small pox, and the more so, as you tell me the distemper has been so fatal. We have it now, and have had it for some time, in the village from whence I write; for, though my letters are directed to Newark, in this neighbourhood, I reside perpetually upon my Rectory. About forty have had the distemper, and all recovered but two, who, without my knowledge, sent for an Apothecary, who soon did their business. But I have taken care for the future, that those who die of it shall die a natural death. The very same case happened here three years ago. The same number then had it, and but two died, and of the same distemper—the Apothecary. You will judge by this, I am in a good air. The place stands between a low and an high country; the different airs of which are here so excellently tempered, that it keeps the place in great health.

"I have heard of Mr. Lowman's Book on the *Civil Government of the Hebrews*, but have not seen nor read it, and decline doing so till this subject be out of my hands for many reasons. His Book on the Revelations I never heard of. I am much obliged to you for the recommendation of Mr. Grove's Sermons.

"My Mother, I bless God, continues in a tolerable state of health. I am glad you have been at the Princess's Court. The manner of your reception was not to be questioned. You did wisely in providing against the offer of a present. It was infinitely below you.

"Dr. Taylor is an eminent Physician, and very much your servant. But this puts me in mind to ask you whether the Rev. Mr. Yonge, a tutor in Trinity College, Cambridge, had your First Volume sent him, as he directed by my letter to you some time ago, and whether his name was put in the List of Subscribers to the Second; and likewise whether you have received any payments of him, of Dr. Taylor, or me; and what is due, that I may take care to collect them, and transmit them to you. My best respects to good Mrs. Doddridge. I long much to see you both, and it shall go hard with me, but I will see you this summer, if it please God. I am, dear Sir, your most affectionate brother and friend, and faithful humble servant,

W. WARBURTON."

"DEAR

"DEAR SIR, *April* 22, 1741.

"I deferred acknowledging your last favour till both my Mother and I had read your Second Volume. The greatest thing I can say of it is, that it is equal to the first; and the truest thing I can say of both, that they surpass any thing of the kind. You will receive in a very little time my Second Volume. I have wrote to Robinson as you directed concerning the Extracts. When you see the book, you will find what a trick I have been played: in the most impudent piece of plagiarism that perhaps ever was known at any time. The story is so ungrateful to me that I cannot think of telling it twice. You will see it in an advertisement prefixed. Pray give it in some proper place one stroke of your pen. The man has foolishly ruined his character. *But what then? The proving him a scoundrel is putting him in the way to thrive. It is a Gentleman too, and of condition,* one Coventry, author of 'Philemon to Hydapses,' to whom I shewed some sheets, and he has stolen my general plan of the *Hieroglyphics*, &c. in a quarto conversation just published. You will wonder I should let such a sort of Writer see any thing of mine. But suspend your censure till I tell you the whole history when I see you.

"The Author of 'Theophanes Cantabrigiensis' is a young man whose name is *Squire*, Fellow of St. John's of that University. All I have seen of Morgan is in that pamphlet; and for my part I am amazed that any one should think it worth while to answer the most senseless and abandoned scribbler that ever came from Bedlam or the Mint. It seems Mr. Chandler either has or will answer him, being provoked and challenged to it by Morgan; who gets his bread by this infamous practice. You have seen Middleton's Tully. The last section is a strange superficial thing. His account of the Academic Sect and Tully's sentiments are opposed to mine; for which reason he shewed it me in manuscript. I only desire mine and his may be always read together. He gives an account of the Academy from the Apologies of the Academics themselves; and by the same way I could acquit the Pyrrhonians themselves of Scepticism. I say they *pretended* to search for the *probable*, in order to determine their judgment, but never found it. He says they did find it. Lucian thought otherwise, who, in his 'True History,' speaking of the Happy Islands, and how they were peopled from this world, says, the ancient Greek Sects were all to be found there except the New Academy; who still stuck in the neighbourhood, and obstinately refused to set one foot in the Island: for truly they had not yet found it *probable* whether it was an Island or no.

"My best respects and my Mother's to good Mrs. Doddridge, conclude me, dear Sir, your most affectionate brother and friend,

W. WARBURTON."

"DEAR SIR, *May* 12, 1741.

"I have a great many thanks to make you for your obliging letter of the 27th past. I beg you would be so good to take a place for me in the Northampton coach for Wednesday the 27th instant.

instant. I propose to be at Kettering on Monday the 25th at noon, and should be extremely obliged to you for a seat in your chair, that I may send my horses back from Kettering.

"I hope you have received the sheets from Mr. Gyles, or the greater part of them. You will find by the conclusion, why I was so large in the beginning concerning Hieroglyphics, &c. They afford me the opportunity and means of settling two most important points, the *command to Abraham*, and *the nature of the double senses of Prophecies*. The first has been long the stumbling-block of Infidelity. The other, on which the Messiahship of Jesus depends, has, with a strange degree of rashness and madness, been given up by some pretended advocates for Christianity: particularly by Dr. Sykes, in a late Book *, which I take to be in all respects the very worst he ever wrote. Besides his attack on *double senses*, which I have examined, he had a little fling at my account of the Philosophers in the first volume: which I have animadverted on in a Postscript at the end of the Appendix against a Lawyer who wrote a Book about a Future State, believed by the Ancients †. This is a man of fortune, and it is well he is so, for I have spoiled his trade as a Writer; and, as he was both very abusive, free-thinking, and anonymous, I have not spared to expose his ignorance and ill-faith. As for Dr. Sykes, I had in the first edition of my first volume hinted my disapprobation of that miserable Discourse on the Demoniacs. I did not then know he was the Author. Being afterwards informed of it by some of his friends, who complained of it, I struck the passage out of the second edition. It appears this did not satisfy Dr. Sykes. He would have his revenge; and you see what it is come to. I was only amazed he could not say something more plausible and more learned against my opinion of the Philosophers. It is certainly that part of the first volume against which most might be said.

"When I hear you complain of the want of Government in your Academy, it only puts me in mind of the Miser, who, as his endless stores increase, keeps terrifying himself with the fears of want. I have just received a visit from a French gentleman of Paris, whom I could not prevent giving himself the trouble of a journey into Lincolnshire by all I could say. He appears to be an extraordinary person; a man of large fortune and an Advocate of the Parliament of Paris; though a zealous Roman Catholic, yet the most reasonable one I have ever met with. He has translated *The Alliance* and the first volume of *The Divine Legation* into French, under the title of *The Connexion between Religion, Polities, and Morality*, and has thrown them into ten Dissertations; and, what is most extraordinary, the two last contain my discourse of *The Alliance*, together with long quotations from Bossuet, &c. He tells me my principles differ very little from those of the maintainers of the *Liberty of the Gallican Church*. This will make you laugh, and fortify you in your contempt of the princi-

* "The Principles and Connexion of Natural and Revealed Religion."

† John Tillard, Esq. See some account of him in the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. II. p. 154; vol. V. pp. 572. 582. 613.

ples

ples of *The Alliance*. How unlucky was I that *The Alliance* was not wrote when the late Archbishop* entertained that wise project of an union with the Gallican Church, in which he and some Doctors of the Sorbonne had proceeded so far as to agree on preliminary articles; one of which I remember was, leaving the matter of the real presence undetermined. One of the most remarkable effects of this project was Courayer's writings and banishment †. However, he has got more by coming here than he could have got in peace at home: and much more by writing for our Ordination than he would have got by writing for our Faith. But, to be sure, he deserves it all by so much endeavouring in all his writings to give us a good opinion of *moderate French Popery*; a security I suppose against our falling in love with the worst kind of Popery, the *English*. Mine and my Mother's best respects to you and Mrs. Doddridge concludes me, dear Sir, your most affectionate friend and very humble servant, W. WARBURTON."

"DEAR SIR, *May* 28, 1741.

"This day sevennight Mr. Gyles gave Mr. Fowler himself the remaining sheets, which I suppose you have received by this time. After an extremely fatiguing journey in the stage coach with very indifferent company, increased by worse taken up on the road, I reached Mr. Gyles's between eight and nine last night.

"I have abundance of thanks to return for the very friendly entertainment I met with at Northampton, from you and your excellent lady. I must tell you frankly, you have more happiness than comes to the share of one man, and to make it the more exquisite, of several kinds. Providence has treated you with a feast of many courses: which none but a good Levite under the old law, when the dispensation was exact, could fairly pretend to. That you may long enjoy every part of it, especially 'that last and best—which shares and doubles all the rest,' is the earnest prayer of, dear Sir, your most affectionate brother and friend, W. WARBURTON."

"DEAR SIR, *London, June* 6, 1741.

"I received your kind letter of the 31st past, on my coming from Twickenham with Mr. Pope, whither I am just now returning. I am delighted to hear of your purpose of meeting me at Cambridge, and shall certainly let you know the precise time of my going thither; which yet I cannot possibly determine, Mr. Pope and I having several small excursions to make of uncertain motion.

"I received a letter the other day from Dr. Taylor, who lets me understand the high satisfaction he took in his journey to Northampton, and his acquaintance with you; and, how the evening after he left you, he had that pleasure contrasted by a very different sort of man, one *Stukeley* ‡ of Stamford, *a Doctor too in his way*.

* Dr. William Wake.

† See the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. VII. p. 96.

‡ Did the worthy Antiquary deserve this unkind reflection, either from Dr. Robert Taylor or Mr. Warburton?

"I think

"I think here is no literary news. But I can tell you of a certainty that Carthagena is either taken, or redeemed at a large price.

"Adieu, my dear friend, and with my best respects to good Mrs. Doddridge and the young ladies, believe me to be your most affectionate friend and brother, W. WARBURTON."

"DEAR SIR, *London, June* 25, 1741.

"When your last kind letters with the Discourse came to London, I was on a ramble with Mr. Pope up and down, and amongst other places to Oxford*, from whence I am but just returned. I have read over your fine Abstract† with great pleasure. It is too good for the Journal. I shall reserve it for my use when I recapitulate my long general argument at the end of the third volume, where it will be of use to me; and the rather, because the second volume having had a quick sale, the book is so well dispersed and known that an account of it in the Journal is the less necessary.

"My worthy friend Mr. Caryl‡ tells me you have been at Cambridge; and is so won with his new acquaintance, that he expresses himself to me in these words, which for once I will not scruple to transcribe from his letter: 'Dr. Doddridge spent a couple of days here last week, and seemed a little disappointed at not finding you here. I shewed him all the civility I could, at first indeed merely as a friend of yours; but it soon became the result of my own inclinations. He favoured me with much curious conversation; and, if I judge right, he is a man of great parts and learning, and of a candid and communicative temper. I now reckon him amongst my acquaintance, and thank you for him. Mr. Jones§, the Huntingdonshire Clergyman, came hither with the Doctor. By two or three things which dropped from him I find he suspects you slight his acquaintance; and truly, if it were my case, I should continue so to do; for, betwixt friends, I take him to be a mere solemn coxcomb, &c.'

"You see what liberty I take with my friend's letter; but the pleasure I had in finding him think of you just as I do, made me think his words as well as sentiments my property. I am just now returning home by Cambridge, where I should have been extremely glad to have met you. My best respects to good Mrs. Doddridge conclude, dear Sir, your most affectionate friend and brother, W. WARBURTON."

"DEAR SIR, *August* 5, 1741.

"I have received the very valuable present of your 'Ten Sermons||,' which I have read with much pleasure and improve-

* See some curious particulars of this excursion to Oxford in the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. V. p. 576.

† See the Note in p. 822.

‡ Master of Jesus College, Cambridge. See the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. VII. p. 65.

§ Of whom see the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. I. p. 637.

|| In 1736, Dr. Doddridge published "Ten Sermons on the Power and Grace of Christ," and the Evidences of his glorious Gospel. The three last,

ment; they are excellent; and I have the additional obligation and pleasure of finding the Author of 'The Divine Legation' honoured by your friendly mention of him. You speak of your 'Sermons on Regeneration *;' and a farther prosecution of that subject under the title of 'The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul.' I think you need make no apology for writing so many things on practical subjects. They are, when well wrote, by far the most useful to the interests of Christianity, as vast numbers of such tracts are a disgrace to it. But, without the compliment, I have never yet seen any write equal to you on practical subjects. As I came down from London I dined at Bugden with the Bishop of Lincoln, where I accidentally met with Mr. Jones. He has a very good look, and I believe is a good man; but is too trifling where he proposes to be most serious; for I had his company some miles on the road.

"Dr. Newcome, Master of St. John's, was much taken with you; but blamed Mr. Jones for not telling him that it was Dr. Doddridge of Northampton, because he believes he said some things too freely of the Dissenters.

"I understand by a common friend that I have much disgusted Dr. Middleton in what I have said of Moses's fraud, the serpent; and the Papists borrowing of the Pagans; which last particular affects him most because he is about publishing a new edition of his 'Letter from Rome.' I find he cannot bear contradiction, though I did it with the utmost candour. Nay, he told our common friend Dr. Taylor, that there were some things in my 'Vindication' (the little pamphlet wrote soon after the publication of the first volume) which displeased him; but he attri-

last, on the Evidences of the Gospel, were, in some later Editions, by the particular desire of one of the first Dignitaries of the Church of England, printed so as to be had separate from the former. They contain a sufficient defence of Christianity, and are well adapted to the use of those, whose office calls them to defend it. It gave the Author singular pleasure to know that these Sermons were the means of convincing two gentlemen of a liberal education and distinguished abilities, who had been Deists, that Christianity was true and divine: and one of them, who had set himself zealously to prejudice others against the Evidences and contents of the Gospel, became a zealous preacher and ornament of the religion he had once denied and despised. Life of Doddridge, p. 118.—T. S.

* In 1741, he published some "Practical Discourses on Regeneration." He was sensible of the importance of the subject at all times; and knowing that several controversies had, about that time, been raised concerning it, he chose to treat it more largely than he had done before; lest these controversies should have been the means of unsettling men's minds, and have led them into some particular errors, or into a general apprehension, that it was a mere point of speculation, about which it was not necessary to form any judgment at all. These Lectures, being preached on Lord's-day evenings, were attended with uncommon diligence, by many persons of different persuasions; and God was pleased to make them the means of producing and advancing, in some who heard them, the change which they described; and since their publication, they have been useful to the same purpose. Life, p. 119.—T. S.

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buted them to the instigation of Bishop ———, his mortal enemy. Is not this amusing, when he had taken the same kind of liberty with me in his Tully, where he speaks of the genius of the Academic Philosophers, and the sentiments of Tully about a Future State? I sent such an answer as was proper. Whether he will come to a better mind, I cannot tell, but you shall know when I do. You see to what disasters we Authors militant are exposed. My respects and service to Mrs. Doddridge. I am, dear Sir, your most affectionate friend and brother, and obedient humble servant, W. WARBURTON."

"DEAR AND WORTHY FRIEND, *March* 3, 1741-2.

"I should not have been so long in making my due acknowledgments for your last kind present of your excellent Sermons, as I have found them, had I not been from home when they came, and I am but now just returned.

"In November Mr. Pope sent me so pressing an invitation to come to him to Mr. Allen's near Bath, seconded by so kind an invitation of that good man, that I could not decline a long tedious winter journey, by London. I stayed at Widcombe in the most agreeable retired society, with two excellent persons, so very dear to me, till after the Christmas holydays. The principal occasion and fruits of my going, I hope you will see (*inter nos*) in a little time. My health was then but very indifferent; principally owing to a bilious indigestion, which I had been long troubled with, and which the late Writers against me will tell you I have given public proofs of. However, it is well for them that I can digest their usage of me. For this disorder the Physicians at Bath advised me to drink the waters. I followed their advice, and the waters were brought hot from Bath every morning for me to drink in bed, which I received so much benefit from, that Mr. Allen would engage me to promise to take the first opportunity of returning to them.

"From Widcombe I returned with Mr. Pope to London; where my unsettled affairs with my Bookseller's Executor detained me till almost now. My accounts with Mr. Gyles were altogether unsettled; and, as I had made no agreement with him, nor assigned any copy, they were altogether at my mercy for all the profits, farther than *the bookseller's allowance*, as it is called. But, with regard to my friendship for the deceased, I asked only half the clear profits of the editions sold, and two thirds of a third edition of the first volume of the Divine Legation, and a second edition of the second volume, just going to press when Gyles died; for I saw no reason my favours should be entailed on a rich family that wanted nothing. This last demand of two thirds stuck with them; and, after much ill usage in delaying me from time to time, they pressed I should be contented with half the profits, both for the editions sold and unsold; which, against the advice of my friends, I rather chose to comply with, than go to law; though it was a clear case, and I had

I had Mr. Murray* for my standing Counsel without fees. But I have followed the old adage, *dimidium plus toto.* However, I have tied them from printing any more than these editions, and only a moderate number of them, and have got a legal acknowledgment of the entire copy-right in myself.

"Another thing, which will be as unconcerning a piece of news to you as all this, I will mention to you. My friends have prevailed with me to publish my large Critical Remarks on Shakespeare. I was too, as it were, necessitated to this on account of the behaviour of Sir Thomas Hanmer, who has had my papers, and is preparing something towards an edition without any communication with me. And now let me enquire concerning your health, and that of good Mrs. Doddridge's (whom I never mention but with the greatest regard, and never think of but with the highest esteem) and of the rest of your family. I hope you still continue well, and that you particularly are blessed with the same vigour of mind and cheerfulness of temper (the effects of your virtue and piety), which so well enable you to go through so much business to the benefit of all you are concerned with, or who have the sense or virtue to be concerned with you, I mean those who read your writings. Have you seen the late Sermon preached before the Commons last 30th of January †? did you ever see such a one? or will you ever see such another? But, if I once fancy myself conversing with you, I should tire you with questions. I therefore recommend myself at once to your best affections. Mr. Allen promises that we shall soon have a direct conveyance by the post between this place and Northampton, for I complained much of the long circuit by London. I desire always to have your prayers, and am, dear Sir, your most affectionate brother, and faithful humble servant, W. WARBURTON."

"DEAR SIR, *Feb.* 14, 1742-3.

"I should not have been so long in making my best acknowledgments for your last kind letter, had not my absence from home, and a late unhappy domestic affair, prevented me ‡, and grossed all my thoughts—the misfortunes of an excellent sister and her children by her husband's ill success in trade, yet attended to with the utmost honesty and sobriety; so that, to his own ruin, he has been a considerable benefactor to the publick while in trade, and his creditors at last no losers, but himself undone. I do not know whether this be an alleviation or aggravation of the misfortune. But I can tell you with the utmost truth, that I share with this distressed sister and her children (who all live with me) the small revenue it has pleased God to bless me

* Afterwards the venerable Earl of Mansfield; to whom in 1758, he dedicated a new edition of the second part of the Divine Legation; "which Dedication deserves to be read by every person who esteems the well-being of society as a concern of any importance." T. S.

† By his old friend Dr. Stukeley.

‡ See the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. V. p. 584.

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with, with much greater satisfaction than others spend theirs on their pleasures. I do not know how it is; but, though I am far from being an hero, yet I find Brutus expresses my exact sentiments, when he says to Cicero, 'Aliter alii cum suis vivunt. Nihil ego possum in Sororis meæ Liberis facere, quo possit expleri voluntas mea, aut officium.' But you will reprove me, I know, for this false modesty in apologizing for this comparison; and say, 'Where is the wonder, that a man who pretends to be a Christian should not come behind a Pagan, how great soever, in the performance of moral duties?' However this may be, I can assure you my only concern on this occasion was for an incomparable Mother, whom I feared the misfortunes of a favourite daughter would have too much affected. But, I thank God, Religion, that Religion which you make such amiable drawings of in all your writings, was more than a support to her. But I ask pardon for talking so long of myself. This is a subject I never choose to talk of; yet I could not forbear mentioning it to a man I so much esteem, and whose heart I know to be so right.

"It was with great concern I found Mrs. Doddridge so ill at Bath. I know the grief this must have occasioned you. But I know your sufficiency. I trust in God she has by this time received the expected benefit from the waters. It was by accident I saw her name in Leake's Book (for then I had not received your last) a little before I left Mr. Allen's. I visited her twice. The first time she was going out to drink the waters, the second time a visiting; so I had not the pleasure of much of her company. You may be assured, I would not hinder her the first time; and I made a conscience not to do it the second: for it was a new acquaintance she was going to make; a matter, perhaps, as useful to her amusement, while she stayed at Bath, as the other for her health.

"Thus you see, my good friend, we have all something to make us think less complacently of the world. Religion will do great things. It will always make the bitter waters of Marah wholesome and palatable. But we must not think it will usually turn water to wine, because it once did so. Nor is it fit it should, unless this were our place of rest, where we were to expect the bridegroom. I do the best I can, and should, I think, do the same if I were a mere Pagan, to make life passable. To be always lamenting the miseries of it, or always seeking after the pleasures of it, equally take us off from the work of our salvation. And though I be extremely cautious what sect I follow in Religion, yet any in Philosophy will serve my turn; and honest Sancho Panca's is as good as any; who on his return from an important commission, when asked by his master, 'Whether they should mark the day with a *black* or a *white* stone,' replied, 'Faith, Sir, if you will be ruled by me, with neither, but with good *brown Ochre*.' What this Philosopher thought of his commission, I think of human life in general—*good brown Ochre* is the complexion of it.

"I got

"I got home a little before Christmas, after a charming philosophical retirement in a Palace with Mr. Pope and Mr. Allen for two or three months. The gentleman I last mentioned is, I verily believe, the greatest private character in any age of the world. You see his munificence to the Bath Hospital This is but a small part of his charities, and charity but a small part of his virtues. I have studied his character even maliciously, to find where his weakness lies; but have studied in vain. When I know it, the world shall know it too for the consolation of the envious; especially as I suspect it will prove to be only a partiality he has entertained for me. In a word, I firmly believe him to have been sent by Providence into the world, to teach men what blessings they might expect from Heaven, would they study to deserve them.

"I received your agreeable present of your Pupil's Sermons *, with your Life of him, which my nephew has read with great pleasure, and you have both our most hearty thanks for it. He is now of Jesus College in Cambridge. But I take what care I can myself of his education. He is very promising, and I hope will prove a comfort to an excellent, though unfortunate Mother.

"Dr. Taylor has just now shewn me the first part of your excellent Answer to 'Christianity not founded on Argument;' which he highly esteems, and we wait impatiently for the second. Will you forgive my concluding without overlooking this sad scribble, which I should be even afraid to do had I time? But now I have not a moment more than to conclude; with my best respects to Mrs. Doddridge, dear Sir, your most affectionate and faithful friend and brother, W. WARBURTON."

"DEAR SIR, *Prior Park*, 1747.

"I had the favour of your letter, and along with it 'Colonel Gardiner's Life,' which I have just read through with very great pleasure. Nothing can be better or more judicious than the writing part. Many considerations made the subject of great importance and expediency. The celebration of worthy men who sacrificed themselves for the service of their country; the tribute paid to private friendship; the example, particularly to the Soldiery, of so much virtue and piety, as well as courage and patriotism; the service done to the survivors of their families, are such important considerations, as equally concern the Writer and the publick. I had a thousand things to remark in it which gave me pleasure. But I have room but for two or three. The distinction you settle between Piety and Enthusiasm in the 78th page, is highly just and important, and very necessary for these times, when men are apt to fall into the opposite extremes. Nor am I less pleased with your observations on the *mutilated form of Christianity* in the 130th page: we see the terrible effects of it. The same pleasure your 162d and 163d pages afforded me. Your Hymns are truly pious and poetical. The

* By the Rev. Thomas Steffe. T. S.

note at the bottom of page 176, is fine. I entirely agree in your sentiments concerning the extraordinary circumstance of the good man's conversion. On the whole, the book will do you honour, or, what you like better, will be a blessing to you by its becoming an instrument of public good. Mr. Allen (who is now upon beginning your book), Mrs. Allen, and my Wife, join with me in our best respects. I am, dear Sir, with the truest esteem, your most affectionate servant, W. WARBURTON."

"DEAR SIR, *Bedford Row, June* 10, 1749.

"Mr. Allen has just sent me your kind Letter; and tells me, I am obliged to you for your Sermon *, which he commends extremely. Your 'Essay on Inspiration' is a well-reasoned and judicious performance. I think you do not set a just value on yourself, when you lend your name or countenance to such weak, but well-meaning, rhapsodists as ——— ———. This may do well enough with the people; but it is the Learned that claim you. And though the intermixing with works of this cast *sober* books of devotion of your own composing, becomes your character, and is indeed your duty; yet your charity and love of goodness suffer you to let yourself down in the opinion of those you most value, and whose high opinion you have fairly gained by works of learning and reasoning inferior to none. Forgive me this freedom.

"'The Divine Legation' I am proceeding with in good earnest. I have been a little diverted upon an important subject; viz. in writing a Discourse to prove the Miraculous Interposition of Providence in defeating Julian's attempt to rebuild the Temple at Jerusalem. It is in three parts. The first, to establish the truth by human testimony, and the nature of the fact. 2. An Answer to Objections. 3. An Enquiry into the *nature* of that evidence which is sufficient to claim a rational assent to the miraculous fact. It is in the press, but will not be published till winter.

"I imagined I had communicated my grief to you for the greatest loss I ever had, in that of the best parent and woman that ever was †. It yet hangs heavy upon me, and will do so while I live. God preserve you in the possession and enjoyment of all those blessings most dear to you. Which brings me to remember, with my best compliments, good Mrs. Doddridge, and to assure you that I am, with the highest esteem, dear Sir, your very faithful and affectionate humble servant, W. WARBURTON."

* "On the Peace concluded with France and Spain." T. S.

† —— I have lived some time in the world; and, blessed be God, without giving or taking offence. This time has been spent in my parish church (for I am a Country Clergyman, and reside constantly on my cure), in the service of my neighbour, in my study, and in the offices of filial piety.

"With lenient arts t' extend a Mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death,
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky."

Bp. Warburton's Works, 4to, vol. VI. p. 12. T. S.

"DEAR

"DEAR SIR, *June* 15, 1750.

"Your favour of the 17th of May was sent me to London, where I then was, and yet am till to-morrow, when I return to Prior-Park. I am greatly flattered by your thoughts of Julian: because I know the sincerity of your professions. Some people of consideration would persuade me to take to task at the end of Julian a chapter of *one Hume* 'on Miracles,' in a rank atheistical book called 'Philosophical Essays;' and as the subject of the second part may be a little ticklish, perhaps it may be prudent to conciliate warm tempers by such a conclusion.

"I was very sincere in the hint, which you are pleased to call advice, of my last letter; as I am in saying that I do not know of any thing which your abilities and application are not capable of. You are very good to enquire after my motions. I shall be in town either in June or July. Towards the decline of the summer I have some thoughts of taking a journey into Lincolnshire. If I do, I may take Northampton in my way, and will take my chance of finding you at home. As to the 'Disquisitions,' I will only say, that the temper, candour, and charity, with which they are wrote, are very edifying and exemplary. I wish success to them as much as you can do; but I can tell you, of certain science, that not the least alteration will be made in the Ecclesiastical System. The present Ministers were bred up under and act entirely on the maxims of the last; and one of the principal of his* was, 'not to stir what is at rest.' He took a medicine for the stone, that killed him †; and on his death-bed he said, 'he fell by the neglect of his own maxim.' Those at the head of affairs find it as much as they can do to govern things as they are, and they will never venture to set one part of the Clergy against another; the consequence of which would be, that, in the brigues of political contests, one of the two parties would certainly fall in with the Faction, if we must call it so, against the Court. Your truly divine labours are not only more excellent, but will certainly prove more fruitful. But, above all, I join with your friends in encouraging you to a subscription; which I make no doubt will turn out a considerable benefit. Books of infinitely less importance have lately done so. And I ardently wish that one who has deserved so greatly of our common Christianity may not have the whole of his reward to wait for in another life. To understand that all your good family are well, gives me extreme pleasure. My truest respects to all; and particularly to the young gentleman who is beginning his studies. I must now begin to call him *my learned Friend;* and have sent him a magnificent Edition, which no money will buy (I mean they are not to be sold) of the 'Essay on Man,' and 'Essay on Criticism.' Believe me to be ever, with the truest esteem,

Your most affectionate friend and brother, W. WARBURTON."

* Sir Robert, first Earl of Orford of that name.

† Mrs. Stephens's medicine, for which Parliament gave her 5000*l.*

"DEAR SIR, *Prior Park, Aug.* 25, 1750.

"I thank you for the very accurate extract you sent me. Your sentiments of those dirty rascals who are concerned in all our monthly trash * are surely very right and just. They set up these papers to publish their own trash, or other people's for money.

"Mr. Allen would himself have acknowledged your obliging Letter to him of the 20th; but a disorder occasioned by bile makes him incapable of attending to any thing but to the discharge of it. With regard to that trifling favour you mention at the back of your Letter, I will tell you how the case stands. The revenue of the Post-office is in two branches; one of which Mr. Allen farms; the other is in the hands of the Crown: with regard to the latter, Mr. Allen is indulged the privilege of franking his own letters. In this he is scrupulously exact, and confines the indulgence he has to his own family. He makes a point of conscience and honour of it; and the rather, for the scandalous abuse of this privilege, that is now almost universal. Besides, as he has almost every year occasion to write to some Member or other, complaining of their scandalous abuses of this privilege (which he hardly restrains by threatening to complain to Parliament) he cannot, in common discretion, give any handle to them by committing the like abuse, though in a low degree; for, franking more than a man's own and family letters is a gross abuse of this privilege, which Mr. Allen has never yet trangressed.

"Mr. Allen thinks that those of the Ministers who opposed the Brief † did it on some such considerations as these: That the immense debt, which the late War has accumulated, was much inflamed by the subsidies and pensions paid to the German Princes, who are grown rich by it; and that the flourishing Protestant Churches in Germany are much abler to assist their distressed Brethren, and under closer obligations, than this Kingdom, oppressed with taxes and the public calamity of the distemper amongst the horned cattle. Besides, the King of Prussia, the Protector of the Protestant Interest in Germany, is the richest and most powerful Prince in Europe, has got most by the War, and is nearest hand to lend his assistance. But the people of the Continent think Great Britain inexhaustible, and must supply all the expences there, both for support of Liberty and Religion. These, he supposes, may be the sentiments of the Ministry; and if they suspect that the people may think with them, they will not be disposed to give the public sanction to this charity. — Mr. Allen hopes that when your Proposals are printed we shall see them. He joins with me in our best wishes

* Dr. Warburton, though he himself sometimes condescended to assist in the publishing of *monthly trash*, was tremblingly alive to those shafts of criticism which he affected to despise. — "Warburton had great powers, and wrote with more force and freedom than the Wits to whom he succeeded: but his faculties were perverted by a paltry love of paradox; and rendered useless to mankind, by an unlucky choice of subjects, and the arrogance and dogmatism of his temper." *Edinb. Rev. Sept.* 1816, *p.* 8.

† For the distressed Protestants in Germany.

for

for your happiness; and I am, dear Sir, with the truest affection, your most faithful servant and brother, W. WARBURTON."

"DEAR SIR, *Prior Park, Sept* 2, 1751.

"Your kind letter gave me, and will give Mr. Allen, great concern; but for ourselves, not you, Death, whenever it happens, in a life spent like yours, is to be envied, not pitied; and you will have the prayers of your friends, as Conquerors have the shouts of the crowd. God preserve you; if he continues you here, to go on in his service; if he takes you to himself, to be crowned with glory. Be assured the memory of our Friendship will be as durable as my life. I order an enquiry to be made of your health from time to time: but if you fatigue yourself any more in writing, it will prevent me that satisfaction. I am, dear Sir, your most affectionate friend and brother, W. WARBURTON."

Bishop WARBURTON to Sir EARDLEY WILMOT*, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

"MY GOOD LORD, *Prior Park, March* 9, 1766.

"I confess, that to trouble your Lordship with any interruption, at this season, is doing like the Pharisees of old, who drew men of the Sanhedrim off *from the weightier matters of the Law, judgment, mercy, and good faith*, to give their attention to mint, anise, and cummin. But, I am about framing, in my life-time, a small Theological Lecture at Lincoln's Inn: and, that Society not being incorporated, I have a good pretence to put it into the hands of Trustees, who are to chuse their successors. I shall be glad to be honoured with the names of the two Lords Chief Justices and Mr. Yorke, as those of my own appointment; and have applied to them for this leave, as I now do to your Lordship. I presume that one or both of them may have acquainted you with my project; and, on that presumption, will conclude, that I have the honour to be, with the highest regard and attachment, my Lord, your Lordship's most faithful and obedient humble servant, W. GLOUCESTER."

*** The remark made by Dr. Stukeley in this Volume, p. 55, is thus confirmed in Bp. Newton's account of his own Life:

"When Dr. Warburton was made Bishop of Gloucester, he desired his friend Dr. Newton to preach his Consecration Sermon; which service was performed at Lambeth on January 20, 1760; and the Sermon, as usual, was printed by Archbishop Secker's order. It was somewhat extraordinary, that he who had Lord Hardwicke and Lord Mansfield for his friends should be made a Bishop by the means of Mr. Pitt; but Mr. Pitt at that time represented the City of Bath, where he was brought in by the interest of Mr. Allen, whose niece Mr. War-

* A part only of this Letter has appeared in print. The whole is now copied from the Original, communicated by my late truly benevolent friend, John Eardley-Wilmot, Esq.

burton

burton had married. He was promoted to the Bishoprick of Gloucester from the Deanery of Bristol, where Mr. Allen had laid out a good deal of money in repairing and new-fronting the Deanery-house, and had not quite completed it when the Dean was made Bishop. However, such was Mr. Allen's generosity, that he was willing to finish what he had begun; but inquired first who was likely to succeed to the Deanery. It was supposed to lie between Dr. Squire and Dr. Tucker, and Mr. Allen asked what sort of men they were; and the Bishop answered in his lively manner, that the one made Religion his Trade, and the other Trade his Religion. Dr. Squire succeeded to the Deanery of Bristol, where Mr. Allen completed his intended alterations, and Dr. Tucker was soon after made Dean of Gloucester. It was true that Dr. Tucker had written upon Trade and Commerce with more knowledge and intelligence than any Clergyman, and with as much perhaps as Sir Josiah Child or any Merchant: but he has also written very well upon other subjects more properly belonging to his profession. He had the pen of a ready writer; but it was apt sometimes to run away with him, and wanted judgment to curb and restrain it. He had strong and lively parts, and with many of the excellencies it is no wonder that he had also some of the failings of every great genius. He was too an excellent Parish-priest, and an exemplary Dean in keeping his residence, and performing his duty, in managing the Chapter estates, in living hospitably, in repairing and improving his house, and in adorning and beautifying the church and the church-yard. In these things he merited well, and had many good qualities: but it is to be lamented, that he had not the respect for the Bishop, which was really due to his personal character as well as to his higher station, so that there was not that friendship and harmony between them, which ought always to subsist between the Bishop and the Dean of the same Cathedral. They were both men of great virtues, but they were both also men of strong passions. Both were irascible, but the Bishop was more placable and forgiving, the Dean longer bore resentment. There was also some misunderstanding between Dr. Warburton and another friend of Dr. Newton, who was suspected of having assisted Mr. Edwards in his 'Canons of Criticism,' which was the smartest pamphlet that ever was written against Dr. Warburton. This produced a coolness between them, but proceeded no farther. Hawkins Browne was then in a decline, and died soon after the time that the other was made Bishop; so that Dr. Newton's joy for the promotion of one friend was damped by his concern for the death of another."

The following very animated and impartial portraiture of Bp. Warburton, dated Feb. 12, 1785, is transcribed from a Letter of Dr. William Cuming, of Dorchester, to Dr. Lettsom.

"Many years ago I read over the polemical and critical works of the late Dr. Warburton; and from the perusal I conceived a most

most unfavourable opinion of the man; so stiff and conceited in opinion; so dictatorial in his sentiments, treating every one who thought differently from himself with the most sovereign contempt. It is above thirty years ago that Ralph Allen, of Prior-park, first came to pass about three months in the summer annually at Weymouth; his niece, Mrs. Warburton, was always of the party. She was elegant in her person, possessed of an excellent understanding, great politeness, and a most engaging *naiveté* in conversation. I had been introduced to Mr. Allen's acquaintance soon after his first arrival, and was always professionally employed in the family. After a few years, the Bishop, whom I had never seen, came to pass a month of the summer with Mr. Allen at Weymouth. I was soon after sent for, to attend some one in the family. After having visited my patient, Mrs. Warburton took me by the hand, and led me to the dining-room, where we found the Bishop alone. She presented me to him with 'Give me leave, my Lord, to introduce to you a friend of mine, to whom you and I have great obligations, for the care he has repeatedly taken of our son.' He received me courteously enough, but I own to you I felt an awe and awkward uneasiness. I determined to say but little, and to weigh well what I said. We were left alone—it was an hour to dinner—he soon engaged me on some literary subject, in the course of which he gave me the etymology of some word or phrase in the French language, with a 'Do not you think so?' I ventured to dissent, and said I had always conceived its origin to be so and so: to this he immediately replied, 'Upon my word I believe you are in the right: nay, 'tis past a doubt; I wonder it never struck me before." Well, to dinner we went: his Lordship was easy, facetious, and entertaining. My awe of him was pretty well dissipated, and I conversed with ease. Some time after dinner, when he was walking about the room, he came behind me, tapped me on the shoulder, and beckoned me into an adjoining room. As soon as we entered, he shut the door, seated himself in an armed chair on one side of the fire-place while he directed me by his hand to one on the opposite side. My fit immediately returned: I expected to be catechised and examined; but it was of short duration. He said, he was happy in this opportunity of asking the opinion and advice of a gentleman of my character respecting some complaints he had felt for some time past, and which he found increasing. On this my spirits expanded; I did not fear being a match for his Lordship on a medical subject. He then began to detail to me the complaints and feelings of those persons addicted to constant study and a sedentary life. As I mentioned several circumstances which he had omitted in his catalogue, and which he immediately acknowledged, I gained his confidence He was sensible I was master of my subject. It is a good political maxim, '*Docti sunt doctè tractandi.*' I explained to him the rationale of his complaints, and shewed him the propriety of the diet, exercise, and regimen, which

which I recommended to him. In short, we parted, to join the company, very well satisfied with each other. I found my disgust and prejudice gradually abate. During several subsequent years, I had repeated opportunities of being in company with him, and never saw a single instance of that fastidiousness and arrogance, so conspicuous in his writings. He always received me with great good humour; I conversed with him easily and familiarly. On all subjects he shewed an attention and deference to the opinion of others. He had a great fund of anecdote, and told his stories with much humour and facetiousness. This change in my opinion relating to Dr. Warburton was the effect of my being personally acquainted with him: however, I can never forgive him for defacing the immortal Shakespeare, by his many ridiculous and unlettered notes, though he made me a present of that and all his other Works. 'He ought,' said Quin the Player, 'to have stuck to his own Bible, and not to have meddled with ours.'"

In a subsequent Letter Dr. Cuming adds,

"If my paper in my last letter would have held out, I should have finished the subject of Warburton, by giving you an arch, but not unjust, character of him, which I extracted many years ago, and before I was acquainted with the Doctor, from a letter written by a gentleman, a Clergyman I believe, in Devonshire, to a learned friend of mine, in which the metaphor is admirably supported. Thus he expressed himself: 'And whom we may compare, not altogether improperly, to a *Blazing Star*, that has appeared in our hemisphere: obscure his *origin*, resplendent his *light*, irregular his motion, and his period quite uncertain. With such a train of quotations as he carries in his *tail*, and the eccentricity of the vast circuit he takes, the vulgar are alarmed, the learned puzzled. Something wonderful it certainly portends, and I wish he may go off without leaving some *malignant influence* at least among us, if he does not set us on fire.'"

Mr. EDWARD CAVE* to the Rev. Dr. DODDRIDGE†.

"DEAR SIR, *St. John's Gate, May* 20, 1746.

"I got safe last night to this strong Tower with all my company, having a very agreeable day's journey; during which, as you had so cordially expressed your concern for us both in public and private, we frequently remembered your goodness, as well as your very delectable and no less improving conversation and discourse; and heartily wished you and your Fellow-travellers safe over the rough ways, and without any bad or perplexing accident; of which as we should be glad to have an account, we apprehend that it may not be displeasing to let you know how we performed our stage, as we set out so late.

"Having, at 18 miles by my measure, at a quarter past 11, reached Aylesbury, which is 44 measured miles from London, we

* The original Compiler and Editor of the Gentleman's Magazine. See the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. V. pp. 1—50.

† From the Original, communicated by the Rev. T. Stedman.

took

took a little bait, and proceeded to Wendover, called two or three miles, and measuring five. At this place, having slipped between the Chalk-hills, here called, I think, the *Chiltern*, by a very easy ascent, compared with that near Dunstable, or the Chalk-hills in the road from Oxford, Tame, Baldock, Bedford, Cambridge, &c. we travelled but slowly through that confined but delightful Valley, which reaches along the road, or just below it, from Missenden, called six and measuring ten miles from Aylesbury, where about three we dined, to Chalfont.

"Our intended speed was unexpectedtly interrupted by waters, in some places near a furlong in length, but not otherwise disagreeable, as we could every where discern the gravel at the bottom not far off, being only the exuberance of that pleasant stream which rises about Missenden, and often crossed our way, and sometimes washed a considerable part of it, making the cooling gale of the day (of which I hope you had the benefit) still more refreshing, and affording us great comfort in a close road, where, however, the hedges often met, or were spread over our heads on the sunny side; so that our journey was extremely pleasant, both upon and between the Hills, in which last I apprehended we should have been much incommoded by the sun. At three miles before we reached Uxbridge, we entered the great road from Oxford, half an hour past six: but, though it was very dusty, the wind blew it from us, and we got to our journey's end a little after ten.

"I shall be now turning myself to the other pleasure—business; and shall not forget the kind hints, which, with so much judgment and benevolence, you were pleased to mention.

"I must not yet, though long, conclude, without returning my thanks for all favours received and intended; and adding by desire the hearty respects of all the company, jointly and severally, to you and your Fellow-travellers and Family.

"I should have troubled you with a Letter which I owed you about Christmas; but, being impatient of care, and generally inattentive as to decent writing, it wanted to be transcribed, and so was mislaid; and that you have this so soon, or fit to be seen, is through the goodness of an expert and ready writer, who offered to transcribe it; who is charmed (like me) with, and longs for a further opportunity of enjoying, your conversation.—I am, Reverend Sir, your much obliged and very humble servant and admirer, EDWARD CAVE."

Original Letters * of the Rev. JAMES HERVEY †.

Mr. JAMES HERVEY to his Father.

"HONOURED SIR, *Oxon, Sept.* 15, 1736.

"I thank you for your kind Letter, which was the more grateful to me, in that I knew I deserved, and almost expected,

* Communicated by the Rev. T. Stedman; to whom they were given by Dr. James Stonhouse in 1772.—"Propter ea utem et probitatem, eos quos nunquam vidimus, diligimus." T. S.

† The learned and pious Author of the well-known "Meditations."

one

one of another kind. I thank you also for your diligence in the affair that is now in execution. Every thing has succeeded hitherto as well as can be desired. I waited on the Archdeacon (Dr. Rye) * on Tuesday: he asked me several questions in Divinity, and (blessed be the great Giver of wisdom) I was not at a loss for an answer to any of them; no, not for Latin words to express myself in. As soon as ever I came from the Doctor, there met me at my lodgings a letter from the Bishop of Peterborough †; wherein my Lord informed me, that he had sent inclosed a Letter Dimissory to the Bishop of Oxford ‡. I immediately carried the inclosed to Dr. Rye, that he might convey it to my Lord at Cuddsdon. The Doctor opened it, and read it to me; the contents were, that his Lordship approved of my age, testimonium, and title; and desired the favour of the Bp. of Oxford to admit me to be a Deacon of the Church of England, if he should find me qualified for that order. The Doctor was very well satisfied with every thing, and told me I had nothing to do but to get another *testimonium* from College, for the satisfaction of the Bishop, who, he said, would insist upon that. This will be no hard matter to get, only it will cost me another half-crown. I quite forgot the money, that constant *desideratum in omnibus*. I will ask again for my Caution; and, if I should be refused, I do not question but I shall be able to borrow. I do not know what I want further, besides a plentiful effusion of the blessed Spirit. You have done (you say, Sir,) your part; and I thankfully acknowledge it to be true. Only let my Father which is in Heaven do his part; I mean, let him 'give me the Holy Ghost,' not many days hence: so will I serve Him and His Church all the days of my life. Your orders about a licence shall be obeyed; I will not, unless I am compelled, (as I suppose I shall not) take one.

"I had the honour, and indeed I may say the happiness, last week, of waiting on Lady Cox. Her Ladyship stayed in town a week, and was pleased to permit me to visit her every day;—nay, she and her two sisters condescended to walk the streets with me, and to be conducted by me thrice to Lincoln Chapel. She put me in mind of St. John's *Elect Lady*. You would not know her to be a Lady by any thing but her liberality. Oh! that as I have seen, so I may imitate her meek and lowly spirit! her deadness to the world! and her great heavenly-mindedness! How amiable are thy children, thou Lord of Hosts! My soul hath a desire and longing to enter in among thy chosen ones! Yea, my heart and my flesh rejoice in expectation of that blessed day; when, freed from mortality, and purged from corruption, I shall be gathered to an innumerable company of just men made perfect.—Wonderful! before I write again, to think that I shall be ordained and constituted a servant of the most high God to minister in the most holy things. Χριστος βοηθειτω μοι τη νεοτητι."

* George Rye, Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford; M. A. 1703; B. D. 1713; D. D. 1715; Archdeacon of Oxford 1724; Regius Professor of Divinity 1737. He died in July 1741.

† Dr. Robert Clavering. ‡ Dr. John Potter.

"Pray

"Pray give my duty to my mother, and to my kind kinsfolk at Weston; my love to my brothers and sisters. My humble service to all that enquire after me; and beg of them to pray earnestly for your dutiful son, J. HERVEY."

Rev. JAMES HERVEY to Dr. JAMES STONHOUSE *.

"MY DEAR FRIEND, [*Undated.*]

"I have read Mr. Jortin†. He aggravates features; misrepresents his opponents; and, in my opinion, mistakes the meaning, diminishes the blessing of Gospel-salvation. On such points controversy, unless it be conducted by minds free from prejudice (and where are these to be found?) is endless. I shall only wish for him, wish for myself, and for all whom it may concern — that we may always find in our breasts a will free to good; when we are provoked to passion, a will free to exercise meekness; when we are instigated to resentment, a will free to love our bitterest enemy; when we are disappointed in our designs and afflicted in our persons, a will free to acquiesce with complacency and thankfulness. Such a will to all this, as we have to gratify our appetite, to obtain success in our schemes, and enjoy favour with our friends. Where this is found, there is liberty, 'the liberty of righteousness.' For my part, I have no hope to obtain it, but only in the manner which David prescribes, 'O give me the comfort of thy help, and *stablish me with thy free spirit!*' My very respectful and affectionate compliments attend Dr. Cotton. I wish him much of that amiable and delightful Religion, which is not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy *in the Holy Ghost*. Beg of him, at some leisure moment, to translate for me these lines from Virgil, Æn. xii. 57:

'Et nos tela, pater, ferrumque haud debile dextrâ
Spargimus, et nostro sequitur de vulnere sanguis:'

accommodating them to the purpose for which they are quoted in the beginning of my Eighth Dialogue. Ever yours, J. H."

"MY DEAR FRIEND, [*Undated.*]

"As to the matter of defending me, I think, *Non est tanti*. I am ten thousand times more for your *conversing* like a Christian on every occasion. Take all proper opportunities of glorifying your Divine Master, and spreading abroad the savour of his blessed name. It would bring dignity to your character, I am persuaded, and would command reverence even from gainsayers, if you were sometimes to make a frank declaration on this head, and act accordingly. Do not scruple to bid your patients seek to GOD for a blessing when they are recovered; remind them of their obligations to the Almighty Physician; they are restored to health, not for the poor purposes of eating and drinking a little more, but to acquaint themselves with CHRIST JESUS, to prepare for eternity, and make their salvation sure. This would be truly

* At that time a most worthy and excellent Physician at Northampton, and afterwards a Baronet. See the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. IX. p. 566.

† Probably his "Remarks on Ecclesiastical History."

graceful;

graceful; might do much good; and should any one find fault with *this* practice, he must not pretend to the piety of a Christian; he has not the Religion of an Heathen; such an one should remember the conduct, and consider the sentiments, of your brother Iapis.

" 'Non hæc humanis opibus, aut Arte magistrâ
Proveniunt; neque te, Ænea, *mea* dextera servat:
Major agit Deus, atque *opera ad majora* remittit.
Virgil, Æn. xii. 427.

" 'This is no mortal work, tho cure of mine,
Nor art's effect, but done by hands divine:
'Tis God Æneas to the battle sends,
'Tis God preserves his life for greater ends.'

" Thanks for your advice about what I recommended to your consideration: and about my own health. God has been better to me than my apprehensive heart expected. O! that, so long as I have breath, it may be employed to his honour; who forgiveth all our sins, and healeth all our infirmities; and, when he heals them not, will make them a blessing.

" Do, my dearest Friend, persist, in a prudent way, to bear your testimony for a Master, who has bought you with his very life, and intends to make you partaker of his everlasting kingdom. If this does you or yours any real harm, reproach me with it, when we shall both stand in the presence of the whole world, and before the tribunal of our Judge.—Losing blood agreed with me; gave me spirits; and, I hope, will do me good. J. Hervey."

*** The following Epitaph is inscribed upon a large slab of plain black marble, in the Chancel of the Church of Buxted in Sussex, near the reliques of the celebrated Dr. Wotton*; whose daughter was "Anne, the wife of Mild William Clarke†," the Father and Mother of the worthy character recorded in this epitaph:

" Hic . conditur
Prope . relliquias . avi . sui . celeberrimi . G. Wotton, D. D.
Quod . superest
Edvardi Clarke, A. M.
Collegii . Sanct . Johannis . apud . Cantabrigienses
Olim . Socii
Et . Parochiæ . hujusce . per . multos . annos . Rectoris
Natus . anno . Salutis . MDCCXXX, decessit MDCCLXXXVI.

Sub . eodem . quoque . marmore
Sepulta . est . Anna . amantissima . ejus . uxor
Lecti . prius . nunc . Tumuli . Consors
Nata . MDCCXXXVII . nupta . MDCCLXIII . obiit . MDCCCII .

Patri . Matrique .
H . M . S . P .
Liberi . superstites . ‡
Ponendum . curaverunt .

* Of whom see "Literary Anecdotes," IV. 253, 368. †Ib. 363. ‡Ib. 382.
§ Rev. James Stanier Clarke, and the Edw. Dan. Clarke; ib. 387. 389.

ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

P. 59. "Bp. Warburton, when in 1764 he mentions '*forty years ago*,' speaks in round numbers. He was presented by the Duke of Newcastle to the Rectory of Firsby on the death of Mr. Thomas Heron; who, as appears from the Registers of that parish, was buried in 1730. The name of no other Rector can be found in those Registers till 1754; when 'William Warburton, D. D. Rector,' together with the Curate's, and Churchwardens' names for the time being, are all fairly written on a blank leaf in the beginning of a Register-book." R. S.—Dr. Warburton resigned Firsby in 1756.

Ibid. A singular coincidence of circumstances attended the death of Dr. Stukeley, in March 1765. Mr. Harris, the Lecturer of St. George, had just deceased; in consequence of which an election was appointed. The candidates were, Mr. Hollingbury, of the Charter-house, and Mr. Floyd. The latter had a majority of one vote till Mr. Serjeant Eyre arrived from his house in Queen-square, whence he was brought in a chaise, in consequence of previous indisposition. Mr. Eyre's vote given, the candidates had equal numbers. Thus situated, Dr. Stukeley exercised his right of voting a second time, as Rector of the parish, which he gave to Mr. Hollingbury, who was immediately declared duly elected. All this was in the common course of events. But mark the catastrophe of an ecclesiastical contested election: the Rector caught a violent cold in the vestry-room, that terminated in a paralytic stroke, and that in his death, aged upwards of 78. The Serjeant fell in the same room, exhausted by illness, was carried home, and exhausted in a few days afterwards.

P. 112, *note, r.* "John Law, esq."

P. 193. The Volume of Poems published by *Concanen* contains several articles very creditable to a young man. In 1721, in the Prologue to his Comedy of "Wexford Wells," he apologizes for

"—— an unpractis'd Muse,
Who boldly soars on wings of Fame, and sings
Ere twenty summers yet have fledg'd his wings."

He wrote "A Pastoral on the death of Thomas the first Lord Southwell, who died Aug. 4, 1720;" and, in "A Survey of the Court," characterized the leading Beauties and Statesmen of Ireland in the Vice-royalty of the Duke of Grafton.

"The Match at Foot-ball," a mock-heroic in Three Cantos, is a pleasing description of that athletic exercise, between six young men of *Lusk* against six from *Sands*, two townships about seven miles to the North of Dublin.

One Poem I transcribe, as the greater part of the opinions must be allowed to be perfectly correct; and it is the rather selected from the just compliment he pays in it to SWIFT and POPE.

"Letter to a CRITICK, in Vindication of the MODERN POETS.

"How oft, my Friend, hast thou with grief unfeign'd
Of the vast dearth of modern Wit complain'd!

Against

Against the Learning of our age exclaim'd;
Revil'd our Poets, and their Works defam'd!
Run o'er with rapture Virgil's sacred page;
And swell'd with transport at old Homer's rage!
Unmindful that our times can Writers show,
Whose breasts with ardour, scarce inferior, glow.
To you its date best recommends the Writ,
And ev'ry thing that 's antient must be Wit.
Three hundred years set Chaucer's fame to rights;
And Spenser only for his age delights;
Fletcher, because long dead, in Fame survives,
While Vanbrugh's greatest fault is, that he lives.
Such is the prejudice which Mankind sways,
Ev'n these have had their Criticks in their days;
For hell born Envy, with malignant care,
Still blasts the praises which she cannot share,
The haggard fiend the living Bard pursues,
Exerts the spoiler, and infests the Muse;
Rescued by Fate, Fame rises from the tomb,
And only then the bays begin to bloom.
Since all allow the dead their shares in fame,
Then hear me triumph in the living's name.
Throw off the Critick, to put on the Friend,
And pardon what your judgment can't commend.
Too well I know the hazards which I run,
And see the perils I neglect to shun.
Full of my theme, I dare infringe your laws,
And merit censure while I give applause.
When Southern melts in unaffected strains,
What soft confusion in our bosom reigns!
Reason in vain forbids our eyes to flow,
And feign'd distress gives undissembled woe.
Congreve, her darling, ev'ry Muse design'd,
Congreve to no one excellence confin'd,
Equally great in all—in him conspire
Your Ovid's softness, and your Pindar's fire:
In his gay scenes the comic spirit shines,
And all the Graces revel in his lines:
When he with nobler pride the buskin wears,
He moves our wonder, and commands our tears.
Great and unmatch'd is laurel'd Eusden's praise,
At once to merit and adorn the bays;
Like some smooth riv'let flows his charming strain,
Which neither rocks disturb, nor floods detain;
Such depth and clearness in his verses meet,
Strong as the stream, and as its murmurs sweet.
With pleasing notes the woods and valleys ring
If Pope's harmonious hand but touch the string;
His gentle numbers charm the ravish'd plains,
While still attention holds the wond'ring swains.

As

As when the birds of ev'ry tuneful kind,
Within the limits of a grove confin'd;
To him the Classics all their art have shewn,
Yet all his wit and spirit are his own;
He knows their methods to pursue their race,
Yet scorns their footsteps servilely to trace.
Before Columbus rose, mistaken men
B'liev'd nought beyond their sires' short-sighted ken;
So heretofore our plodding Criticks thought
Nothing was sense but what the Ancients taught,
Till Swift launch'd forth, and boldly dar'd explore
New worlds of Wit, unknown to those before.
So many charms in Granville's Muse appear,
'Tis doubtful if his Mira be more fair:
Mira, the sex's envy, and their shame,
By cruelty for ever blasts her fame,
Unmov'd she listens to their syren tongue,
And hears the melting accents of that song
Which ev'ry other fair with softness wound,
Who bless the pain, and die upon the sound.
There Young arrests the Muse, and claims her praise
From the vast grandeur of his tow'ring lays;
In him no abject words, expressions mean,
Or grov'ling thoughts, debase the labour'd scene;
Him Heaven ordain'd the boast of Britain's Isle,
Prop of her Stage, and standard of her style;
With pleasing force he boldly strikes the heart,
And adds to strength and nature grace and art.
Soft Philips next, who to his artful song
Tunes the gay gambols of the rustic throng,
Our lyre ennobles, and exalts our scene,
With the great names of Sappho and Racine;
Reflects their beauties like a flatt'ring glass,
And shews ev'n Strada fairer than he was:
The tuneful hand can all our senses charm,
With tempests please, with frozen billows warm.
Fain would I rove through Steele's instructive page,
Admire the Bard, and venerate the Sage;
Sewel's unbounded excellence display,
Or trace the pleasing elegance of Gay;
Their artless musick warble through the sprays,
And in divine confusion mix their lays:
The note still chang'd, our raptur'd sense confounds
With mingling melody, and blending sounds;
While none its single excellence can boast,
But in the gen'ral harmony is lost.
Such are his works, and such is ev'ry song
Alike all easy, and alike all strong.
The grateful Muse to Swift exulting flies,
By whom upborn these arduous tracts she tries;

Grov'ling

Grov'ling on earth she lay unfledg'd before,
Till, rais'd by him, she first essay'd to soar:
But dare not venture, lest my want of skill
Should praise them better than my strength of will,
Their lines draw lustre from the shades in mine,
And painting ill obstruct my great design.
Nor are these all—unnumber'd lights appear,
To guide our ways, and gild our hemisphere
With pow'r illustrious, and with art divine,
And in collected excellence they shine.
As when the clouded mantle of the Night,
With stars besprangled, shines serenely bright,
Some more conspicuous dart their trembling rays,
While some united form one common blaze."

P. 199, *note*, l. 1. *r.* "1728-9."

P. 263. Hawley Bishop, esq. the "other kind labourer in the vineyard," is enumerated by Mr. Theobald in his Preface among his generous assistants. He probably died about that period; as did another of his friends, Edward Roome, esq. See p. 326.

P. 669. The following pathetic lines, on the death of the younger Dr. Lettsom, were written by the Rev. Thomas Maurice.

"On virtuous LETTSOM, in his manly bloom,
Resistless, Death's eternal shades descend;
While kindred love and friendship round his tomb,
In speechless agony distracted bend.

Ah! what avails above the vulgar throng,
To rise in genius, or in worth to soar;
Impetuous rolls the stream of time along,
The bubble bursts, and life's gay dream is o'er.

In ev'ry stage of varying life approv'd,
And still of toiling want the stedfast friend,
He passed his transient day—admir'd—belov'd;
ALL prais'd him living—ALL bemoan his end.

From Heaven's high throne the Almighty Sire look'd down,
Well pleas'd to view such worth *below the skies;*
He saw him ripe for an immortal crown,
And bade his soul quit *Earth* for PARADISE."

P. 683. l. 34. *r.* Elysian Fields; though, &c.—Dr. Lettsom's pleasing Letter of invitation, to a Sermon for the Royal Humane Society, and a dinner at his Camberwell Villa, was thus answered:

"DEAR DOCTOR, *Leicester, Sept. 7*, 1795.

"After three or four days hard fatigue in the exploring of Antiquarian Mines, on returning to *Leicester* through perilous roads at *one* in the morning, I find a large packet of letters, many of them from those I esteem—particularly one which I read with singular pleasure, from the man who unites the *two qualities* for which Dr. Johnson commended Dr. James and Mr. Garrick— from him who lengthens, and him who gladdens life.—Yes, my good Doctor, I will certainly meet you *at Philippi;*

aye, and *philip* your beef and your wine afterwards; and look forward with satisfaction to our Committees in that Elysium you so pleasantly describe. We are congenial, I see, in the choice of our *planets*, as well as our *plans*; and have no great objection to a slice of the Mahometan Paradise But the rolls and butter of Leicester call me to a more solid repast; so I shall now resign the pen to Mr. Pridden, who is with me, and will answer for himself. May the comforts of this Globe be long continued to us both; and to all our deserving friends, and be succeeded by the consequential rewards of a better existence. Yours ever, J. NICHOLS."

"Dear Doctor, if possible I will gladly join the jovial crew.

"Yours respectfully, J. P."

P. 743. The two following publications occasioned the introduction of their respective Authors into the notes on *The Dunciad*:

1. "Critical Observations on Shakespeare, by John Upton, Prebendary of Rochester, 1746;" a second Edition in 1748.

This produced the following note on Book IV. ver. 237,

"Much wiser Critics than *Dennis* and *Gildon*; celebrated in the foregoing Book, who became the public scorn by a mere mistake of their talents. They would needs turn Critics of their own Countrymen (just as Aristotle and Longinus did of theirs) and discourse upon the beauties and defects of composition:

How parts relate to parts, and they to whole;
The Body's harmony, the beaming Soul.

Whereas had they followed the example of these *Microscopes of Wit*, Kuster, Burman, and their followers, in verbal criticism on the learned languages, their acuteness and industry might have raised them a name equal to the most famous of the Scholiasts. We can therefore but lament the late Apostasy of the *Prebendary of Rochester*, who, beginning in so good a train, has now turned short, to write Comments on the FIRE-SIDE and DREAMS upon Shakespeare; where we find the spirit of Oldmixon, Gildon, and Dennis, all revived in his belaboured observations. SCRIBL.—Here, *Scriblerus!* in this affair of the FIRE-SIDE *, I want thy usual candour. It is true Mr. Upton did write notes upon it; but with all honour and good faith. He took it to

* Bp. Warburton, in a Letter to Mr. Hurd, Feb. 24, 1749-50, thus notices the circumstance: "You ask about the Prebendary of Rochester. Browne (the Pipe-of-Tobacco Browne) wrote a lampoon on Lord Granville, called "The Fire-side." To add the more poignancy to his satire, he, in the wantonness of his spleen, conceived a design that Upton should write notes upon it. He knew him to be dull enough not to see the drift of the lampoon, and vain enough to think himself honoured by the request; so he got him to his chambers, and persuaded him to write what indeed he himself in part dictated to him. In this condition the lampoon was printed, and then Browne told all his acquaintance the joke. I had it not from himself, and therefore was at liberty to speak of it. But was it not a charity to caution him against a commerce with this species of Wits, whose characteristic is what Mr. Pope gives them, of

'A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead!'

"Upton's offence was well known, but it is not always so. For one does not care to trouble the publick with particularities, nor perpetuate the memory of impertinent and forgotten abuse; hence you gain the character, amongst those who neither know you, nor your provocations, of being unjustly censorious and satirical."

be a panegyric on his Patron. This it is to have to do with Wits; a commerce unworthy a Scholiast of so solid learning *." W. W.

In another Note, Book IV. 650, "*Aristarchus* himself," in 1749, is changed to "the profound Mr. Upton himself" in 1751.

2. "A Supplement to Mr. Warburton's Edition of Shakespeare, 1747," of which two Editions were published: and another in 1748, under the new title of "The Canons of Criticism." See the "Literary Anecdotes," vol. II. pp. 199, 203; and vol. V. p. 597.

Mr. Edwards was bespattered in a note on the "Essay on Criticism," line 463; and again in *The Dunciad*, IV. 568:

But he thus spiritedly retorted on the learned Commentator:

"Sir, If Fame is one of the ingredients, or, as you elegantly call them, *extremes* of happiness, I am more obliged to you, whom I do not know, than to any person whom I do. Had not you called him forth to the public notice, the OTHER gentleman of Lincoln's-inn might have died in the obscurity which, you say, his modesty affected; and the few people who had read the last Edition of Shakespeare, and the Supplement to it, after having sighed over the one, and laughed at the other, would soon have forgotten both. As I have no reason to repent the effects of that curiosity which you have raised *on my subject*, to borrow another expression of yours; I take this opportunity of thanking you for that civil treatment, so becoming a Gentleman and a Clergyman, which I have received at your hands; and offer to your protection a work, from which, if Shakespeare, or good letters, have received any advantage, and the publick any benefit or entertainment, the thanks are due to Mr. Warburton. I am, Sir, not your enemy, though you have given me no great reason to be

"Your very humble servant, THOMAS EDWARDS."

P. 760. In the early Editions, *The Dunciad*, III. 331, reads,

"Hibernian politicks, O Swift, thy doom;
And Pope's translating THREE whole years with Broome."

Thus *benoted* in 1729: "He concludes his irony with a stroke upon himself: for whoever imagines this a sarcasm on the other ingenious person, is surely mistaken. The opinion our Author had of him was sufficiently shewn, by his joining him in the undertaking of the Odyssey: in which Mr. Broome having engaged without any previous agreement, discharged his part so much to Mr. Pope's satisfaction, that he gratified him with the full sum of *five hundred pounds*, and a present of all those books for which his own interest could procure him Subscribers, to the value of *one hundred more*. The Author only seems to lament that he was employed in Translation at all."

In 1749 the Text and the Note stand thus:

"Hibernian Politics, O Swift! thy fate;
And Pope's, TEN years to comment and translate."

"The Author here plainly laments that he was so long employed in translating and commenting. He began the Iliad in 1713, and finished it in 1719. The Edition of Shakespeare (which he undertook merely because nobody else would) took up

* In subsequent Editions the Note is wholly omitted.

near

near two years more in the drudgery of comparing impressions, rectifying the scenery, &c. and the Translation of half the Odyssey employed him from that time to 1725." In the subsequent Editions this *Note* was restored by Dr. Warburton.

P. 772, *note*, l. 2. *r.* "Stonehenge."—Mr. Strutt, in his "Dictionary of Engravers," mentions Dr. Stukeley as "a celebrated Antiquary, who has published several curious and interesting works. This ingenious gentleman," he adds, "drew the greater part of the Designs for the Plates with which they are embellished, and etched a considerable number of them with his own hand; particularly those for the '*Itinerarium Curiosum.*'"—In Ayscough's Catalogue of MSS. in the British Museum, 1782, are noticed the following articles by Dr. Stukeley; 1. Observations on Natural History, in his Travels through England, 1721 (4432.) 2. Account of a Shower of Wheat, 1732 (Ibid.) 3. An Account of his Book on the Course and Cure of the Gout, 1733 (Ibid.) 4. An Account of a Chaise that was beworked by a Man carried upon it, and vertical Ships, 1740-1, with a Drawing (4431). 5. Account of a Silver Plate found at Risley in Derbyshire (4438). —I have several neat Drawings by the Doctor of Druidical and Antiquarian subjects; one particularly, which he calls 'A View from my Study Window, Ormond-street, two doors West of Powis-house, 1722. The View presents the site of my house and grounds at Kentish Town; which I purchased 40 years after."—Another Drawing is called "The Duke of Montagu's Mausoleum, July 13, 1746."

P. 773. Mr. Creyk was Chaplain and Executor to his noble Friend the Earl of Winchelsea.

P. 796, l. 35. *for* "solicitude," *r.* "service."

P. 814. David Fordyce, Professor of Philosophy in the Marischal College, Aberdeen, and Author of several valuable works, was born in that City, in 1711, probably in March, as we find he was baptized on April 1. His father was an eminent merchant, who had a family of twenty children by his wife, a sister to Dr. Thomas Blackwell. This, their second son, after being educated at the Grammar School of his native city, was entered of Marischal College in 1724, where he went through a course of Philosophy under Professor Daniel Garden, and of Mathematics under Mr. John Stewart. He took his degree of M. A. in 1728, when he was but little more than seventeen years old. Being intended for the Church, his next application was to the study of Divinity, under the Professor of that branch, James Chalmers. Mr. Fordyce studied Divinity with great ardour, the utmost of his ambition being Ordination in a Church that affords her sons but a moderate emolument. Circumstances with which we are unacquainted, appear to have prevented his full intention, as he never became a settled Minister in the Establishment of his native country. He was admitted, however, to what may be termed the first degree of orders in the Church of Scotland, that is, he was licensed to preach, and continued to preach occasionally for some time. He is said, indeed, to have been once Do-

mestic Chaplain to John Hopkins, esq. of Bretons, near Rumford, in Essex, who had a regular service every Sunday in the chapel of the house; but there is reason to think he did not continue long in this situation, and that he returned home, as in Sept. 1742 he was appointed one of the Professors of Philosophy in the Marischal College. The duties of the Philosophic Professorship at that time included Natural History, Chronology, Greek and Roman Antiquities, Mechanics, Optics, and Astronomy, which were taught during three sessions, or years, to the same pupils. This system is now altered, but that Mr. Fordyce was well qualified for the above-mentioned laborious task was universally acknowledged. When Dodsley formed the design of "The Preceptor," Mr. Fordyce was one of the ingenious men of whose assistance he availed himself, and who wrote the ninth division of the Work, on Moral Philosophy, which attracted so much attention, that a separate publication was soon called for, and appeared in 1754 under the title of "The Elements of Moral Philosophy," and has gone through various editions. It is undoubtedly one of the best compendiums of Ethics that had then appeared, being both elegant and entertaining, as well as instructive. Previously to this, however, Mr. Fordyce had attracted some notice as an Author, though without his name, in "Dialogues concerning Education," vol. I. 1745; II. 1748: a Work of very considerable merit, but somewhat tinged with the fopperies of the school of Shaftesbury, although entirely free from its more injurious notions. He was engaged in other literary designs, and afforded the promise of rising to great eminence in the world, when he was cut off by a premature death. In 1750 he made a tour through France, Italy, and other countries, with a particular view to visit Rome, and was returning home in 1751, when he unhappily lost his life, in the forty-first year of his age, by a storm on the Coast of Holland. In 1752 was published, from a finished MS. "Theodorus: a Dialogue concerning the Art of Preaching," 12mo, which is a work of considerable utility to young Divines, and has been repeatedly printed along with his brother Dr. James Fordyce's Sermon on "The Eloquence of the Pulpit." Mr. David Fordyce's last production was left by him in an unfinished state, but not so incomplete as to be unworthy of publication. It was entitled "The Temple of Virtue, a Dream," and was given to the world in 1757, by his brother James, who added to the descriptive part of the Temple twelve characters that had a claim to a place in it, in the drawing of which several living characters were intended, particularly the late Earl of Chatham. Mr. Fordyce left several other brothers; of whom the youngest, Alexander, attained an unhappy celebrity by his ruinous speculations as a banker. Two others, James and Sir William, were highly respected; the former as an elegant popular Preacher, [illegible] Physician. *Chalmers, Biog. Dict.*

END OF VOL. II.

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